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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

BY

JOHN BYROM, M. A. F. R. S.

VOLUME II.

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ERRATA.

Page 261, for John 1st. and 9th, *read* 1st. and 1st.
Page 237, Line 11th, for Ninivites, *read* Ninevites.
Page 251, Line 18, xtends, *read* Extends.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

BY

JOHN BYROM, M.A. F.R.S.

SOMETIME

Fellow of TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

And Inventor of

The Universal ENGLISH SHORT-HAND.

In TWO VOLUMES.

MANCHESTER:

Printed by J. HARROP.

M DCC LXXIII.

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AN EPIS-

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AN

EPISTLE

TO

A Gentleman of the TEMPLE,

Occaſioned by

TWO TREATISES,

WHEREIN

The FALL of MAN

Is differently Repreſented; viz.

I. Mr. LAW's SPIRIT of PRAYER.

II. The Biſhop of LONDON's APPENDIX.

SHEWING

That, according to the plaineſt Senſe of SCRIPTURE,

THE

Nature of the FALL is greatly miſtaken in the latter.

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AN
EPISTLE
TO A
Gentleman of the TEMPLE.

SIR, upon casting an attentive Look
Over your Friend the learned SHERLOCK's Book,
One Thing occurs about the FALL of MAN,
That does not suit with the *Mosaic* Plan;
Nor give us fairly, in its full Extent,
The Scripture Doctrine of that dire Event.

When tempted ADAM, yielding to Deceit,
Presum'd of the forbidden Tree to eat,

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The Biſhop tells us, *That he did not die:*
Pray will you aſk him, Sir, the Reaſon why?
Why he would contradict the ſacred Text,
Where Death to Sin ſo *ſurely* is annext?
The Day thou eateſt——are the Words, you know;
And yet, by his Account, it was not ſo:
Death did not follow, tho' it ſurely wou'd:
How will he make this hardy Comment good?

Sentence, ſays he, *was reſpited*——But, pray,
Where does the Scripture ſuch a Saying ſay?
What Word that means to *reſpite* or revoke
Appears in all that GOD or *Moſes* ſpoke?

It will be ſaid, perhaps, that it appears,
That *Adam* liv'd above Nine hundred Years
After his Fall——True——But what *Life* was *that?*
The very *Death*, Sir, which his *Fall* begat.
The Life, that *Adam* was created in,
Was loſt the *Day*, the *Inſtant*, of his Sin.
Juſt as the rebel Angels, when they fell,
Were *dead* to Heav'n, altho' *alive* to Hell:
So Man, no longer breathing heav'nly Breath,
Fell to this Life, and dy'd the *Scripture Death.*

While in the State of Innocence he ſtood,
He was all living, beautiful, and good:
But when he fed on the forbidden Fruit,
Whereof Corruption was the latent Root,

He

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He *dy'd* to Paradiſe, and, by a Birth
That ſhould not have been rais'd, he *liv'd* to Earth;
Fell into beſtial Fleſh, and Blood, and Bones,
Amongſt the Thorns and Briars, Rocks and Stones.
That which had cloath'd him, when a Child of Light,
With all its Luſtre, was extinguiſh'd quite;
Naked, aſham'd, confounded, and amaz'd,
With *other* Eyes, on *other* Scenes he gaz'd.
All Senſibility of heav'nly Bliſs
Departing from him——what a *Death* was This!

His Soul, indeed, as an immortal Fire,
Could never die, could never not deſire:
But, Sir, he had what glorious Angels claim,
An *heav'nly* Spirit, and an *heav'nly* Frame;
Form'd in the Likeneſs of the ſacred THREE,
He ſtood immortal, powerful, and free;
Image of *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*,
The deſtin'd Sire of a new heav'nly Hoſt;
Partner of their communicated Breath,
A *living* Soul, unſubjected to Death:
Since then he fell from this ſublime Eſtate,
Could leſs than Death have been his real Fate?
No; as in Life he choſe not to abide,
It muſt be ſaid, that *Adam ſurely dy'd*.

Say, that he dy'd not, as it was foretold,
But when Nine hundred Years and Thirty old,
And then, if Death be Sentence for a *Fault*,
How proves the Biſhop that he dy'd *at all*?

For

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For if the Death he talks of be this laſt,
How does *that* anſwer to the *Sentence* paſt?
Was his Departure from *this World* the Time
That our Firſt Father ſuffer'd for his Crime?
One rather ſhould believe, or hope at leaſt,
That (ſo be it!) his Sufferings then ceas'd;
And that the Life, which had been loſt at firſt,
Was then regain'd, and he no longer curſt.

If on the Biſhop's 'Scutcheon, when he dies,
(Long be the Time deferr'd) the mourning Eyes
Should read MORS VITÆ JANUA, in Paint,
What muſt they think him, Sinner, *then*, or Saint?
Muſt not theſe Words direct them to ſuppoſe
An End of all a Chriſtian Biſhop's Woes?
Who, like to *Adam*, Father of Mankind,
Had paſs'd his Time of Penitence injoin'd;
Who, like to CHRIST, the Second *Adam* too,
Had always had *Redemption* in his View;
Had taught himſelf and others to revive
From *dead in Adam* to *in Chriſt alive;*
Had been as true a Shepherd to his Flock,
As the poor Hind that really wears a Frock;
So trod this earthly Paſſage, that, in Sum,
Death was to him *the Gate of Life* become.

Gate of *what* Life? Undoubtedly the ſame
That *Adam* fell from, when he firſt became
A Creature of this World; when firſt he fell,
Thanks to Divine Foregoodneſs! not to Hell,

But

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But to *this Earth*——this State of Time and Place;
Where, dead by *Nature*, Man revives by *Grace*;
Where, tho' his *outward* Syſtem muſt decay,
His *inward* ripens to eternal Day;
Puts off th' *old Adam*, and puts on the *New*;
And having found the *Firſt* ſad Sentence true,
Now finds the Truth of what the *Second* ſaid,
The Woman's Seed ſhall bruiſe the Serpent's Head.

Again —— to urge the Inſtance that I gave,
Attend we this good Biſhop to his Grave:
The Prieſt comes forth to meet the ſable Hearſe,
And then repeats the well-appointed Verſe;
——Verſe, one would think, that might decide the Strife:——
I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE——

What Life is that which JESUS is, and gives,
In and by which the true Believer lives?
That of *this World?* Then were it moſt abſurd
To a dead Biſhop to apply the Word.
'Tis that which human Nature had before;
Which, being *Chriſt's*, Chriſt *only* can reſtore.
What *Meaning* is there, touching the Deceas'd,
Now from the *Burden of the Fleſh* releas'd,
But that his Soul is going to be clad
With *heav'nly* Fleſh and Blood; which *Adam* had,
Before he enter'd into *that* which *Paul*
Body of Death might very juſtly call?

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A Flesh and Blood, that, as he hints elsewhere,
Not born from Heav'n, can never enter there;
Mass of this World, whole Kingdom *Christ* disclaim'd,
The Life whereof is but a Life so nam'd,
A Life of *Animal* and *Insect* Breath,
That, in a *Man*, is rightly stil'd a *Death*.

Thus, Sir, throughout the *Burial Office* run,
You'll find that it proceeds as it begun.
Read any Office—*Baptism* if you will—
From first to last, you'll find the Reason still,
Why *any*, or why *all of them* are read,
Reason of all that's either sung, or said,
Is by this one great solemn Truth explain'd,
Of Life *in* Adam *lost*, *in* CHRIST *regain'd*—
Lost at the *Fall*—not at the End of Years
That *Adam* labour'd in this Vale of Tears,
When Death to Christ was *happily* transform'd,
And vanquish'd *that* to which he first was doom'd.

Doom'd—not by any *Act of Wrath* in God,
(A Point wherein the Bishop seems so mod)
No Death of *pain* or *hatred*, Life no Pain,
Did his severe inflicting Will ordain;
He is all Glory, Goodness, Light, and Love,
LIFE that from *Him* no Creature can remove;
But from *itself* it may, as *Adam* did,
If it will choose what Light and Love forbids.
Truly forewarn'd of what would *truly* be,
His Life was poison'd by the *mortal* Tree:

He

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He *eat*----he *fell*----he *dy'd*----'Tis all the ſame;
One Loſs of Life under a triple Name.

No Teſt was made by *poſitive Command*,
Merely to try if he would fall or ſtand,
Like *that*, the ſerpentine Satanic Snare,
Of which the Man was bidden to beware.
Eat not thereof, or thou wilt ſurely die,
Was ſpoken to *prevent*, and not to *try*;
To guard the Man againſt his ſubtle Foe,
Who ſought to teach him *what 'twas Death to know*.

Death to his priſtin, *Spirit-life* divine,
And *Separation* from its ſacred *Shrine*;
The pure, unmix'd, incorruptible Throne,
Wherein God's Image firſt embody'd ſhone:
Tho' form'd to rule the new created Scene,
Built from the *Chaos* of a former Reign;
To bring the Wonders of this World to View,
And ancient Glories to an Orb renew;
He alſo had, as being to command,
See, and be ſeen, in this new-formed Land,
This intermediate temporary Life,
Where, only, Good and Evil are at Strife,
Outward corporeal Form, whereby he ſaw,
And heard, and ſpoke, and gave to all Things Law;
They none to him——His far ſuperior Mind
Was, as he pleas'd, united or disjoin'd:
So far united, that all *Good* was gain'd;
So far disjoin'd, that *Evil* was reſtrain'd:

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It could not reach him——for, before his Fall,
Nothing could *hurt* this human Lord of All,
No more than *Satan*, or the Serpent, cou'd,
If in his Firſt Creation he had ſtood.

Such was his bleſt Eſtate——wherein is found
Of *Adam*'s happy Ignorance the Ground.
His *outward* Body, and each *outward* Thing,
From whence alone both Good and Ill could ſpring,
Could not affect, while he was free from Sin,
The Life of the celeſtial Man *within*.
Glorious Condition! which, howe'er, imply'd,
That Man, at firſt plac'd in it, muſt be try'd:
Not from God's Will, or arbitrary Voice;
His Trial follow'd from his *Pow'r of Choice*:
God will'd him That, *Himſelf* was to *re-will*,
And the divine Intentions to fulfil;
To uſe his outward Body as a Means,
Whereby to raiſe in Time and Place the Scenes
That ſhould reſtore the *once* angelic Orb,
And all its Evil introduc'd abſorb.

Evil, that, prior to the Fall of Man,
From him, whoſe *Name in Heav'n* is loſt, began.
Moſes has plainly *hinted* at the Fiend;
Whoſe Malice in a borrow'd Shape was ſcreen'd:
Who, under Reaſon's plauſible Diſguiſe,
Taught our Firſt Parents to be worldly wiſe:
Succeeding Lights have riſen up to ſhow
Of God and Man, more *openly*, the Foe.

He,

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He, *once* a thron'd *Archangel*, had the Sway
Far as this Orb of our created Day;
Where, then, no Sun was wanted to give Light,
No Moon to chear yet undiſcover'd Night;
Immenſely luminous his total Sphere,
All Glory, Beauty, Brightneſs, ev'ry-where:
Ocean of Bliſs, a limpid *cryſtal Sea*,
Whoſe Height and Depth its Angels might ſurvey;
Call forth its Wonders, and enjoy the Trance
Of Joys perpetual thro' its whole Expanſe:
Raviſhing Forms ariſing without End
Would, in Obedience to their Wills, aſcend;
Change, and unfold freſh Glories to their View,
And tune the *Hallelujah* Song anew.

If, when we caſt a thoughtful, thankful Eye
Towards the Beauties of an Ev'ning Sky,
Calm we admire, thro' the ethereal Field,
The various Scenes that even *Clouds* can yield;
What huge Delight muſt *Nature's Fund* afford,
Where all the rich *Realities* are ſtor'd,
Which God produces from its vaſt Abyſs,
To his own Glory, and his Creatures Bliſs?

His Glory, firſt, *all Nature* muſt diſplay,
Elſe how to Bliſs could Creatures know the Way?
Order, thro' all Eternity, requires,
That to his Will they ſubject their Deſires;
That, with all Meekneſs, the created Mind
Be to the Fountain of its Life reſign'd;

 Think,

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Think, ſpeak, and act, in all things for his Sake:
This is the *true Perfection* of its Make.

Both Men and Angels muſt have *Wills* their *own*,
Or God, and Nature, were to them unknown:
'Tis their *Capacity* of Life and Joy,
Which none but *they* can ruin or deſtroy.
God, in Himſelf, was, is, and will be, good,
And all around pour forth th' enriching Flood.
From Him——('tis *Nature*'s and *Religion*'s Creed)
Nothing *but* Good can poſſibly proceed.
That *Creature* only, whoſe recipient Will
Shuts itſelf up within *itſelf*, is ill:
Good cannot dwell in ſuch an harden'd Clay,
But ſtagnates, and evaporates away.

Thus when the Regent of th' angelic Hoſt,
That *fell*, began within himſelf to boaſt;
Began, endow'd with his *Creator*'s Pow'rs,
That nothing could reſiſt, to call them *Ours:*
To ſpread thro' his wide Ranks the *impious Term*,
And they their Leader's Doctrine to confirm;
Then *Self*, then *Evil*, then apoſtate *War*
Rag'd thro' *their Hierarchy* wide and far;
Kindled to burn, what they eſteem'd a Rod,
The Meekneſs and Subjection to a God.
Reſolv'd to pay no hymning Homage more,
Nor, in an Orbit of *their own*, adore:
All Right of Heav'n's eternal King abjur'd,
They thought *One Region* to themſelves ſecur'd;

One

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One out of *Three*, where Majeſty divine
Shone in its glorious *Outbirth unitrine*;
Shone, and will ſhine eternally, altho'
Angels or Men the ſhining Bliſs forego.

Strait, with this proud Imagination fir'd,
To *Self-Dominion* ſtrongly they aſpir'd;
Bent all their Wills, *irrevocably* bent,
To bring about their deviliſh Intent.
How ought *we Mortals* to beware of *Pride*,
That ſuch great Angels could ſo far miſguide!
No ſooner was this horrible Attempt,
From all Obedience to remain exempt,
Put forth to Act, but inſtantly thereon
Heav'n, in the Swiftneſs of a Thought, was gone:
From *Love's beatifying* Pow'r eſtrang'd,
They found their Life, their Bliſs, their Glory, chang'd.
That State, wherein they were *reſolv'd* to dwell,
Sprung from *their Luſting*, and became their Hell.

Thinking to riſe above the God of All
The Wretches fell, with an eternal Fall;
In Depths of Slavery, without a Shelf:
There is no Stop in ſelf-tormenting *Self*.
Juſt as a Wheel, that's running down a Hill
Which has no Bottom, muſt keep running ſtill:
So down their own Proclivity to wrong,
Urg'd by impetuous Pride, they whirl along.
Their own dark, fiery, working Spirits tend
Farther from God, and farther to deſcend.

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He made no *Hell* to place his Angels in;
They ſtirr'd the Fire that burnt them, by their Sin:
The Bounds of Nature, and of Order, broke,
And all the Wrath that follow'd them awoke:
Their own diſorder'd Raging was their Pain;
Their own unbending harden'd *Strength* their Chain:
Renouncing God with their eternal Might,
They ſunk their Legions into endleſs Night.

Mean while the glorious Kingdom, where they dwelt,
Th' Effect of their rebellious Workings felt:
Its clear *Materiality*, and pure,
Could not the Force of raging Fiends endure:
Its *Elements*, all heav'nly in their Kind,
In *one* harmonious Syſtem when combin'd,
Were now diſclos'd, divided, and opake:
Their *glaſſy Sea* became a *ſtormy Lake:*
The Height and Depth of their angelic World
Was nought but Ruins upon Ruins hurl'd:
Chaos aroſe, and, with its gloomy Sweep
Of *dark'ning* Horrors, overſpread the Deep:
All was Confuſion, Order all defac'd,
Tohu, and *Bohu*, the *deformed Waſte*.

Till the Almighty's gracious *Fiat* came,
And ſtop'd the Spreading of the helliſh Flame;
Put to each fighting Principle the Bar;
And calm'd, by juſt Degrees, th' inteſtine War.
Light, at his Word, th' abating Tempeſt chear'd;
Earth, Sea, and Land, Sun, Moon, and Stars, appear'd;

Creatures

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Creatures of ev'ry Kind, and Food for each;
And various Beauties clos'd the various Breach:
Nature's *Six Properties* had each their Day,
Loft Heav'n, as far as might be, to diſplay;
And in the *Sev'nth*, or *Body* of them all,
To reſt from, what they yet muſt prove, a *Fall*.

For had not this diſorder'd Chaos been;
Had not theſe Angels caus'd it by their Sin;
Nor had compacted Earth, nor Rock, nor Stone,
Nor *groſs Materiality*, been known:
All that in Fire, or Water, Earth, or Air,
May now their *noxious* Qualities declare,
Is as unknown in Heav'n as Sin or Crime,
And only laſts for purifying Time:
Till the *great End*, for which we all came here,
Till God's *reſtoring Goodneſs*, ſhall appear:
Then, as the rebel Creatures falſe Deſire
Awak'd in Nature the *chaotic Fire*;
So when *redeeming Love* has found a Race
Of Creatures worthy of the heav'nly Place,
Then ſhall *another* Fire enkindled riſe,
And purge from Ill theſe *temporary* Skies;
Purge from the World its Deadneſs, and its Droſs,
And of *loſt* Heav'n recover *all the Loſs*.

Why look we then with ſuch a longing Eye
On what this World can *give us*, or *deny*;
Of Man and Angel fall'n, the ſad Remains?
It *has* its *Pleaſures*——but it *has* its *Pains*.

It

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It has, what ſpeaks it, would we but attend,
Not our deſign'd Felicity ——an *End.*
Sons of Eternity, tho' born on Earth,
There is within us a *celeſtial Birth;*
A Life that waits the *Efforts of our Mind,*
To raiſe itſelf within this *outward Rind.*
This *Huſk of ours,* this ſtately *ſtalking Clod,*
Is not the Body that we have from *God:*
Of Good and Evil 'tis the *mortal Cruſt;*
Fruit of *Adamical* and *Eval* Luſt;
By which the Man, when heav'nly Life was ceas'd,
Became an helpleſs, naked, biped Beaſt:
Forc'd, on a *curſed Earth,* to ſweat and toil;
To *Brutes* a native, *Him* a foreign Soil:
And, after all his Years employ'd to know
The Satisfactions of a Life ſo low,
Nine hundred, or Nine hundred thouſand, paſt,
Another Death to come, and *Hell,* at laſt——
——But for that new myſterious *Birth of Life;*
That *promis'd Seed* to *Adam* and his *Wife;*
That *quick'ning Spirit* to a poor *dead Soul;*
Not *Part* of Scripture Doctrine, but *the Whole;*
Which Writers, *figuring* away, have left
A mere dead Letter, of all Senſe bereft;
But for that *only* Help of Man forlorn,
The *Incarnation* of the VIRGIN-BORN.

This *Serpent Bruiſer,* Son of GOD and *Man,*
Who, from the firſt, his ſaving Work began,

Revers'd,

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Revers'd, in full Maturity of Time,
In his own SACRED PERSON, *Adam*'s Crime;
Brought human Nature from its deadly Fall,
And made Salvation possible for *All*.

Without acknowledging that *Adam d'd*,
Scripture throughout is, in Effect, deny'd:
All the whole Process of *Redeeming Love*,
Of *Life*, of *Light*, and *Spirit from above*,
Loses, by Learning's *pitcous* Pretence
Of *Modes*, and *Metaphors*, its real Sense:
All the glad Tidings, in the Gospel found,
Are sunk in empty and unmeaning Sound.

If, by the First Man's Sin, we understand
Only some Breach of absolute Command
Half-punish'd, half-remitted, by a Grace
Like that which takes in human Acts a Place;
The more we write, the more we still expose
The Christian Doctrine to its reasoning Foes;
But, once convinc'd, that *Adam*, by his Crime,
Fell from *eternal Life* so that of *Times*
Stood on the Brink of *Death eternal* too,
Unless created unto Life *anew*;
Then ev'ry Reason teaches us to see
How all the Truths of sacred Writ agree;
How *Life restor'd* arises from the *Grave*:
How Man *could* perish, and how CHRIST *could* save.

Man perish'd by the deadly Food he took,
And needs must *lose* the Life that he *forsook*,

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Not

Not unadvis'd—— the Moment he inclin'd
To this inferior Life his nobler Mind,
God kindly warn'd him to continue fed
With *Food* of *Paradiſe*, with Angels Bread;
To ſhun the *Tree*, the *Knowledge*, whoſe ſad Leav'n
Would quench in him the Light and Life of Heav'n;
Strip him of that angelical Array,
Which thro' his *outward Body* ſpread the Day;
Kept it from ev'ry Curſe of Sin and Shame,
From all thoſe Evils that had yet no Name:
That prov'd alas! when he would not refrain,
The Loſs of *Adam's proper Life* too plain.
Who can ſuppoſe that God would e'er forbid
To eat what would not *hurt him*, if he *did?*
Fright his lov'd Creature by a falſe Alarm;
Or make what, *in itſelf*, was harmleſs, *Harm?*

O how much better he from whom I draw,
Tho' deep, yet clear the Syſtem, Maſter Law!
Maſter, I call him; not that I incline
To pin my Faith on any One Divine;
But, Man or Woman, whoſoe'er it be,
That ſpeaks true Doctrine, is a *Pope* to me.
Where Truth alone is *Intereſt*, and *Aim*,
Who would regard a *Perſon*, or a *Name?*
Or, in the Search of it *impartial*, ſcoff,
Or ſcorn the meaneſt Inſtrument thereof?

Pardon me, Sir, for having dar'd to dwell
Upon a Truth already told ſo well;

Since

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Since diff'rent Ways of telling may excite,
In diff'rent Minds, Attention to what's right;
And Men (I meaſure by Myſelf) ſometimes,
Averſe to Reas'ning, may be taught by Rhimes;
If where One fails, they will not take Offence,
Nor quarrel with the *Words*, but ſeek the *Senſe*.

Life, *Death*, and ſuch-like Words, in Scripture found,
Have certainly an higher, deeper Ground,
Than that of this poor periſhable Ball,
Whereon Men doat, as if it were their All;
As if they were like *Warburtonian Jews*,
Or, *Chriſtians* nam'd, had ſtill no *higher* Views;
As if their Years had never taught them Senſe
Beyond——*It is all one a Hundred hence*.

'Twas of ſuch Worldlings that our Saviour ſaid
To one of his Diſciples, *Let the Dead*
Bury their Dead: But do thou follow me.
He makes no more Diſtinction, Sir, you ſee,
But that, with Ref'rence to a Life *ſo brute*,
The *ſpeaking Carcaſes* interr'd the *mute*.

Life, to conclude, was loſt in *Adam*'s *Fall*,
Which CHRIST, our *Reſurrection*, will recall:
And, as *Death* came into the World by *Sin*,
Where *One* begun, the *Other* muſt begin.
Why will the learned Sages uſe their Art,
From *Scripture Truth*, ſo widely, to depart?
But above all, a *Biſhop*, grave, and wiſe,
Why will he ſhut, againſt *plain Text*, his Eyes?

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Not see that Heav'ns Prediction never ly'd;
That *Adam* fell by eating, sinn'd, and dy'd,
A *real* Death, as much as *Loss of Sight*
Is Death to ev'ry Circumstance of *Light:*
Tho' a blind Man may feel his Way, and grope,
Or for *recover'd Eyes* be made to hope;
We might as well set Glasses on his Nose,
And Sight, from common Helps of Sight, suppose,
As say, when *Adam's* heav'nly Life was kill'd,
That Sentence was not *literally* fulfill'd.

Persuade your Mitred Friend, then, if you can,
To *re-consider*, Sir, the *Fall of Man;*
To see, and own the *Depth* of it; because,
'Till *that* is done, we may as well pick Straws,
As talk of *what*, and *who*, the Serpent was
That brought the Fall, *not understood*, to pass.

One Thing he *was*, Sir, be what else he will:
A *Critic*, that employ'd his fatal Skill
To cavil upon *Words*, and take away
The Sense of *that* which was as *plain as Day.*
And thus the World, at present, by his Wiles,
Tho' not in *outward Shape*, he still beguiles;
Seeking to turn, by Comments low and lax,
The Word of God into a Nose of Wax;
To take away the *Marrow*, and the *Pith*,
Of all that Scripture can present us with.
May Heav'n deliver from his winding Tours,
The *Bishop*, and *us all!* I am, Sir,

Yours.

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ENTHUSIASM;

A

POETICAL ESSAY.

IN A

LETTER

TO A

FRIEND in TOWN.

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DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE here ſent you the Verſes which you deſired a Copy of. The Book * that gave Occaſion to them has treated the Subject whereon they are made in ſuch a brief, ſenſible, and lively manner, as might well excite one to an Attempt of this Nature. Juſt and improving Sentiments deſerve to be placed in any Light that may either engage the Attention of a Reader, or aſſiſt his Memory; and Verſe, as I have found by experience, does both: For which Reaſon, when I firſt met with an Account of *Enthuſiaſm* ſo quite ſatisfactory, I choſe to give it the Dreſs wherein it now appears before you.

Enthuſiaſm is grown into a faſhionable Term of Reproach, that uſually comes uppermoſt, when any thing of a deep and ſerious Nature is mentioned. We apply it, through an indolent Cuſtom, to ſober and conſiderate Aſſertors of important Truths, as readily as to wild and extravagant Contenders about them. This indiſcriminate Uſe of the Word has evidently a bad Effect: It puſhes the general Indifferency to Matters of the higheſt Concern into downright Averſion. The beſt Writers upon the beſt Subjects are unattended to; and the Benefit accruing from their Love, and their Labours, is not perceived by us; becauſe we are hurried on, by the idleſt of all

* *Mr.* Law's *Appeal to all that doubt, &c. p.* 385.

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all Prejudices, to condemn them without a Reading, or to pronounce them to be unintelligible, upon such a slight one, as can hardly be called an Endeavour to understand them. We have heard it said, and have seen it printed, that they are Enthusiasts; and, to avoid the Imputation of that Character, we run into it at second Hand, and adopt the Rashness and Injustice of impetuous Originals: We take the stalest Exclamations for the freshest Proofs; and the affected Retailing of *Madness*, *Mysticism*, *Behmenism*, and the like decisive Outcries, contents us as if there were something of Sense, Wit, or Demonstration, in it.

When this low Kind of *Enthusiasm* is alert enough to gain its Point, the Writer of a good Book may possibly lose the Applause, which it is highly probable that he never sought for. But what does a Reader get the while, by his tame Resignation of the Right of judging for himself to such incompetent Authority? Men of superior Fluency in expressing their own Conceptions are not always sedate enough to examine, or judicious enough to discover, the Principles which might undeceive them. The first Obstruction to their Hypothesis may pass, with them, for an immediate Confutation of any Book whatsoever: They may shew their Learning, their Zeal, or their Contempt, and speak of an *Enthusiasm* different from their own, as quickly as they please; but where the Question is momentous, and the Celebration of their Fame quite foreign to it, what should induce any one, who is really desirous of Information, to remit the Freedom of Enquiry after it for their Dicacity?

How

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How many pathetic Accounts of living Piety, how many excellent Treatiſes compoſed for the Advancement of it, are neglected, or unknown, becauſe we are ſo eaſily prepoſſeſſed by popular Hearſay, and wretched Compilers? How many has the Sourneſs of Controverſy, the Bitterneſs of Party, and the Rotation of Amuſement, in a manner ſuppreſſed? The *Enthuſiaſm* which is hence enkindled reigns and rages unſuſpected, while that of a juſter Kind, the genuine Effect of a true Life and Spirit, ariſing from what is lovely, harmonious, and ſubſtantial, is in danger of being extinguiſhed by it; and, whenever it is ſo, the Variety of Deluſion with which a different Spirit may then poſſeſs its Votaries, will centre, properly ſpeaking, in *Endæmoniaſm*.

In ſhort, there is a right *Enthuſiaſm*, as well as a wrong one; and a Man is free to admit which he pleaſes: But one he muſt have, as ſure as he has a Head; as ſure as he has a Heart that fondly purſues the Object of its Deſire, whatever it be. If that be pointed right; if it reach after that Godlike State and Condition, to which all Mankind were originally created; if it long to be freed from the Diſorders of its preſent State, to be reſtored again to that enduring Reſt, Light, and Liberty, which alone can accompliſh and beautify it; how can it be too conſtant, or too vigorous?

If the Deſire be otherwiſe inclined, how little does it ſignify to the main Purpoſe what Ingenuity, Parts, or Learning, what natural, or what acquired Talents, Men may

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may be poſſeſs'd of? So long as they have only Light enough to hate Light, they may, upon the firſt Glimpſe of it, retire into their Earthlineſs, and puſh out their Works as thick as Mole-hills: But, in Reality, a ſingle Page, proceeding from a right Spirit, whole *Enthuſiaſm* they all deſpiſe, is worth a Library of ſuch a Produce.

In ſuch a ſpirit I take the *Appeal*, to which the following Lines are owing, to be written; and am perſuaded, that if any ſober-minded Deiſt, who is prejudiced againſt Chriſtianity, becauſe he does not really know what it is; that if any Chriſtian ſo called, who has been led into Miſtakes about it, becauſe he does not really know what it is not; in fine, that if any one, whoſe Heart is ſo far converted as to deſire Converſion, ſhould be diſpoſed to read it through, he would find his Account in it; he would be ſtruck with, he would be edified by it.

There is, apparently, ſomething ſo ſolid, and ſo animated, thro' the Whole of it; ſuch an impartial Regard to Truth, where-ever it may be found; and ſuch happy Illuſtration of it, where it really has been found; that I had ſome Thoughts of tranſlating it for the Uſe of Foreigners, believing that ſuch a Service would be acceptable to the more ſearching and unbiaſs'd Diſpoſitions amongſt them, and alſo help to fix many awakening and comfortable Truths upon my own Mind; which is the Intereſt that I would propoſe to obtain by it. If I ſhall find myſelf capable of executing this Deſign with Juſtice to the Original, you ſhall hear further from me. In the

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mean time I have tranſcribed for you theſe Verſes upon the incidental Subject of *Enthuſiaſm*, as they were firſt compoſed for private Recollection; and, as I can rely upon your Judgment concerning them better than I can upon my own, they are wholly ſubmitted to your Correction and Diſpoſal. I am,

Yours, &c.

Manchester, Sept. 3, 1751.

J. B.

ENTHU-

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ENTHUSIASM.

A

POETICAL ESSAY.

FLY from Enthuſiaſm—— *It is the Peſt,*
Bane, Poiſon, Frenſy, Fury——and the reſt.
This is the Cry that oft, when Truth appears,
Forbids Attention to our liſt'ning Ears;
Checks our firſt Entrance on the main Concern,
And, ſtunn'd with Clamour, we forbear to learn;
Mechanically catch the common Cant,
And fly from what we almoſt know we want;
A deeper Senſe of *ſomething* that ſhould ſet
The Heart at Reſt, that never has done yet;
Some *ſimpler Secret*, that, yet unreveal'd,
Amidſt contending Syſtems lies conceal'd.

A Book, perhaps, beyond the vulgar Page,
Removes at once the Lumber of an Age:
Truth is preſented; ſtrikes upon our Eyes;
We feel Conviction, and we fear Surprize:
We gaze, admire, diſpute, and then the Bawl——
Fly from Enthuſiaſm——That anſwers all.

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Now, if my Friend has Patience to enquire,
Let us a while from noiſy Scenes retire;
Let us examine Senſe, as well as Sound,
And ſearch the Truth, the Nature, and the Ground.

'Tis *Will*, *Imagination*, and *Deſire*
Of thinking Life, that conſtitute the Fire,
The Force, by which the ſtrong Volitions drive,
And form the Scenes to which we are alive.
What? tho', unſprouted into outward Shape,
The Points of Thought our groſſer Sight eſcape?
Nor bulky Forms in prominent Array
Their ſecret cogitative Cauſe betray?
Once fix the Will, and Nature muſt begin
T' unfold its active Rudiments within;
Mind governs *Matter*, and it muſt obey:
To all its opening Forms Deſire is Key:
Nor Mind nor Matter's Properties are loſt,
As that ſhall mold, this muſt appear emboſt.
Imagination, trifling as it ſeems,
Big with Effects, its own Creation teems.
We think our Wiſhes and Deſires a Play,
And ſport important Faculties away:
Edg'd are the Tools with which we trifle thus,
And carve out deep Realities for us.
Intention, roving into Nature's Field,
Dwells in that Syſtem which it means to build,
Itſelf the Centre of its wiſh'd-for Plan;
For where the Heart of Man is—there is Man.

Ev'ry

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Ev'ry created, underſtanding Mind
Moves as its own Self-bias is inclin'd:
From God's free Spirit breathed forth to be,
It muſt of all Neceſſity be free;
Muſt have the Pow'r to kindle and inflame
The Subject-matter of its mental Aim:
Whither it bend the voluntary View
Realities, or *Fictions*, to purſue:
Whether it raiſe its Nature, or degrade,
To Truth ſubſtantial, or to phantom Shade,
Falſhood or Truth accordingly obtains;
That only which it wills to gain——it gains:
Good——if the Good be vigorouſly ſought,
And *ill*——if that be firſt reſolv'd in Thought.
All is one Good, that nothing can remove,
While held in Union, Harmony, and Love.
But when a ſelfiſh ſeparating Pride
Will break all Bounds, and Good from Good divide,
'Tis then extinguiſh'd, like a diſtant Spark,
And Pride ſelf-doom'd into its joyleſs Dark.
The miſcreant *Deſire* turns Good to Ill,
In its own Origin, the *evil Will*:
A Fact, that fills all Hiſtories of old,
That glares in Proof, while conſcious we behold
The Bliſs, beſpoken by our Maker's Voice,
Fixt, or perverted by a Man's own Choice.

Now when the Mind determines thus its Force,
The Man becomes Enthuſiaſt of courſe.
What is Enthuſiaſm? What can it be,
But Thought enkindled to an high Degree?

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That may, whatever be its ruling Turn,
Right, or not right, with equal Ardour burn.
It muſt be therefore various in its Kind,
As Objects vary, that engage the Mind:
When to Religion we confine the Word,
What Uſe of Language can be more abſurd?
'Tis juſt as true, that many Words beſide,
As Love, or Zeal, are only thus apply'd:
To ev'ry Kind of Life they all belong;
Men may be eager, tho' their Views be wrong:
And hence the Reaſon, why the greateſt Foes
To true religious Earneſtneſs are thoſe,
Who fire their Wits upon a diff'rent Theme,
Deep in ſome falſe *enthuſiaſtic* Scheme.

One Man politely, ſeiz'd with claſſic Rage,
Dotes on old *Rome*, and its *Auguſtan* Age;
On thoſe great Souls who then, or then abouts,
Made in their State ſuch Riots and ſuch Routs.
He fancies all magnificent and grand,
Under this Miſtreſs of the World's Command:
Scarce can his Breaſt the ſad Reverſe abide,
The Dame deſpoil'd of all her glorious Pride:
Time, an old *Goth*, advancing to conſume
Immortal Gods, and once eternal *Rome*;
When the plain Goſpel ſpread its artleſs Ray,
And rude unſculptur'd Fiſhermen had Sway;
Who ſpar'd no Idol, tho' divinely carv'd,
Tho' Art, and Muſe, and Shrine-Engraver, ſtarv'd:

Who

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Who ſav'd *poor Wretches*, and deſtroy'd, *alas!*
The vital Marble, and the breathing Braſs.
Where does all Senſe to him, and Reaſon, ſhine?
Behold —— in *Tully*'s Rhetoric divine!
Tully! Enough —— High o'er the *Alps* he's gone,
To tread the Ground that *Tully* trod upon;
Haply to find his Statue, or his Buſt,
Or Medal green'd with *Ciceronian* Ruſt:
Perchance the *Roſtrum* —— yea, the very Wood,
Whereon this elevated Genius ſtood;
When forth on *Cataline*, as erſt he ſpoke,
The Thunder of *Quouſque tandem* broke.

Well may this *Grand Enthuſiaſt* deride
The Dulneſs of a *Pilgrim*'s humbler Pride,
Who paces to behold that Part of Earth,
Which to the Saviour of the World gave Birth;
To ſee the Sepulchre from whence he roſe;
Or view the Rocks that rented at his Woes;
Whom Pagan Reliques have no Force to charm,
Yet ev'n a modern Crucifix can warm:
The ſacred Signal who intent upon,
Thinks on the Sacrifice that hung thereon.

Another's *heated Brain* is painted o'er
With ancient *Hieroglyphic* Marks of yore:
He old *Egyptian Mummies* can explain,
And raiſe 'em up almoſt to Life again;
Can into deep antique Receſſes pry,
And tell, of all, the *Wherefore* and the *Why*;

How

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How this *Philoſopher*, and that, has thought,
Believ'd one Thing, and quite another taught;
Can Rules, of *Grecian* Sages long forgot,
Clear up, as if they liv'd upon the Spot.

What Bounds to *Noſtrum? Moſes*, and the *Jews*,
Obſerv'd this learned *Legiſlator's* Views,
While *Iſrael's* Leader purpoſely conceal'd
Truths, which his whole Oeconomy reveal'd;
No Heav'n diſclos'd, but *Canaan's* fertile Stage,
And no *For-ever*——but a good *old Age*;
Whilſt the well untaught People, kept in Awe
By meanleſs Types, and unexplained Law,
Pray'd to their *local God* to grant a while
The *Future State*, of Corn, and Wine, and Oil;
Till, by a late Captivity ſet free,
Their deſtin'd Error they began to ſee;
Dropt the *Moſaic* Scheme, to teach their Youth
Dramatic JOB, and *Babyloniſh* Truth.

To ſoar aloft on Obeliſkal Clouds;
To dig down deep into the Dark——for Shrouds;
To vex old Matters, chronicled in *Greek*,
While thoſe of his own Pariſh are to ſeek;
What can come forth from ſuch an *antic* Taſte,
But a *Clariſſimus Enthuſiaſt?*
Fraught with Diſcoveries ſo quaint, ſo new,
So deep, ſo ſmart, ſo *Ipſe-dixit* true,
See Arts, and Empires, Ages, Books, and Men,
Riſing, and falling, as he points the Pen:

See

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See Frauds and Forgeries, if ought surpass,
Of nobler Stretch, the Limits of his Class;
Not found within that Summary of Laws,
Conjecture, tinsel'd with its own Applause.

Where Erudition so *unbest* prevails,
Saints, and their Lives, are *legendary Tales*;
Christians, a brainsick, visionary Crew,
That read the *Bible* with a *Bible View*,
And thro' the *Letter* humbly hope to trace
The *living* Word, the *Spirit*, and the *Grace*.

It matters not, whatever be the State
That full-bent Will and strong Desires create;
Where-e'er they fall, where-e'er they love to dwell,
They kindle there their *Heaven*, or their *Hell*;
The chosen Scene surrounds them as their own,
All else is dead, insipid, or unknown.
However poor and empty be the Sphere,
'Tis All, if Inclination centre there:
Its own *Enthusiasts* each System knows,
Down to lac'd *Fops*, and Powder-sprinkled *Beaux*.
Great *Wits*, affecting, what they call, *to think*,
That deep immers'd in Speculation sink,
Are great *Enthusiasts*, howe'er refin'd,
Whose Brain-bred Notions so inflame the Mind,
That, during the Continuance of its Heat,
The *Summum Bonum* is——its own Conceit:
Critics, with all their Learning recondite,
Poets, that sev'rally be-mused write;

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The *Virtuoſos*, whether great or ſmall;
The *Connoiſſeurs*, that know the Worth of all;
Philoſophers, that dictate Sentiments,
And *Politicians*, wiſer than Events;
Such, and ſuch-like, come under the *ſame Law*,
Altho' their Heat be from a Flame of *Straw*;
Altho' in one Abſurdity they chime,
To make religious Enthuſiaſm a Crime.

Endleſs to ſay how many of their Trade
Ambition, Pride, and Self-conceit have made.
If one, the chief of ſuch a num'rous Name,
Let the great Scholar juſtify his Claim.
Self-love, in ſhort, where-ever it is found,
Tends to its own *enthuſiaſtic* Ground;
With the ſame Force that Goodneſs mounts above,
Sinks, by its own enormous Weight, Self-love——
By this the wav'ring *Libertine* is preſt,
And the rank *Atheiſt* totally poſſeſt:
Atheiſts are dark *Enthuſiaſts* indeed,
Whoſe Fire enkindles like the ſmoking Weed:
Lightleſs, and dull, the clouded Fancy burns,
Wild Hopes, and Fears, ſtill flaſhing out by Turns.
Averſe to Heav'n, amid the horrid Gleam
They queſt *Annihilation*'s monſt'rous Theme,
On gloomy Depths of *Nothingneſs* to pore,
'Till *All* be none, and *Being* be no more.

The ſprightlier *Infidel*, as yet more gay,
Fires off the next Ideas in his Way,

The

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The dry fag Ends of ev'ry obvious Doubt;
And puffs and blows for fear they ſhould go out.
Boldly reſolv'd, againſt Conviction ſteel'd,
Nor inward Truth, nor outward Fact, to yield;
Urg'd with a thouſand Proofs, he ſtands unmov'd
Faſt by himſelf, and ſcorns to be out-prov'd;
To his own Reaſon loudly he appeals,
No Saint more zealous for what God reveals.

Think not that you are no Enthuſiaſt then:
All Men are ſuch, as ſure as they are Men.
The Thing itſelf is not at all to blame:
'Tis, in each State of human Life, the ſame.
The fiery Bent, the driving of the Will,
That gives the Prevalence to Good, or Ill.
You need not go to *Cloiſters*, or to *Cells*,
Monks, or *Field Preachers*, to ſee where it dwells:
It dwells alike in *Bath* and *Maſquerades*;
Courts, *Camps*, and *Changes*, it alike pervades.
There be Enthuſiaſts, who love to ſit
In Coffee-houſes, and cant out their Wit.
The firſt in moſt Aſſemblies would you ſee,
Mark out the firſt Haranguer, and that's He:
Nay 'tis what ſilent Meetings cannot hide,
It may be notic'd by its mere Outſide.
Beaux and *Coquets* would quit the magic Dreſs,
Did not this mutual Inſtinct both poſſeſs.
The *Mercer*, *Taylor*, *Bookſeller*, grows rich,
Becauſe fine Cloaths, fine Writings can bewitch.

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A *Cicero*, a *Shaftsbury*, a *Bayle*,
How quick would they diminiſh in their Sale?
Four Fifths of all their Beauties who would heed,
Had they not *keen Enthuſiaſts* to read?

That which concerns us therefore is to ſee
What Species of Enthuſiaſts we be;
On what Materials the fiery Source
Of thinking Life ſhall execute its Force:
Whether a Man ſhall ſtir up Love, or Hate,
From the mix'd Medium of this preſent State;
Shall chooſe with upright Heart and Mind to riſe,
And reconnoitre Heav'n's primeval Skies;
Or down to Luſt and Rapine to deſcend,
Brute for a Time, and *Demon* at its End.
Neither perhaps, the wary Sceptics cry,
And wait till Nature's River ſhall run dry;
With ſage Reſerve not paſſing o'er to Good,
Of Time, loſt Time, are borne along the Flood;
Content to think ſuch thoughtleſs Thinking right,
And common Senſe enthuſiaſtic Flight.

Fly from *Enthuſiaſm?* Yes, fly from Air,
And breathe it more intenſely for your Care.
Learn, that, whatever Phantoms you embrace,
Your own eſſential Property takes Place:
Bend all your Wits againſt it, 'tis in vain,
It muſt exiſt, or ſacred, or profane.
For Fleſh, or Spirit, Wiſdom from above,
Or from this World, an Anger, or a Love,

Muſt

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Muſt have its Fire within the human Soul:
'Tis ours to ſpread the Circle, or controul;

In Clouds of ſenſual Appetites to ſmoke,
While ſmoth'ring Luſts the riſing Conſcience choke;

Or, from ideal Glimmerings, to raiſe,
Showy and faint, a ſuperficial Blaze;
Where ſubtle Reaſons with their lambent Flames,
Untouch'd the *Things*, creep round and round the *Names*;

Or—— with a true celeſtial Ardor fir'd,
Such as at firſt created Man inſpir'd,
To will, and to perſiſt to will, the Light,
The Love, the Joy, that makes an Angel bright,
That makes a Man, in Sight of God, to ſhine
With all the Luſtre of a Life divine.

When true Religion kindles up the Fire,
Who can condemn the vigorous Deſire?
That burns to reach the End for which 'twas giv'n,
To ſhine, and ſparkle in its native Heav'n?
What elſe was our creating Father's View?
His Image loſt why ſought he to renew?
Why all the Scenes of Love that Chriſtians know,
But to attract us from this poor Below?
To ſave us from the fatal Choice of Ill,
And bleſs the free co-operating Will?

Blame not *Enthuſiaſm*, if rightly bent;
Or blame of Saints the holieſt Intent,

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The

The ſtrong Perſuaſion, the confirm'd Belief,
Of all the Comforts of a Soul the Chief;
That God's continual Will, and Work to ſave,
Teach, and inſpire, attend us to the Grave:
That they, who in his Faith and Love abide,
Find in his Spirit an immediate Guide:
This is no more a *Fancy*, or a *Whim*,
Than that we *live*, and *move*, and *are in Him*:
Let Nature, or let Scripture, be the Ground,
Here is the Seat of true Religion found.
An earthly Life, as Life itſelf explains,
The *Air* and *Spirit* of this World maintains:
As plainly does an heav'nly Life declare,
An heav'nly *Spirit*, and an holy *Air*.

What Truth more plainly does the Goſpel teach,
What Doctrine all its Miſſionaries preach,
Than this, That ev'ry good Deſire and Thought
Is in us by the Holy Spirit wrought?
For this the working *Faith* prepares the Mind;
Hope is expectant, *Charity* reſign'd:
From this bleſt Guide the Moment we depart,
What is there left to ſanctify the Heart?
Reaſon and Morals? And where live they moſt?
In Chriſtian Comfort, or in *Stoic* Boaſt?
Reaſon may paint unpractis'd Truth exact,
And Morals rigidly maintain——no Fact:
This is the *Pow'r* that raiſes them to Worth,
That calls their rip'ning Excellencies forth.

Not

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Not aſk for this?——May Heav'n forbid the vain,
The ſad Repoſe!——What Virtue can remain?
What Virtue wanting, if, within the Breaſt,
This Faith, productive of all Virtue, reſt,
That God is always preſent to impart
His Light and Spirit to the willing Heart?

He, who can ſay My willing Heart began
To learn this Leſſon, may be chriſten'd *Man*;
Before, a Son of *Elements* and *Earth*;
But now, a Creature of another Birth;
Whoſe true regenerated Soul revives,
And Life from Him, that ever lives, derives;
Freed by compendious Faith from all the Pangs
Of long-fetch'd Motives, and perplex'd Harangues;
One Word of Promiſe ſtedfaſtly embrac'd,
His Heart is fix'd, its whole Dependence plac'd:
The Hope is rais'd, that cannot but ſucceed;
And found *Infallibility* indeed:
Then flows the *Love* that no Diſtinction knows
Of *Syſtem*, *Sect*, or *Party*, *Friends*, or *Foes*:
Nor loves by halves; but, faithful to its Call,
Stretches its whole Benevolence to All;
It's univerſal Wiſh, th' Angelic Scene,
That God within the Heart of Man may reign;
The true Beginning to the final Whole,
Of Heav'n, and heav'nly Life, within the Soul.

This Faith, and this Dependence, once deſtroy'd,
Man is made helpleſs, and the Goſpel void.

He

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He that is taught to ſeek elſewhere for Aid,
Be who he will the Teacher, is betray'd:
Be what it will the Syſtem, he's enſlav'd;
Man by Man's Maker only can be ſav'd.
In this One Fountain of all Help to truſt,
What is more eaſy, natural, and juſt?
Talk what we will of Morals, and of Bliſs,
Our Safety has no other Source but this:
Led by this Faith, when Man forſakes his Sin,
The Gate ſtands open to his God within:
There, in the Temple of his Soul, is found,
Of inward central Life, the holy Ground;
The ſacred Scene of Piety and Peace,
Where new-born Chriſtians feel the Life's Increaſe;
Bleſſing, and bleſt, revive to priſtine Youth,
And worſhip God in Spirit, and in Truth.

Had not the Soul this Origin, this Root,
What elſe were Man but a two-handed Brute?
What but a Devil, had he not poſſeſt
The Seed of Heav'n, *replanted* in his Breaſt?
The Spark of Potency, the Ray of Light,
His Call, his Help, his Fitneſs to excite
The Strength and Vigour of celeſtial Air,
Faith, and the Breath of living Chriſtians, Pray'r:
Not the Lip-Service, nor the mouthing Waſte
Of heartleſs Words, without an inward Taſte;
But the true Kindling of deſirous Love,
That draws the willing Graces from above;

The

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The Thirſt of Good that naturally pants
After that Light and Spirit which it wants;
In whoſe bleſt Union quickly coincide,
To aſk, and have, to want, and be ſupply'd.
Then does the faithful Suppliant diſcern
More of true Good, more of true Nature learn,
Than from a thouſand Volumes on the Shelf,
In one meek Intercourſe with Truth itſelf.

All that the Goſpel ever could ordain,
All that the Church's daily Rites maintain,
Is to keep up, to ſtrengthen, and employ,
This lively Faith, this Principle of Joy;
This Hope and this Poſſeſſion of the End,
Which all her pious Inſtitutes intend;
Fram'd to convey, when freed from wordy Strife,
The Truth, and Spirit, of an inward Life;
Wherein th' eternal Parent of all Good
By his own Influence is underſtood,
That Man may learn infallibly aright,
Bleſt in his Preſence, ſeeing in his Light,
To gain the Habit of a Godlike Mind,
To ſeek his Holy Spirit, and to find.

In this *Enthuſiaſm*, advanc'd *thus high*,
'Tis a true Chriſtian Wiſh, to live, and die.

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A PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father which art in Heaven——

FATHER——to think of his paternal Care
Is a moſt ſweet Encouragement to Pray'r.
Our Father——all Men's Father; to remind
That we ſhould love, as Brethren, all Mankind.
Which art in Heaven—— aſſures an heav'nly Birth
To all his loving Children upon Earth.

Hallowed be thy Name.

Name——is expreſſive of a real Thing,
With all the Pow'rs of which it is the Spring.
Thy Name——is therefore to be underſtood
Thy bleſſed Self, thou Fountain of all Good.
Be hallowed——be lov'd, obey'd, ador'd,
By inward Pray'r habitu'lly implor'd.

Thy Kingdom come——

Kingdom—— of Grace, at preſent, Seed and Root
Of future Glory's everlaſting Fruit.

Thy

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Thy Kingdom——not the World's War-ſhifted Scene,
Of Pomp and Show, but Love's all peaceful Reign.
Come——rule within our Hearts, by Grace divine,
'Till all the Kingdoms of the World be thine.

Thy Will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven.

Thy Will——to ev'ry Good that boundleſs Pow'rs
Can raiſe, if we conform to it with ours.
Be done in Earth——where Doing of his Will
Promotes all Good, and overcomes all Ill.
As 'tis in Heav'n——where all the Bleſt above
Serve, with one Will, the living Source of Love.

Give us this Day our daily Bread.

Give us——implies Dependence, whilſt we live,
Not on ourſelves, but what He wills to give.
This Day——cuts off all covetous Deſire
Of more and more, than real Wants require.
Our daily Bread——whatever we ſhall need,
And rightly uſe, to make it *Ours* indeed.

And forgive us our Treſpaſſes——

Forgive——betokens penitential Senſe,
And Hope for Pardon, of confeſs'd Offence.
Us——takes in all, but hints the ſpecial Part
Of ev'ry one, to look to his own Heart.

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Our Treſpaſſes——which the forgiving Grace,
By our ſincere Converſion, muſt efface.

As We forgive them that treſpaſs againſt Us.

As We forgive——becauſe the faireſt Claim
To Mercy pray'd for is to ſhew the ſame.
And we who pray ſhould all be minded thus,
To pardon them, *that treſpaſs againſt Us.*
Without forgiving, Chriſt was pleas'd to add,
Our own Forgiveneſs never can be had.

And lead us not into Temptation.

Temptation riſes in this World, the Field
Of Good and Evil, and incites to yield.
Lead us not into it——becomes the Voice
Of all, who would not go to it by Choice.
Whoſe Reſignation, mix'd with meek Diſtruſt
Of their own Strength, is more ſecurely juſt.

But deliver Us from Evil.——

But——when Temptation will, of courſe, ariſe,
The Hand that leads can miniſter Supplies.
Deliver Us——inſtructs the Soul to place
Its firm Reliance on protecting Grace.
From Evil——from the greateſt Evil, Sin;
The only one not to be ſafely in.

For

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For thine is the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory.

Thine is the Kingdom——the eſſential Right
To ſov'reign Rule, and Majeſty, and Might.
Thine is the Pow'r——to bleſs, and to redeem;
All elſe is weak whatever it may ſeem.
Thine is the Glory——manifeſtly found
In all thy Works, the whole Creation round.

For Ever and Ever.

For Ever——from an unbeginning Source,
Almighty Love purſues its endleſs Courſe.
Through all its Scenes, Eternity diſplays
New Wonders to our heav'nly Father's Praiſe.
King, Father, Leader, Judge, his hallow'd Name
Was, is, and ever will be, ſtill the ſame.

Amen.

Amen is Truth, in Hebrew, and Conſent
To Truth receiv'd, by its long Uſe, is meant.
Jeſus, Himſelf the Truth, the living Way,
The faithful Witneſs, teaches thus to pray.
Again ſhould we be learning, and again,
'Till Life becomes a practical Amen.

An

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A DIVINE PASTORAL.

I.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, my Guardian, and Guide;
Whatſoever I want he will kindly provide:
Ever ſince I was born, it is he that hath crown'd
The Life that he gave me with Bleſſings all round:
While yet on the Breaſt a poor Infant I hung,
E'er Time had unlooſen'd the Strings of my Tongue,
He gave me the Help which I could not then aſk;
Now therefore to thank him ſhall be my Tongue's Taſk.

II.

Thro' my tendereſt Years, with as tender a Care,
My Soul, like a Lamb, in his Boſom he bare;
To the Brook he would lead me, whene'er I had need,
And point out the Paſture where beſt I might feed:
No Harm could approach me; for he was my Shield
From the Fowls of the Air, and the Beaſts of the Field;
The Wolf, to devour me, would oftentimes prowl,
But the Lord was my Shepherd, and guarded my Soul.

III.

How oft in my Youth have I wander'd aſtray?
And ſtill he hath brought me back to the right Way!
When

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When, loſt in dark Error, no Path I could meet,
His Word, like a Lantern, hath guided my Feet:
What wond'rous Eſcapes to his Kindneſs I owe?
When, raſh and unthinking, I fought my own Woe:
My Soul had, long ſince, been gone down to the Deep,
If the Lord had not watched, when I was aſleep.

IV.

Whenſoe'er, at a Diſtance, he ſees me afraid,
He ſkips o'er the Mountain, and comes to my Aid;
Then leads me back gently, and bids me abide
In the midſt of his Flock, and feed cloſe by his Side:
How ſafe in his Keeping, how happy and free,
Could I always remain where he bids me to be!
Yea bleſt are the People, and happy thrice told,
That obey the Lord's Voice, and abide in his Fold.

V.

The Fold it is full, and the Paſture is green;
All is Friendſhip and Love, and no Enemy ſeen:
There the Lord dwells, amongſt us, upon his own Hill;
With the Flocks all around him awaiting his Will:
Himſelf, in the Midſt, with a provident Eye
Regarding our Wants, and procuring Supply;
An Abundance ſprings up of each nouriſhing Bud,
And we gather his Gifts, and are filled with Good.

VI. At

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VI.

At his Voice, or Example, we move, or we ſtay;
For the Lord is himſelf both our Leader and Way:
The Hills ſmoke with Incenſe where'er he hath trod,
And a ſacred Perfume ſhows the Footſteps of God:
While bleſt, with his Preſence, the Valleys beneath
A ſweet ſmelling Savour inceſſantly breathe:
The Delight is renew'd of each ſenſible Thing;
And behold in their Bloom all the Beauty of Spring.

VII.

Or, if a quite different Scene he prepare,
And we march thro' the Wilderneſs, barren and bare;
By his wonderful Works we ſee plainly enough,
That the Earth is the Lords, and the Fullneſs thereof:
If we hunger, and thirſt, and are ready to faint,
A Relief in due Seaſon prevents our Complaint;
The Rain, at his Word, brings us Food from the Sky,
And Rocks become Rivers when we are adry.

VIII.

From the fruitfulleſt Hill to the barreneſt Rock,
The Lord hath made all for the Sake of his Flock;
And the Flock, in Return, the Lord always confeſs
In Plenty their Joy, and their Hope in Diſtreſs:
He beholds in our Welfare his Glory diſplay'd,
And we find ourſelves bleſt in Obedience repay'd;

With

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With a chearful Regard we attend to his Ways;
Our Attention is Pray'r, and our Chearfulneſs Praiſe.

IX.

The LORD is my Shepherd; what then ſhall I fear?
What Danger can frighten me whilſt He is near?
Not, when the Time calls me to walk thro' the Vale
Of the Shadow of Death, ſhall my Heart ever fail;
Tho' afraid, of myſelf, to purſue the dark Way,
Thy Rod, and thy Staff, be my Comfort and Stay;
For I know, by thy Guidance, when once it is paſt,
To a Fountain of Life it will bring me at laſt.

X.

The LORD is become my Salvation and Song,
His Bleſſing ſhall follow me all my Life long:
Whatſoever Condition He places me in,
I am ſure 'tis the beſt it could ever have been:
For The LORD He is good, and his Mercies are ſure;
He only afflicts us in order to cure:
The LORD will I praiſe while I have any Breath;
Be content all my Life, and reſign'd at my Death.

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A Thankſgiving HYMN.

I.

O Come let us ſing to the Lord a new Song,
And praiſe Him to whom all our Praiſes belong;
While we enter his Temple, with Gladneſs and Joy,
Let a Pſalm of Thankſgiving our Voices employ:
O come, to his Name, let us joyfully ſing;
For the Lord is a great and omnipotent King:
By his Word were the Heav'ns, and the Hoſt of them made,
And of all the round World the Foundation he laid.

II.

He plac'd, in the Center, yon beautiful Sun;
And the Orbs that, about him, due Diſtances run;
To receive, as they haſte their vaſt Rounds to complete,
Of a Luſtre ſo dazling, the Light and the Heat.
What Language of Men can the Brightneſs unfold
Of his Preſence, whoſe Creature they cannot behold?
What a Light is his Light! of its infinite Day
The Sun, by his Splendor, can paint but a Ray.

III.

The Sun, in the Evening, is out of our Sight,
And the Moon is enlighten'd to govern the Night:

His

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His Power we behold, in yon high arched Roof,
When the Stars, in their Order, ſhine forth in its Proof:
While the Works, ſo immenſe, of thy Fingers we ſee,
And reflect on our Littleneſs, Lord, what are we?
Yet, while 'tis our Glory thy Name to adore,
Even Angels of Heav'n cannot boaſt any more.

IV.

Praiſe the Lord, upon Earth, all ye Nations and Lands,
Ye Seaſons and Times, that fulfill his Commands;
Let his Works, in all Places, his Goodneſs proclaim,
And the People, who ſee them, give Thanks to his Name:
For the Good, which he wills to communicate, brings
Into viſible Form his inviſible Things:
Their Appearance may change, as his Law ſhall ordain,
But the Goodneſs that forms will for ever remain.

V.

What a World of good Things does all Nature produce,
Which the Lord, in his Mercy, hath made for our Uſe?
The Earth, by his Bleſſing beſtow'd on its Soil,
By his Rain, and his Sunſhine, gives Corn, Wine, and Oil:
Let Men to adore Him then thankfully join,
When fill'd with his Bread, or made glad by his Wine;
As in Wealth, ſo in Gratitude, let them abound,
And the Voice of his Praiſe be heard all the World round.

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VI.

They, that o'er the wide Ocean their Bus'neſs purſue,
Can tell to his Wonders what Praiſes are due:
When toſt, to and fro, by the huge ſwelling Wave,
They riſe up to Heav'n, or ſink down to the Grave;
Diſmay'd with the Tempeſt, that mocks at their Skill,
They cry to the Lord, and he maketh it ſtill:
His Works in Remembrance ye Mariners keep,
And praiſe Him whoſe Judgments are like the great Deep.

VII.

He ſtilleth the Waves of the boiſterous Sea;
And the Tumults of Men, more outrageous than they:
Thy Goodneſs, O Lord, let the People confeſs,
Whom Wars do not waſte, nor proud Tyrants oppreſs;
And devoutly contemplate thy wonderful ways,
Thou that turneſt the Fierceneſs of Men to thy Praiſe:
Then Lands, in due Seaſon, ſhall yield their Increaſe,
And the Lord give his People the Bleſſings of Peace.

VIII.

The Lord he is high, far above all our Thought——
How then ſhall we worſhip him ſo as we ought?
What Tongue can expreſs, or what Words can ſhew forth
The Praiſe which is due to his excellent Worth?
Ye Righteous, and ye that in Virtue excell,
Begin the glad Taſk which becomes you ſo well;

The

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The Lord ſhall be pleas'd when he heareth your Voice,
And in his own Works ſhall th' Almighty rejoice.

IX.

The Lord hath his Dwelling far out of our View,
And yet humbleth himſelf to behold what we do;
To his Works, all around him, his Mercies extend,
His Works have no Number, his Mercies no End;
He accepteth our Thanks, if the Heart do but pay;
Tho' we never can reach him, by all we can ſay.
How juſt is the Duty! how pure the Delight!
Since whilſt we give Praiſes we Honour him right.

X.

Praiſe the Lord, O my Soul! all the Pow'rs of my Mind,
Praiſe the Lord, who hath been ſo exceedingly kind!
Who ſpareth my Life, and forgiveth my Sin,
Still directeth the Way that I ought to walk in:
When I ſpeak let me thank him; whenever I write,
The Remembrance of him let the Subject excite;
Guide Lord to thy Glory, my Tongue, and my Pen;
Yea, let ev'ry Thing praiſe Thee——Amen, and Amen.

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An HYMN

ON THE

OMNIPRESENCE.

OH Lord! thou haſt known me, and ſearched me out,
Thou ſee'ſt, at all Times, what I'm thinking about;
When I riſe up to Labour, or lye down to Reſt,
Thou markeſt each Motion that works in my Breaſt;
My Heart has no Secrets, but what thou can'ſt tell,
Not a Word in my Tongue, but thou knoweſt it well;
Thou ſee'ſt my Intention before it is wrought,
Long before I conceive it, thou knoweſt my Thought.

Thou art always about me, go whither I will,
All the Paths that I take to, I meet with thee ſtill;
I go forth abroad, and am under thine Eye,
I retire to myſelf, and behold! thou art by;
How is it that thou haſt encompaſs'd me ſo
That I cannot eſcape thee, wherever I go?
Such Knowledge as this is too high to attain,
'Tis a Truth which I feel, tho' I cannot explain.

Whither then ſhall I flee from thy Spirit, O Lord?
What Shelter can Space from thy Preſence afford?
If I climb up to Heav'n, 'tis there is thy Throne,
If I go down to Hell, even there thou art known;

If

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If for Wings I ſhould mount on the Mornings ſwift Ray,
And remain in the uttermoſt Parts of the Sea,
Even there, let the Diſtance be ever ſo wide,
Thy Hand would ſupport me, thy right Hand would guide.

If I ſay, peradventure, the Dark may conceal
What Diſtance, tho' boundleſs, is forc'd to reveal,
Yet the Dark, at thy Preſence, would vaniſh away,
And my Covering, the Night, would be turn'd into Day:
It is I myſelf only who could not then ſee,
Yea, the Darkneſs, O Lord, is no Darkneſs to Thee:
The Night, and the Day, are alike in thy Sight,
And the Darkneſs, to Thee, is as clear as the Light.

The COLLECT for ADVENT SUNDAY.

ALMIGHTY God, thy heav'nly Grace impart,
And caſt the Works of Darkneſs from our Heart;
Send us thy Light, and arm us for the Strife
Againſt all Evils of this mortal Life;
O'er which our SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, thy SON,
With great Humility the Conqueſt won:
That when, in Glory, our victorious Head
Shall come to judge the Living and the Dead,
We may, thro' Him, to Life immortal ſpring,
Wherein he reigns, the everlaſting King;
The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT may adore,
One glorious GOD TRIUNE, for evermore.

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HYMNS
FOR
CHRISTMAS DAY.

I.

ON this auſpicious, memorable Morn,
God and the Virgin's holy Child was born;
Offspring of Heav'n, whoſe undefiled Birth
Began the Proceſs of redeeming Earth;
Of re-producing Paradiſe again,
And God's loſt Image in the Souls of Men.

II.

Adam, who kept not his firſt State of Bliſs,
Rend'red himſelf incapable of this;
Nor could he, with his outward Helpmate Eve,
This pure, angelic, virgin Birth retrieve:
This, in our Nature, never could be done,
Until a Virgin ſhould conceive a Son.

III.

Mary, prepar'd for ſuch a chaſte Embrace,
Was deſtin'd to this Miracle of Grace;

In

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In her unfolded the myſterious Plan
Of Mans Salvation, God's becoming Man;
His Power, with her Humility combin'd,
Produc'd the ſinleſs Saviour of Mankind.

IV.

The Heighth and Depth of ſuch amazing Love
Nor can we meaſure, nor the Bleſt above;
Its Truth whoever reaſons right will own;
Man never could be ſav'd by Man alone:
Salvation is, if rightly we define,
Union of human Nature with divine.

V.

What Way to this, unleſs it had been trod
By the new Birth of an incarnate God?
Birth of a Life, that triumphs over Death,
A Life inſpir'd by God's immortal Breath;
For which Himſelf, to ſave us from the Tomb,
Did not abhor the Virgin Mother's Womb.

VI.

O may this Infant Saviour's Birth inſpire
Of real Life an humble, chaſte Deſire!
Raiſe it up in us! form it in our Mind,
Like the bleſt Virgin's, totally reſign'd!
A mortal Life from Adam we derive;
We are, in Chriſt, eternally alive.

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On the SAME.

CHRISTIANS awake, ſalute the happy Morn,
Whereon the SAVIOUR of the World was born;
Riſe, to adore the Myſtery of Love,
Which Hoſts of Angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful Tidings firſt begun
Of GOD incarnate, and the Virgin's Son:
Then to the watchful Shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' Angelic Herald's Voice——*Behold!*
I bring good Tidings of a SAVIOUR's *Birth*
To you, and all the Nations upon Earth;
This Day hath GOD *fulfill'd his promis'd Word;*
This Day is born a SAVIOUR, CHRIST, *the* LORD:
In David's *City, Shepherds, ye ſhall find*
The long foretold Redeemer of Mankind;
Wrapt up in ſwaddling Cloaths, the Babe divine
Lies in a Manger; this ſhall be your Sign.
He ſpake, and ſtraightway the Celeſtial Choir,
In Hymns of Joy, unknown before, conſpire:
The Praiſes of redeeming Love they ſung,
And Heav'ns whole Orb with Hallelujahs rung:
GOD's higheſt Glory was their Anthem ſtill;
Peace upon Earth, and mutual Good-will.
To *Bethlehem* ſtraight th' enlightened Shepherds ran,
To ſee the Wonder GOD had wrought for Man;
And found, with *Joſeph* and the bleſſed Maid,
Her Son, the SAVIOUR, in a Manger laid.

Amaz'd,

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Amaz'd, the wond'rous Story they proclaim;
The firſt Apoſtles of his Infant Fame:
While *Mary* keeps, and ponders in her Heart,
The heav'nly Viſion, which the Swains impart;
They to their Flocks, ſtill praiſing GOD, return,
And their glad Hearts within their Boſoms burn.

Let us, like theſe good Shepherds then, employ
Our grateful Voices to proclaim the Joy:
Like *Mary*, let us ponder in our Mind
GOD's wond'rous Love in ſaving loſt Mankind;
Artleſs, and watchful, as theſe favour'd Swains,
While Virgin Meekneſs in the Heart remains:
Trace we the Babe, who has retriev'd our Loſs,
From his poor Manger to his bitter Croſs;
Treading his Steps, aſſiſted by his Grace,
Till Man's firſt heav'nly State again takes Place:
Then may we hope, th' Angelic Thrones among,
To ſing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal Song:
He that was born, upon this joyful Day,
Around us all, his Glory ſhall diſplay;
Sav'd by his Love, inceſſant we ſhall ſing
Of Angels, and of Angel-Men, the King.

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ON THE

EPIPHANY.

I.

LED by the Guidance of a living Star,
The Eaſtern Sages travel'd from afar
To ſeek the Saviour, by prophetic Fame
Deſcrib'd to them as King of Jews by Name;
Whoſe Birth, to Gentiles worthy of his Sight,
Was now declar'd by this angelic Light.

II.

To its full Height th' Expectancy had grown
Of what the learned Foreigners made known;
When at Jeruſalem the ſacred News
Was ſpread by them to Herod, and the Jews:
Where is he born? For by his Star, they ſaid,
Thus far to worſhip him have we been led.

III.

Herod, who had in his tyrannic Mind
No Thought of Empire, but of earthy Kind,
Jealous of this new King of Jewiſh Tribes,
In Haſte aſſembl'd all the Prieſts, and Scribes;

Where

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Where Chriſt was to be born was his Demand——
In Bethlehem, they ſaid, in Juda's Land.

IV.

He call'd the Magi, privately again,
To learn from them the Time, preciſely, when
The Star, which had conducted them, appear'd:
And, having all his wily Queſtions clear'd,
Bad them to ſeek the Child, and from the View
Come, and tell him, that he might worſhip too.

V.

They journey'd on to the appointed Place,
Which Jewiſh Prieſts from Prophecy could trace:
Chear'd by the Star's Appearance on the Way,
That pointed where the Infant Saviour lay;
Meekly they ſtep'd into his humble Shrine,
And fell to worſhipping the Babe divine.

VI.

The Virgin Mother ſaw them all proſtrate
Their Off'rings, Gold, and Frankincenſe, and Myrrh;
But warn'd of God his Father, in a Dream,
They diſappointed Herod's murd'rous Scheme;
And, having ſeen the Object of their Faith,
Sought their own Country by another Path.

VII. Does

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VII.

Does not Reflection juſtly hence ariſe,
That in the Eaſt, ſo famous for the Wiſe,
The trueſt Learning, Sapience, and Skill,
Was theirs, who ſought, amidſt the various Ill
Which they beheld, for that predicted Scene,
That ſhould on Earth commence an heav'nly Reign?

VIII.

Theſe true Enquirers into Nature ſaw
That Nature muſt have ſome ſuperior Law;
Some righteous Monarch, for the Good of all,
To rule with Juſtice this diſorder'd Ball;
Their humble Senſe of Wants, o'erlook'd by Pride,
Made them ſo worthy of the Starlike Guide.

IX.

We read how, then, the very Pagan School
Was fill'd with Rumors of a Jewiſh Rule:
Tho' Jews themſelves, as at this preſent Day,
Dreamt of a worldly domineering Sway;
The truly wiſe, or Jew, or Gentile, ſought
A Chriſt, the Object of an happier Thought.

X.

They beſt could underſtand prophetic Page,
Simple, or learn'd, the Shepherd, or the Sage:

Their

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Their Eyes could ſee, and follow a true Light,
That led them on from Prophecy to Sight:
Could own the Son who, by the Father's Will,
Should reign a King on Sion's holy Hill.

XI.

Of Treaſures which the Wiſe were mov'd to bring,
If Gold preſented might confeſs the King,
Incenſe to his Divinity relate,
And Myrrh denote his bitter, ſuff'ring State,
They offer'd Types of the Theandric Plan
Of our Salvation, God's becoming Man.

XII.

In this redeeming Proceſs all concur'd
To give ſure Proof of the prophetic Word;
Jeſus, Emanuel, the inward Light
Of all Mankind, who ſeek the Truth aright,
Forms in the Heart of all the Wiſe on Earth
The true Day Star, the Token of his Birth.

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MEDITATIONS

FOR

Every Day in PASSION WEEK.

MONDAY.

GOD *in* CHRIST *is all Love.*

I.

BEHOLD the tender Love of God!——behold
The Shepherd dying to redeem his Fold!
Who can declare it?——Worthy to be known——
What Tongue can ſpeak it worthily?——His own:
From his own ſacred Lips the Theme began,
The glorious Goſpel of God's Love to Man.

II.

So great, ſo boundleſs was it, that he gave
His only Son——and for what End?——To ſave;
Not to condemn; if Men reject the Light,
They, of themſelves, condemn themſelves to Night;
God, in his Son, ſeeks only to diſplay,
In ev'ry Heart, an everlaſting Day.

III. God

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III.

God hath to shown his Love to us, says *Paul*,
Even yet Sinners, that Christ di'd for all:
Peter, that God's all gracious Aim is this,
By *Christ*, to call us to eternal Bliss:
Of all th' inspir'd to understand the View
Love is the Text——and Love the Comment too;

IV.

The Ground to build all Faith, and Works upon;
For *God is Love*——says the beloved *John*——
Short Word——but Meaning infinitely wide,
Including all that can be said beside;
Including all the joyful Truths above
The Pow'r of Eloquence——for——*God is Love*.

V.

Think on the Proof, that *John* from *Jesus* learn'd,
In this was God's amazing Love discern'd,
Because he sent his Son to us; that we
Might live thro' him——how plain it is to see
That, if in this, in ev'ry other Fact,
Where God is Agent, Love is in the Act.

VI.

Essential Character, (whatever word
Of diff'rent Sound in Scripture has occurr'd)

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Of all that is aſcrib'd to God; of all
That can by his immediate Will befall:
The Sun's bright Orb may loſe its ſhining Flame,
But Love remains unchangeably the ſame.

TUESDAY.

How CHRIST quencheth the Wrath of GOD in us.

I.

THE Saviour di'd, according to our Faith,
To quench, attone, or pacify a Wrath——
But——*God is Love*——he has no Wrath his own;
Nothing in him to quench, or to attone:
Of all the Wrath, that Scripture has reveal'd,
The poor fall'n Creature wanted to be heal'd.

II.

God, of his own pure Love, was pleas'd to give
The Lord of Life, that thro' him it might live;
Thro' *Chriſt*; becauſe none other could be found
To heal the human Nature of its Wound:
This great Phyſician of the Soul had, ſure,
In him, who gave him, no Defect to cure.

III. He

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III.

He did, he ſuffer'd ev'ry Thing, that we
From Wrath, by Sin enkindl'd, might be free,
The Wrath of God, in us, that is, the Fire
Of burning Life, without the Love-Deſire;
Without the Light, which *Jeſus* came to raiſe,
And change the Wrath into a joyful Blaze.

IV.

The Wrath is God's; but in himſelf unfelt;
As Ice, and Froſt are his, and Pow'r to melt:
Not even Man could any Wrath, as ſuch,
Till he had loſt his firſt Perfection, touch:
God has but one immutable good Will,
To bleſs his Creatures, and to ſave from Ill.

V.

Cordial, or bitter a Phyſician's Draught,
The Patient's Health is in his ord'ring Thought:
God's Mercies, or God's Judgments be the Name,
Eternal Health is his all-ſaving Aim.
Vengeance belongs to GOD——and ſo it ſhould——
For Love alone can turn it all to Good.

VI.

All that, in Nature, by his Act is done
Is to give Life; and Life is in his Son:

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When his Humility, his Meekneſs finds
Healing Admiſſion, into willing Minds,
All Wrath diſperſes, like a gath'ring Sore;
Pain is its Cure, and it exiſts no more.

WEDNESDAY.

CHRIST ſatisfieth the Juſtice of GOD by fulfilling all Righteouſneſs.

I.

JUSTICE demandeth Satisfaction——Yes;
And ought to have it where Injuſtice is:
But——there is none in God——it cannot mean
Demand of Juſtice where it has full Reign:
To dwell in Man it rightfully demands,
Such as he came from his Creator's Hands

II.

Man had departed from a righteous State,
Which he, at firſt, muſt have, if God create:
Tis therefore call'd God's Righteouſneſs; and muſt
Be ſatisfy'd by Man's becoming juſt:
Muſt exerciſe good Vengeance upon Men,
'Till it regain its Rights in them again.

III. This,

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III.

This was the Juſtice, for which *Chriſt* became
A Man, to ſatisfy its righteous Claim;
Became Redeemer of the Human Race,
That Sin, in them, to Juſtice might give Place:
To ſatisfy a juſt, and righteous Will
Is neither more, nor leſs, than to fulfill:

IV.

It was, in God, the loving Will that ſought
The Joy of having Man's Salvation wrought:
Hence, in his Son, ſo infinitely pleas'd
With Righteouſneſs fulfill'd, and Wrath appeas'd:
Not with mere Suff'ring, which he never wills,
But with mere Love, that triumph'd over Ills.

V.

'Twas tender Mercy——by the Church confeſs'd,
Before ſhe feeds the ſacramental Gueſt;
Rememb'ring him, who offer'd up his Soul
A Sacrifice for Sin, full, perfect, whole,
Sufficient, ſatisfactory——and all
That Words (how ſhort of Merit!) can recall.

VI.

And when receiv'd his Body, and his Blood,
The Life enabling to be juſt, and good,

Off'ring

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Off'ring, available thro' him alone,
Body, and Soul, a Sacrifice her own:
From Him, from his, ſo, Juſtice has its due;
Itſelf reſtor'd,——not any thing in Lieu.

THURSDAY.

CHRIST the Beginner and Finiſher of the New Life in Man.

I.

DEAD as Men are, in Treſpaſſes and Sins,
Whence is it in them that new Life begins?
'Tis that, by God's great Mercy, Love, and Grace,
The Seed of *Chriſt* is in the Human Race;
That inward, hidden Man, that can revive,
And, dead in *Adam*, riſe in *Chriſt* alive.

II.

Life natural, and Life divine poſſeſs'd,
Muſt needs unite, to make a Creature bleſs'd:
The firſt, a feeling Hunger, and Deſire
Of what it cannot of itſelf acquire;
Wherein the ſecond, entering to dwell,
Makes all an Heav'n, that would be elſe an Hell.

III. As

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III.

As only Light all Darkneſs can expell,
So was his Conqueſt over Death, and Hell,
The only poſſible, effectual Way
To raiſe to Life what *Adam*'s Sin could ſlay:
Death by the falling, by the riſing Man
The Reſurrection of the Dead began.

IV.

This Heav'nly Parent of the human Race
The Steps, that *Adam* fell by, could retrace;
Could bear the Suffrings requiſite to ſave;
Could die, a Man, and triumph o'er the Grave:
This, for our Sakes, incarnate Love could do;
Great is the Myſtery——and greatly true.

V.

Prophets, Apoſtles, Martyrs, and the Choir
Of holy Virgin Witneſſes, conſpire
To animate a Chriſtian to endure
Whatever Croſs God gives him, for his Cure:
Looking to *Jeſus*, who has led the way
From Death to Life, from Darkneſs into Day.

VI.

Unmov'd by earthly Good, or earthly Ill,
The Man *Chriſt Jeſus* wrought God's bleſſed Will:

Death,

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Death, in the Nature of the Thing, that Hour
Wherein he di'd, loſt all its deadly Pow'r:
Then, then was open'd, by what he ſuſtain'd,
The Gate of Life, and Paradiſe regain'd.

F R I D A Y.

How the Sufferings and Death of CHRIST are available to Man's Salvation.

I.

WITH Hearts deep rooted in Love's holy Ground
Should be ador'd this Myſtery profound
Of God's Meſſiah; ſuff'ring in our Frame;
The Lamb *Chriſt-Jeſus*——bleſſed be his Name!
Dying, in this Humanity of ours,
To introduce his own Life-giving Pow'rs.

II.

Herein is Love! deſcending from his Throne,
The Father's Boſom, for our Sakes alone,
What Earth, what Hell, could wrathfully unite
Of Ills, he vanquiſh'd with enduring Might:
Legions of Angels ready at Command,
Singly he choſe to bear, and to withſtand.

III. To

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III.

To bear, intent upon Mankind's Relief,
Ev'ry Exceſs of ev'ry Shame, and Grief;
Of inward Anguiſh, paſt all Thought ſevere;
Such as pure Innocence alone could bear:
Dev'liſh Temptation, Treachery, and Rage,
Naked, for us, did Innocence engage.

IV.

Nail'd to a Croſs it ſuffer'd, and forgave;
And ſhow'd the Penitent its Pow'r to ſave:
It's Majeſty confeſs'd by Nature's Shock;
Darkneſs——and Earthquake——and the rented Rock,
And opening Graves——the Prelude to that Pow'r,
Which roſe in ſuff'ring Love's momentous Hour.

V.

No other Pow'r could ſave, but *Jeſus* can;
The living God was in the dying Man:
Who, perfected by Suff'rings, from the Grave
Roſe in the Fullneſs of all Pow'r to ſave:
With that one bleſſed Life of God to fill
The vacant Soul, that yieldeth up its Will.

VI.

To learn is ev'ry pious Chriſtian's Part,
From his great Maſter, this moſt holy Art;

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This our high Calling, Privilege, and Prize,
With Him to ſuffer, and with Him to riſe:
To live——to die——meek, patient, and reſign'd
To God's good Pleaſure, with a Chriſt-like Mind.

SATURDAY.

How CHRIST by his Death overcame Death.

I.

JESUS is crucifi'd——the previous Scene
Of our Salvation, and his glorious Reign:
Myſterious Proceſs! tho', by Nature's Laws,
Such an Effect demanded ſuch a Cauſe:
For none but He could form the grand Deſign,
And raiſe, anew, the human Life divine.

II.

No leſs a Myſtery can claim Belief,
Than what belongs to our redeeming Chief:
Divine, and ſupernatural indeed
The Love that mov'd the Son of God to bleed;
But what he was, and did, in each Reſpect,
Was real Cauſe producing its Effect.

III. Children

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III.

Children of *Adam* needs muſt ſhare his Fall;
Children of *Chriſt* can re-inherit All:
This was the one, and therefore choſen Way,
For Love to manifeſt its full Diſplay:
Abſurd the Thought of arbitrary Plans;
Nature's one, true Religion this —— and Man's.

IV.

All that we know of God, and Nature too,
Proves the Salvation of the Goſpel true;
Where all unites in one conſiſtent Whole,
The Life of God renew'd within the Soul:
Renew'd by *Chriſt*——He only could reſtore
The Heav'n in Man to what it was before:

V.

Could raiſe God's Image, clos'd in Death by Sin,
And raiſe Himſelf, the Light of Life, therein:
The one ſame Light that makes angelic Bliſs;
That ſpreads an Heav'n thro' Nature's whole Abyſs:
The Light of Nature, and the Light of Men,
That gives the Dead his Pow'r to live again.

VI.

The Way, the Truth, the Life —— whatever Terms
Prefer'd, 'tis Him that ev'ry Good affirms;

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The one true Saviour; all is Dung and Droſs,
In ſaving Senſe, but *Jeſus* and his Croſs:
All Nature ſpeaks; all Scripture anſwers thus——
Salvation is the Life of CHRIST *in us.*

EASTER COLLECT.

ALMIGHTY GOD! whoſe bleſſed Will was done
By Jeſus Chriſt, our Lord, thine only Son;
Death overcome, and open'd unto Men
The Gate of everlaſting Life again;
Grant us, baptiz'd into his Death, to die
To all Affections, but to Things on high;
That when, by thy preventing Grace, we find
The good Deſires to riſe within our Mind,
Our Wills may tend as thine ſhall ſtill direct,
And bring the good Deſires to good Effect;
Thro' Him, the one Redeemer from the Fall,
Who liv'd and di'd, and roſe again for all.

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EASTER DAY.

I.

THE Morning dawns; the third approaching Day
Can only ſhow the Place where *Jeſus* lay:
Angels deſcend——Remember what he ſaid——
He is not here, but riſen from the dead;
Betray'd into the Hands of ſinful Men,
The Son of Man muſt die, and riſe again.

II.

So ſang the Prophets, ever ſince the Fall;
Of Rites ordain'd the Meaning this, thro' all:
This, by the various Sacrifice of old,
Memorial Type, and Shadow, was foretold:
Even falſe Worſhip, careleſs what it meant,
Gave to this Truth an ignorant Conſent.

III.

Chriſt is the Sum, and Subſtance of the whole
That God has done, or ſaid, to ſave a Soul:
To raiſe himſelf a Church; when that is done,
The World becomes the Kingdom of his Son:
An Heav'n reſtor'd to the redeem'd, the born
Of him, who roſe on this auſpicious Morn.

He

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IV.

He that was dead, in order to reſtore,
Behold! he is alive for evermore:
An heav'nly *Adam*, full impow'rd to give
The Life, that Men were firſt deſign'd to live:
Fountain of Life, come whoſoever will
To quench his Thirſt, and freely take his Fill.

V.

Mankind, in Him, are Life's predeſtin'd Heirs;
His riſing Glories the Firſt-fruits of theirs:
Hearts, that renounce the Slavery to Sin,
Feel of his Pow'r the living Warmth within:
Of ſtrength'ning Faith, of joyous Hope poſſeſt,
And Heav'n-producing Love, within the Breaſt.

VI.

The Breaſt——the Temple of the Holy Ghoſt,
When once enliven'd by this heav'nly Hoſt:
His Reſurrection, the ſure Proof of ours,
Will there exert his Death-deſtroying Pow'rs;
'Till all his Sons ſhall meet before his Throne
In glorious Bodies, faſhion'd like his own.

An

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AN HYMN FOR EASTER DAY.

I.

THE LORD *is risen!* He who came
To suffer Death, and conquer too,
Is *risen;* let our Song proclaim
The Praise to Man's REDEEMER due:

To Him whom GOD, in *tender* LOVE,
Always, alike, to bless inclin'd,
Sent to redeem us, from above;
To *save*, to *sanctify* Mankind.

CHORUS.

WORTHY of all Pow'r and Praise,
HE who di'd, and rose again;
Lamb of GOD, and slain to raise
MAN, to Life redeem'd——AMEN.

II. That

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II.

That Life which *Adam* ceas'd to live,
When to this World he turn'd his Heart,
And to his Children could not give,
The SECOND ADAM *can* impart.

We, on our *earthly* Parent's Side,
Could but receive a Life of Earth;
The LORD from HEAVEN, He liv'd, and died,
And roſe to give us *Heav'nly* Birth.

CHO. *WORTHY of all Pow'r and Praiſe*, &c.

III.

This mortal Life, this living Death,
Shews that in *Adam* we all die;
In CHRIST we have immortal Breath,
And Life's *unperiſhing* Supply:

HE took our Nature, and ſuſtain'd
The *Miſ'ries* of it's ſinful State;
Sinleſs HIMSELF, for Us regain'd
To Paradiſe an Open Gate.

CHO. *WORTHY of all Pow'r and Praiſe*, &c.

IV. As

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IV.

As *Adam* rais'd a Life of Sin,
So CHRIST, the Serpent-bruising Seed,
By GOD's Appointment could begin
The Birth, in Us, of LIFE *indeed*:

He did begin; Parental Head,
As *Adam* fell, so JESUS stood;
Fulfill'd all Righteousness, and said
'Tis FINISH'D!——on the sacred Wood.

CHO. *WORTHY of all Pow'r and Praise*, &c.

V.

Finish'd *his* Work, to quench the Wrath,
That SIN had brought on *Adam*'s Race;
To pave the *sole*, and certain Path
From *Nature*'s Life, to that of *Grace*:

For Joy of *this*, GOD's only SON
Endur'd the *Cross*, despis'd the *Shame*,
And gave the Victory, *so* won,
For *imitating* LOVE to claim.

CHO. *Worthy of all Pow'r and Praise*, &c.

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VI.

To tread the Path that JESUS trod,
Aided by him, be our Employ;
To *die* to Sin, and *live* to GOD,
And yield him the fair purchas'd Joy:

To all the Laws that LOVE has made
Stedfaſt, unſhaken to attend;
He died, He roſe, *Himſelf* our Aid,
Lo! I am with you to the End.

CHORUS.

WORTHY of all Pow'r and Praiſe,
HE who died and roſe again;
Lamb of GOD, and ſlain to raiſe
MAN, to Life redeem'd——AMEN.

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On WHITSUNDAY.

I.

JESUS, aſcended into Heav'n again,
Beſtow'd this won'drous Gift upon good Men,
That various Nations, by his Spirit led,
All underſtood what Galileans ſaid:
He gave the Word, who form'd the liſt'ning Ear,
And Truth became in ev'ry Language clear.

II.

One Country's Tongue, to his Apoſtles known,
To ev'ry pious Soul became its own:
The well diſpos'd, from all the World around,
With holy Wonder, heard the Goſpel Sound;
Their Hearts prepar'd to hear it——God's Command
No Obſtacle in Nature could withſtand.

III.

Nature itſelf, if ev'ry Heart was right,
All jarring Languages would ſoon unite:
Her's is but one, intelligible Guide;
But Tongues are numberleſs where Hearts divide:
The Babel Projects bring them to their Birth,
And ſcatter Diſcord o'er the Face of Earth.

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IV.

The Prince of Peace now ſending, from above,
His Holy Spirit of uniting Love,
By its miraculous Effuſion, ſhow'd
How great a Pow'r he promis'd, and beſtow'd;
Pow'r to reverſe Confuſion, and impart
One living Word to ev'ry honeſt Heart.

V.

Deaf to its Influence the Wicked ſtood,
And mock'd the juſt Amazement of the Good;
For want of Senſe, aſcribing to new Wine
Their joint Acknowledgments of Grace divine:
The World's devout Epitome was taught,
And hid from Pride the Miracle, when wrought.

VI.

Known to the Meek, but from the Worldly Wiſe,
From Scoffers hid, the wonderful Supplies
Of God's good Spirit, now as near to Men,
Whoſe Hearts are open to the Truth, as then:
Bleſt, in all Climates, all Conditions, they
Who hear this inward Teacher, and obey.

On

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On TRINITY SUNDAY.

CO-EQUAL *Trinity* was always taught
By the Divines moſt fam'd for pious Thought:
The Men of Learning fill'd, indeed, the Page
With diſſonant Diſputes, from Age to Age;
But with themſelves, ſo far as one can read,
About their Schemes are not at all agreed;
When they oppos'd, by Reaſon, or by Wrath,
This grand Foundation of the Chriſtian Faith.

For what more fundamental Point, or grand,
Than our aſcending Saviour's own Command?
"Go and baptize all Nations in the Name"——
Of Whom, or What? (For thence the ſureſt Aim
Of Chriſtian Doctrine muſt appear the moſt)
——The Name of FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST——
Our Lord's Interpretation here we ſee,
Of——"Thou ſhalt have no other Gods but Me"——

For can the Phraſe, ſo highly ſacred, ſhow
The Name of God to be omitted? No;
By its eſſential Trinity expreſt,
It ſhow'd what Faith *Chriſt* will'd to be profeſt:
One God the *Jews* had own'd; and one Supreme,
With others lower, was the *Pagan* Theme;
How One was true, and how Supreme prophan'd,
Our Lord's *baptiſmal* Ordinance explain'd.

The

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The one Divinity of Father, Son,
And Spirit, teaches Chriſtian Thought to ſhun
Both *pagan*, and *rabbinical* Miſtake,
And underſtand what holy Prophets ſpake;
Or in the ancient Writings, or the new,
To which this Doctrine is the ſacred Clue;
That ſo conducts us to the ſaving Plan
Of true Religion, as no other can.

For, were the Son's Divinity deni'd,
The Father's muſt, of courſe, be ſet aſide;
Or be a dark one—— How can it be bright,
But by its own eternal, inborn Light?
The Glory of the Father is the Son,
Of all his Powers begotten, or begun,
From all Eternity; take Son away,
And what the Father can delight in, ſay.

The Love, paternally divine, implies
Its proper Object, whence it muſt ariſe,
That is, the Son; and ſo the filial too
Implies paternal Origin in View;
And hence the third diſtinctly glorious Tie
Of Love, which both are animated by:
All is one God, but He contains divine,
Living Relations, evidently *Trine*.

So far from hurting *Unity*, that hence
The Fullneſs riſes of its perfect Senſe;

And

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And ev'ry barren, ſpiritleſs Diſpute,
Againſt its Truth, is pluck'd up by the Root:
The Faith is ſolid to repoſe upon,
Father, Word, Spirit, undivided One;
By whom Mankind, of threefold Life poſſeſt,
Can live, and move, and have its Being bleſt.

Not by *Three* Gods; or One ſupremely great,
With two *Inferiors;* or the wild Conceit,
God, *Michael*, *Gabriel;* or aught elſe, devis'd
For Chriſtians, in no *Creature*'s Name *baptiz'd;*
But of the whole inſeparable THREE,
Whoſe fertile Oneneſs cauſes all to be;
And makes an Heav'n thro' Nature's whole Abyſs,
By its Paternal, Filial, Spirit Bliſs.

On the SAME.

I.

ONE God the Father——certainly this Term
Does not a barren Deity affirm;
Without the Son; without the native Light,
By which its fiery Majeſty is bright;
Without the Spirit of the Fire, and Flame
Of Life divine, eternally the ſame.

II. More

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II.

More One——than any Thing beſide can be,
Becauſe of its inſeparable Three;
Which Nothing can diminiſh, or divide,
Tho' it ſhould break all Unity beſide;
For This, as ſelf-begetting, ſelf-begot,
And to itſelf proceeding, it can not.

III.

This total Oneneſs of its threefold Bliſs,
Life, Light, and Joy of Nature's vaſt Abyſs,
No Tongue ſo well can utter, but the Mind,
That ſeeks for ſomewhat to object, may find;
No End of Queſtions, if we muſt conteſt
A Truth, by Saints, of ev'ry Age, expreſt.

IV.

The Church did always, always will, agree
In its one Worſhip of the Holy Three;
As taught, by *Chriſt*, that Unity divine
Was full and perfect, that is, Unitrine:
He ſaid,——*Baptize all Nations, and proclaim*
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, The Name.

V.

The Holy! Holy! Holy! of the Hoſt
Of Heav'n is Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt;

Not

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Not Holy——Holier——and Holieſt——
But one, triune, ſame Holineſs confeſt;
One God, one Loving, and Beloved, Love;
On Earth below ador'd, in Heav'n above.

VI.

One living Fullneſs of all perfect Good;
Its own eſſential Fountain, Stream, and Flood:
And when, according to the Chriſtian Creed,
Men worſhip God in Spirit, Word, and Deed;
Faith, Hope, and Love's Triunity of Grace,
Will find, in their true, ſingle Heart, a Place.

A

CAUTION againſt DESPAIR.

DESPAIR is a cowardly Thing,
And the Spirit ſuggeſting it bad;
In ſpite of my Sins I will ſing,
That Mercy is ſtill to be had.

For he that has ſhown it ſo far,
As to give me a ſenſible Heart,
How heinous ſoever they are,
Delights in the merciful Part.

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By Affliction, ſo heavy to bear,
He ſearches the Wound He would cure;
'Tis his, to be kindly ſevere,
'Tis mine, by his Grace to endure.

O! comfort thyſelf in his Love,
Poor ſinful and ſorrowful Soul,
Who came, and ſtill comes, from above,
To the Sick, that would fain be made whole.

Who ſaid, and continues to ſay,
In the Deep of a penitent Breaſt,
Come Sinner, to me come away,
I'll meet thee, and bring thee to Reſt.

A Refuſal to come is abſurd;
I'll put myſelf under his Care;
I'll believe his infallible Word,
And never, no never deſpair.

A Penitential SOLILOQUY.

WHAT! tho' no Objects ſtrike upon the Sight!
Thy ſacred Preſence is an *inward* Light!
What! tho' no Sounds ſhould penetrate the Ear!
To liſt'ning Thought the Voice of Truth is clear!
Sincere Devotion needs no outward Shrine;
The Center of an *humble* Soul is thine!

There

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There may I worſhip! and there may'ſt thou place
Thy Seat of Mercy, and thy Throne of Grace!
Yea fix, if CHRIST my Advocate appear,
The dread Tribunal of thy Juſtice there:
Let each vain Thought, let each impure Deſire
Meet, in thy Wrath, with a *conſuming* Fire.

Whilſt the kind Rigours of a righteous Doom
All deadly Filth of *ſelfiſh Pride* conſume,
Thou, Lord! can'ſt raiſe, tho' puniſhing for Sin,
The Joys of peaceful Penitence within:
Thy Juſtice and thy Mercy both are ſweet,
That make our *Suff'rings* and *Salvation* meet.

Befall me, then, whatever God ſhall pleaſe!
His Wounds are healing, and his Griefs give Eaſe:
He, like a true Phyſician of the Soul,
Applies the Medicine that may make it whole:
I'll do, I'll *ſuffer* whatſoe'er he wills;
I ſee his Aim thro' all theſe tranſient Ills.

'Tis to infuſe a *ſalutary* Grief,
To fit the Mind for *abſolute* Relief:
That purg'd from ev'ry *falſe* and finite Love,
Dead to the World, alive to Things above,
The Soul may riſe, as in its *firſt* form'd Youth,
And worſhip God in *Spirit* and in *Truth*.

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An Encouragement to earneſt and importunate PRAYER.

Luke 18, 1. *And he ſpake a Parable unto them, to this End, that Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.*

A Bleſſed Truth for Parable to paint,
That Men ſhould always pray, and never faint!
Juſt the Reverſe of this would Satan ſay,
That Men ſhould always faint, and never pray:
He wants to drive poor Sinners to Deſpair;
And Chriſt to ſave them by prevailing Pray'r.

The Judge, who feared neither God nor Man,
Deſpis'd the Widow when ſhe firſt began
Her juſt Requeſt; but ſhe, continuing on
The ſame Petition, wearied him anon;
He could not bear to hear her praying ſtill,
And did her Juſtice, tho' againſt his Will.

Can Perſeverance force a Man, unjuſt,
To execute, however loth, his Truſt?
And will not God, whoſe fatherly Delight
Is to ſave Souls, ſo precious in his Sight,
Hear his own Offspring's perſevering Call,
And give the Bleſſing which He has for all?

Yes,

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Yes, to be ſure, He will; the lying No
Is a downright Temptation of the Foe;
Who firſt emboldens Sinners to preſume,
As if a righteous Judgment had no Room;
And, having led them into grievous Faults,
With the Deſpair of Mercy, then, aſſaults.

Dear Soul, if thou haſt liſten'd to the Lies
Which, at the firſt, the Tempter would deviſe,
Let him not cheat thee with a ſecond Snare,
And drag thee into Darkneſs, by Deſpair;
Pray, againſt all his Wiles, for God will hear,
And will avenge Thee of him, never fear.

He gives the Grace to ſorrow for thy Sin,
The Sign of kindling Penitence within;
Let not the Smoke diſturb thee, for, no doubt,
The Light and Flame will follow, and break out;
And Love ariſe to overcome Reſtraint,
That Thou may'ſt always pray, and never faint.

A SOLI-

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A SOLILOQUY,

On reading the 5th and 8th Verſes of the 37th Pſalm.

Leave off from Wrath, and let go Diſpleaſure: Fret not thyſelf, elſe ſhalt thou be moved to do Evil. V. 8.

IN Pſalm, this Evening order'd to be read,
Fret not thyſelf——the Royal Pſalmiſt ſaid.
His Reaſon why, ſucceeding Words inſtill;
Or elſe, ſays he, 'twill *move thee to do Ill.*
Now tho' I know that Fretting does no Good,
Its evil Movement have I underſtood?

Move to do Evil! then, dear Soul of mine
Stir it not up, if that be its Deſign:
Its being vain is Cauſe enough to ſhun;
But if indulg'd ſome Evil muſt be done:
And thou, according to the holy King,
Muſt be the Doer of this evil Thing.

Men uſe thee ill——that Fault is theirs alone;
But if thou uſe thyſelf ill, that's thy own:
Meekneſs and Patience is much better Treaſure;
Then *leave off Wrath*, and *let go all Diſpleaſure:*
Tho' thou art ever ſo ill treated—— yet——
Remember *David;* and forbear to *fret.*

Commit

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Commit thy Way unto the Lord, and put thy Truſt in Him, and He will bring it to paſs. V. 5.

Commit thy Way unto the Lord——Reſign
Thyſelf intirely to the Will divine:
All real Good, all Remedy for Ill,
Lies in conforming to His bleſſed Will:
By all Advice that holy Books record,
Thou muſt *commit thy Way unto the Lord.*

And put thy Truſt in Him——all other Truſt,
Plac'd out of Him, is fooliſh and unjuſt:
His loving Kindneſs is the only Ground,
Where ſolid Peace and Comfort can be found:
What other Proſpects either ſink, or ſwim,
Do thou ſtand Firm, and *put thy Truſt in Him.*

And He will bring thy Way to paſs —— the whole
Of all that thou canſt wiſh for to thy Soul:
He wills to give it, and thy ſeeking Mind,
By Faith and Patience, cannot fail to find:
To Him, whatever good Deſire it has,
Commit, and truſt, and He will bring to paſs.

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An EPISTLE

From the Author to his Sister, with the foregoing Soliloquy inclosed.

Dear Sister,
If Soliloquy conduce,
(Meant, as the Name declares, for private Use)
To your Contentment——if such Kind of Fruit
Pleases your Taste, you're very welcome to't:
Tho' pluck'd, one Day in April, from the Ground,
It keeps, in Pickle, all the Seasons round.

'Tis Summer now, and Autumn comes anon;
Winter succeeds, and Spring when that is gone;
But be it Winter, Summer, Autumn, Spring,
To nurture Fretting is a simple Thing:
A Weed so useless, to the Use of Reason,
Can, absolutely, never be in Season.

Without much Nursing, that the Weed will grow,
I wish I had some Reason less to know;
Some less to see, how Folly, when it grew
In my own Ground, could cultivate it too;
Could hedge it round, and cherish, and suppose
That, being mine, the Thistle was a Rose.

You know the Saying, of I know not whom,
"*Little Misfortunes serve 'till greater come;*"

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And Saying, ſomewhere met with, I recall,
" *That 'tis the greateſt to have none at all :*"
Rare Caſe perhaps; they reach, we often ſee,
All Sorts of Perſons, Him, Her, You, or Me.

This being then, Experience ſays, the Caſe,
What Kind of Conduct muſt a Man embrace?
My 'Pothecary, as you think, replies——
Pray take 'em quietly, if you be wiſe;
Bitter they are, 'tis true, to Fleſh and Blood;
But if they were not——they would do no Good.

One Time, when 'Pothecary Patience found
That his Perſuaſion got but little Ground,
He call'd in Doctor Gratitude, to try
If his Advice could make me to comply;
I recommended Patience, Sir, ſaid he,
Pray will you ſpeak, for he regards not me.

Patience! a Cuſtard Lid——ſaid Dr. Grat,
His Caſe wants, plainly, ſomething more than that;
'Tis a good Recipe——but Cure is longer
Than it ſhould be; we muſt have ſomething ſtronger:
A creeping Pulſe!——bare Patience will not do——
To get him Strength, he muſt be thankful too.

He muſt conſider——and ſo on he went,
To ſhow Thankſgiving's marvellous Extent;
And what a true *Catholicon* it was;
And what great Cures it had but brought to paſs;

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And how beſt Fortunes, wanting it, were curſt;
And how it turn'd to good the very worſt.

O what a deal he ſaid!——and in the Light,
Wherein he plac'd it, all was really right:
But like good Doctrine, of ſome good Divine,
Which, while 'tis preach'd, is admirably fine,
When Doctor Gratitude had left the Spot,
All that he ſaid was charming——and forgot.

Your Doctor's Potion, Patience, and the Bark,
May hit both mental, and material Mark;
One ſerves to keep the Ague from the Mind,
As t'other does, from its corporeal Rind:
There is, methinks, in their reſpective Growth,
A fair Analogy betwixt 'em both.

For what the Bark is to the growing Tree,
To human Mind, that, Patience ſeems to be;
They hold the Principles of Growth together,
And blunt the Force of Accident, and Weather:
Bar'd of its Bark, a Tree, we may compute,
Will not remain much longer on its Root.

And Mind in Mortals, that are wiſely will'd,
Will hardly bear to have its Patience peel'd:
Nothing, in fine, contributes more to Living,
Phyſic, or Food, than Patience and Thankſgiving;
Patience defends us from all outward Hap;
Of inward Life Thankſgiving is the Sap.

VERSES

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VERSES written under a PRINT,

REPRESENTING

The Salutation of the B. VIRGIN.

SEE repreſented here, in Light and Shade,
The Angels Viſit to the bleſſed Maid;
To *Mary*, deſtin'd, when the Time ſhould come,
To bear the *Saviour* in her virgin womb;
Explaining to her the myſterious Plan
Of Man's Redemption——*his becoming Man.*

When ev'ry previous Wonder had been done,
The Virgin then was to conceive a Son;
And, to prepare her for the grand Event,
From God his Father *Gabriel* was ſent,
To hail the choſen Organ of his Birth
Of *God with us*,——of JESUS upon Earth.

Unable to expreſs celeſtial Things
Imagination adds expanded Wings
To human Form exact, and beauteous Face;
Which Angels have, but with angelic Grace,
Free from all Groſſneſs and Defect; nor ſeen
But with a pure chaſte Eye, divinely keen.

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Such *Mary*'s was, whoſe Poſture here deſign'd
The moſt profound Humility of Mind;
Modeſtly aſking how the Thing could be;
And ſaying, when inform'd of God's Decree,
Behold the Handmaid of the Lord! his Will
Let him, according to thy Word, fulfill.

What fair Inſtruction may the Scene impart
To them, who look beyond the Painter's Art!
Who, in th' angelic Meſſage from above,
See the Revealing of God's gracious Love
To ev'ry Soul, that yields itſelf to all
That pleaſes Him, whatever may befall!

Whatever Circumſtance of heav'nly Grace
Might be peculiar to the Virgin's Caſe,
That holy Thing, that ſaves a Soul from Sin,
Of God's good Spirit muſt be born *within:*
For all *Salvation* is, upon the whole,
The Birth of JESUS *in the human Soul.*

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DITTO, under a PRINT

REPRESENTING

CHRIST in the Midſt of the DOCTORS.

ENGAG'D, amidſt the Doctors here, behold,
In deep Diſcourſe, a Child of twelve Years old;
Who ſhow'd, whatever Queſtion they prefer'd,
A Wiſdom that aſtoniſh'd all who heard,
And found, in aſking, or in anſw'ring Youth,
Of Age ſo tender, ſuch a Force of Truth.

Obſerve his mild, but penetrating Look;
Thoſe bearded Sages poring o'er their Book:
That meek old Prieſt, with placid Face of Joy;
That phariſaic Frowner at the Boy:
That penſive Rabbi, ſeeming at a Stand;
That ſerious Matron, lifting up her Hand.

A Group of Heads, as painting Fancy taught,
Hints at the various Attitude of Thought
In diff'rent Hearers, all intent upon
The wond'rous Graces that in Jeſus ſhon:
Each Aſpect witneſſing the ſame Surprize,
From whence his Underſtanding ſhould ariſe.

We know, at preſent, what the learned Jew,
Diſputing in the Temple, little knew;

That

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That, thro' this Child, in every Anſwer made,
God's own eternal Wiſdom was diſplay'd;
That their Meſſiah, then, the Truths inſtill'd
Which, grown to Man, He perfectly fulfill'd.

We know that his corporeal Preſence then
On Earth, as Man, was requiſite for Men;
That, by his Spirit, He is preſent ſtill,
And always was, to Men of upright Will:
To ſaving Truth, whatever Doctors ſay,
His inward Guidance muſt aſſure the Way.

Whether his Actions therefore be pourtray'd
In printed Letter, or in figur'd Shade,
The Books, the Pictures, that we read, or ſee,
Should raiſe Reflection, in ſome due Degree;
And ſerve as Memorandums, to recall
The Teacher JESUS, in the Midſt of All.

PASCAL's Character of Himſelf.

I Love and honour a poor humble State,
Becauſe my Saviour *Jeſus Chriſt* was poor;
And Riches too, that help us to abate
The Miſeries, which other Men endure.

I render back no Injuries again;
Becauſe I wiſh the Doer's Caſe like mine;

In

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In which, nor Good, nor Evil, as from Men
Is minded much, but from an Hand divine.

I aim, ſincerely, to be juſt and true;
For my good Will to all Mankind extends:
A Tenderneſs of Heart, I think, is due,
Where ſtricter Ties unite me to my Friends.

Whether in Converſation, or alone,
Still to my Mind God's Preſence I recall:
My Actions wait the Judgment of his Throne,
And 'tis to Him I conſecrate them all.

Theſe are my Thoughts, and briefly thus diſplay'd;
I thank my Saviour for them ev'ry Day;
Who, of a poor, weak, ſinful Man, has made
A Man exempt from Vice's evil Sway.

Such is the Force of his inſpiring Grace!
For all my Good to that alone I owe;
Since, if my own corrupted Self I trace,
I'm Nothing elſe but Miſery and Woe.

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ARMELLE NICHOLAS's Account of Herſelf.

From the FRENCH.

TO the God of my Love, in the Morning, ſaid ſhe,
Like a Child to its Parent, when waking I flee;
With a Longing to ſerve him, and pleaſe him, I riſe,
And before him kneel down, as if ſeen by theſe Eyes:
I reſign up myſelf to his abſolute Will,
Which I beg that in me he would always fulfill;
That the Pray'rs of the Day, by whomever prefer'd,
For the Good of each Soul, may be alſo thus heard.

If, oblig'd to attend on ſome houſhold Affair,
I have ſcarce ſo much Time as to ſay the Lord's Pray'r,
This gives me no Trouble: my dutiful Part
Is Obedience to Him, whom I have at my Heart,
As well at my Work, as retiring to pray,
And his Love does not ſuffer in mine a Decay;
He has taught me Himſelf, that a Work, which I do
For his Sake, is a Pray'r very real and true.

I dreſs in his Preſence, and learn to confeſs
That his provident Kindneſs ſupplies me with Dreſs:
In the midſt of all outward Employment I find
A Converſing with him of an intimate Kind:
How ſweet is the Labour! his loving Regard
So ſupporting ones Mind, that it thinks nothing hard;

While

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While the Limbs are at Work, in the ſeeking to pleaſe
So belov'd a Companion, the Mind is at Eaſe.

In his Preſence I eat and I drink; and reflect
How Food, of his Gift, is the growing Effect;
How his Love to my Soul is ſo great, and ſo good,
Juſt as if it were fed with his own Fleſh and Blood:
What a Virtue this Feeder, his Meat, and his Drink
Has to kindle one's Heart, I muſt leave you to think;
He alone can expreſs it, no Language of mine,
Were my Life ſpent in ſpeaking, could ever define.

When perhaps by hard Uſage, or Wearineſs preſt,
I myſelf am too apt to be fretful at beſt,
Love ſhows me, forthwith, how I ought to take Heed
Not to nurſe the leaſt Anger, by Word or by Deed;
And He ſets ſuch a Watch at the Door of my Lips,
That of haſty croſs Words there is nothing that ſlips;
Such irregular Paſſions, as ſeek to ſurpriſe,
Are cruſh'd, and are conquer'd, as ſoon as they riſe.

Or, if e'er I give Place to an Humour ſo bad,
My Mind has no Reſt 'till Forgiveneſs be had;
I confeſs all my Faults, as if He had not known,
And my Peace is renew'd, by a Goodneſs his own;
In a Manner ſo free, as if, after my Sin,
More ſtrongly confirm'd than before it had been:
By a Mercy ſo tender my Heart is reclaim'd,
And the more to love Him by its Failing inflam'd.

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Sometimes I perceive that he hideth his Face,
And I ſeem like a Perſon depriv'd of all Grace;
Then I ſay——'Tis no Matter, altho' thou conceal
Thyſelf as thou pleaſeſt, I'll keep to my Zeal;
I'll love Thee, and ſerve Thee, however this Rod
May be ſent to chaſtiſe, for I know Thou art God;
And with more Circumſpection I ſtand upon Guard,
'Till of ſuch a great Bleſſing no longer debar'd.

But a Suff'ring, ſo deep, having taught me to try
What I am in my Selfhood, I learn to rely
More firmly on Him, who was pleas'd to endure
The ſevereſt Extremes, to make way for our Cure:
To conform to his Pattern, as Love ſhall ſee fit,
My Faith in the *Saviour* reſolves to ſubmit;
For no more than my Self (if the Word may go free)
Can I live without Him, can He help loving me.

Well aſſur'd of his Goodneſs, I paſs the whole Day,
And my Work, hard or eaſy, is felt as a Play;
I am thankful in Feelings, but, Pleaſure or Smart,
It is rather Himſelf that I love in my Heart.
When they urge me to Mirth, I think, O! were it known
How I meet the beſt Company when I'm alone!
To my dear Fellow-creatures what ties me each Hour
Is the Love of my GOD, to the beſt of my Pow'r.

At the Hour of the Night, when I go to my Reſt,
I repoſe on his Love, like a Child at the Breaſt;

And

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And a ſweet, peaceful Silence invites me to keep
Contemplating Him, to my dropping aſleep:
Many Times a good Thought, by its gentle Delight,
Has with-held me from Sleep, a good Part of the Night,
In adoring his Love, that continues to ſhare
To a poor, wretched Creature, ſo ſpecial a Care.

This——after my Heart was converted at laſt,
Is the Life I have led for theſe twenty Years paſt:
My Love has not chang'd, and my innermoſt Peace,
Tho' it ever ſeem'd full, has gone on to increaſe:
'Tis an infinite Love that has fill'd me, and fed
My ſtill riſing Hunger to eat of its Bread;
So ſatisfi'd ſtill, as if ſuch an Exceſs
Could have Nothing more added, than what I poſſeſs.

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REFLECTIONS

On the foregoing ACCOUNT.

HOW full a Proof of Heav'ns *all-preſent* Aid
Was *good Armelle*, a ſimple Servant Maid!
A poor *French* Girl, by Parentage and Birth
Of low, and mean Condition upon Earth;
By Education ignorant indeed,
She, all her Life, could neither write nor read.

But ſhe had *that* which all the Force of Art
Could neither give, nor take away——an *Heart*;
An honeſt, humble, well diſpoſed Will,
The true Capacity for higher Skill
Than what the World, with all its learned Din,
Could teach——ſhe learn'd her Leſſon from *within*:
Plain, ſingle Leſſon of eſſential Kind,
The *Love* of GOD's *pure Preſence* in her Mind.
Her artleſs, innocent, attentive Thought
Was at the *Source* of all *true* Knowledge taught:
There ſhe could read the Characters impreſt
Upon the Mind of ev'ry human Breaſt;
The native Laws preſcrib'd to ev'ry Soul;
And *Love*, the one Fulfiller of the Whole.

This *holy Love* to know, and practice well,
Became the ſole Endeavour of *Armelle*:

Of

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Of outward Things, the Management and Rule,
She wiſely took from this *internal* School:
In ev'ry Work well done by *ſuch* a Hand,
The Work was *ſervile*, but the Thing was *grand*.
There was a Dignity in all ſhe did,
Tho' from the World by meaner Labours hid;
If mean *below*, not ſo eſteem'd *above*,
Where all the *Grand* of Labour is the *Love*:
In vain to boaſt Magnificence of Scene;
It is all *Meanneſs*, if the *Love* be *mean*.

St. CECILIA's HYMN.

O! Born of a Virgin, moſt lowly and meek,
Thou ſent of thy Father loſt Creatures to ſeek,
Vouchſafe, in the Manner that pleaſeth thee beſt,
To kindle thy Love, in my virginal Breaſt;
Let the Words of my Mouth, and the Thoughts of my Heart,
Obey the ſweet Force, which thy Grace ſhall impart;
Whilſt Angels aſſiſt me to offer my Vows
To the God of my Life, my Redeemer and Spouſe.

My Life, I eſteem, O Creator divine,
As a loving Impreſſion out-flowing from thine;
As an act of thy Bounty, that gives us a Part
Of the Light, Love and Glory, which thou thyſelf art:
May

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May I always as little thy Pleaſure oppoſe,
As the pure ſimple Nature from whence I aroſe;
And by thee, and for thee, created, fulfill
In Thought, Word and Deed, thy adorable Will.

By this bleſſed Will, howſoever made known,
With a dutiful Joy will I govern my own;
And, deaf to all tempting Inchantments of Sin,
I will hearken to Thee, my Redeemer within;
Thy Words will I ponder by Night, and by Day,
And the Light of thy Goſpel ſhall mark out my Way:
'Till at length I arrive at the Honour I claim,
To live like a Virgin, baptiz'd in thy Name.

A

LETTER to a LADY,

OCCASIONED

By her deſiring the Author to reviſe and poliſh the Poems of Biſhop KEN.

YOUR Book again with Thanks——of worthy Men
One of the worthieſt was Biſhop *Ken*.
Without Offence to Authors, far above
Ten Men of Learning is one Man of Love:
How many Biſhops, and Divines renown'd,
Time after Time, the Catechiſm expound!

And

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And which, of all, ſo help it to impart
Th' eſſential Doctrine, Purity of Heart?

His Choice of Poetry, when civil Rage
O'erturn'd a Throne, the laſt revolving Age;
When Churches felt, as well as States, the Shock
That drove the pious Paſtor from his Flock;
His Choice of Subjects, not of Party kind,
But ſimply fit for ev'ry Chriſtian Mind,
Are Proofs of gen'rous Virtue, and ſublime,
And high Encomiums on the Force of Rhime.

His Rhimes, if thoſe of *Dryden*, or of *Pope*,
Excel on Subjects of a diff'rent Scope,
It is becauſe they only choſe the Mold
Where Ore ſhone brighteſt, whether Lead, or Gold:
He, leſs concern'd for ſuperficial Glare,
Made Weight, and Worth, his more eſpecial Care,
They took the Tinſel of the fabl'd Nine,
He the ſubſtantial Metal from the Mine.

His Phraſe (ſometimes ſame Sentence may be paſt
On theirs) might have more artificial Caſt;
But, in the main, his Pieces, as they ſtand,
Could ſcarce be alter'd by a ſecond Hand:
Patchwork Improvements, in the modern Stile,
Beſtow'd upon ſome venerable Pile,
Do but deface it——Poems to reviſe
That *Ken* has writ——another *Ken* muſt riſe.

The

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The Dedication, where the Caſe is ſhown
Of a Greek Saint, of old, ſo like his own;
The Preface, Introduction, and the View
To *Jeſus*——Point which all his Works purſue——
Ariſe to Mind, and tempt to try the Caſe
Of repreſenting the imperfect Trace;
To make, as Memory can beſt recall
It's leading Thoughts, one Preface out of all.

Imagine then the good old Man reclin'd
On Couch, or Chair, and muſing in his Mind,
How to adjuſt the Prefatory Hint,
To all the Lines that he gave Leave to print;
Thinking on *Gregory*, whoſe former Fate
Bore ſuch Reſemblance to his own of late;
Thinking on *Jeſus*, and oppreſs'd with Pain,
Inditing thus th' apologizing Strain.

" In all my Pains I court the ſacred Muſe,
" Verſe is the only Laudanum I uſe;
" Verſe, and the Name of *Jeſus*, in the Line,
" The Chriſtian's univerſal Anodyne;
" To hymn his ſaving Love to all Mankind
" Softens my Grief, and recreates my Mind;
" Thy Glory, *Jeſu*, while my Songs intend,
" May thy good Spirit bleſs them to that End!

" Like deſtin'd *Jonah* caſt into the Deep,
" To ſave the Veſſel from the ſtormy Sweep,

" And

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" And, wafted providentially to Shore,
" I risk the boist'rous Element no more;
" But whilst alone I tread the distant Strand,
" Safe o'er the Waves that all may come to Land,
" Whom once I call'd Companions on the Sea,
" I pray to *Jesus*, whom the Winds obey.

" Thus *Nazianzen Gregory*, of old,
" Whom Faction drove from his beloved Fold,
" Could will a *Jonah*'s Lot, to be cast o'er,
" If his Dismission might the Calm restore.
" However short of this illustrious Saint,
" Yet I can find, from Virtues that I want,
" A Cause to pray that reigning Feuds may cease,
" To hope in *Jesus* for a calming Peace.

" The Saint, expell'd by a tumultuous Rage,
" Chear'd with diviner Songs his drooping Age;
" With Will resign'd, in his retir'd Abode,
" On Christian Themes compos'd the various Ode:
" Thus, to my Closet prompted to retire,
" Nothing on this Side Heav'n do I require;
" Employ'd in Hymns, tho' with unequal Skill,
" To consecrate to *Jesus* all my Will.

" With Pain and Sickness, when the Saint was griev'd,
" His anxious Mind a sacred Song reliev'd;
" Oft, when oppress'd, the Subject which he sang,
" Mix'd with Devotion, sweeten'd ev'ry Pang;

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" So, being baniſh'd by unruly Heat,
" With Hymns I ſeek to ſolace my Retreat;
" Be my Confinement ever ſo extreme,
" The Love of *Jeſus* is a ſpecial Theme.

" When the Apoſtate *Julian* decreed
" That Pagan Poets Chriſtians ſhould not read,
" The Saint, who knew the ſubtle Edict's Cauſe,
" Made Verſe to triumph o'er the Tyrant's Laws:
" May I, while Poetry is unreſtrain'd,
" Tho' more in theſe, than pagan Times, profan'd,
" Show, that what real Charms it has belong
" To *Jeſus*, Founder of the Chriſtian Song.

" When *Gregory* was forc'd to leave his Flock,
" He choſe in Verſe the Goſpel to unlock;
" That flowing Numbers might th' Attention gain,
" So long forbidden to his preaching Strain;
" My Care for them, whom I was forc'd to leave,
" Taught, and untaught, what Doctrine to receive,
" Would hint in Rhimes, to all whom they ſhall reach,
" What *Jeſus* only, in themſelves, can teach.

" For ſake of Peace did *Gregory* withdraw,
" And wiſh'd more Leaders to obſerve that Law;
" By which Reſigners of Dominion, here,
" Purchaſe much greater in the heav'nly Sphere:
" In Hopes of Peace, more joyfully I ſhook
" Preferment off, than e'er I undertook;

" For

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" For all the Flock, and baniſh'd Head beſide,
" My Comfort is that *Jeſus* can provide.

" When worldly Politics, and Luſt of Rule,
" Prevail'd againſt him in a Chriſtian School,
" The Saint retir'd, and labour'd to diſperſe
" Ungrateful Diſcord by harmonious Verſe:
" Sharing his Fate, I ſhare in his Deſire
" Of Diſcord drown'd, and of an hymning Lyre
" To tune the Hopes of Peace; and in the Name
" Of *Jeſus*, rightly hop'd for, to proclaim.

" This Prince of Peace, this Origin divine,
" Vouchſafe to aid the well intended Line,
" To teach the Reader's Heart, and, by his Grace,
" Make theſe poor Labours uſeful in their Place.
" O might they raiſe, in any ſingle Soul,
" One Spark of Love, one Glimpſe of the great Whole,
" That will poſſeſs it, when by Thee poſſeſt,
" *Jeſus!* Th' eternal Song of all the bleſt!"

A HINT to Chriſtian POETS.

WHERE now the *Jove*, the *Phœbus*, and the *Nine*,
Invok'd in Aid of Greek, and Roman Line;
The Verſe-inſpiring Oracle, and Stream,
Delphos, and *Helicon*, and every Theme

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Of charming Fictions, which the Poets ſung,
To ſhew the Beauties of a reigning Tongue?

The Wars of Gods, and Goddeſſes, and Men,
Employ'd an *Homer*'s, and a *Virgil*'s Pen:
An *Epicurus* taught, that, with this Ball,
The Gods, at Eaſe, had no Concern at all:
And a *Lucretius* follow'd, to rehearſe
His *Greek* Impieties, in *Latin* Verſe.

Such were the Bibles of the Pagan Age,
Sung at the Feaſt, and acted on the Stage;
Transform'd to pompous, or to luſcious Ode,
As *Bacchus*, *Mars*, or *Venus* was the Mode:
Dumb Deities, at Wit's profuſe Expence,
Worſhipp'd with Sounds that echoed to no Senſe.

The *Chriſtian* Bard has, from a *real* Spring
Of Inſpiration, other Themes to ſing;
No vain Philoſophy, no fabled Rhime,
But ſacred Story, ſimple and ſublime,
By holy Prophets told; to whom belong
The Subjects worthy of the Pow'rs of Song.

Shun then, ye born with Talents that may grace
The moſt important Truths, their hapleſs Caſe;
From ranting, high, theatrical Bombaſt,
To low Sing-ſong of meretricious Caſt:
Shun ev'ry Step, by which a *Pagan* Muſe
Could lead her Clients to the Stage, or Stews.

Let

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Let no Examples tempt you to profane
The Gift——abhorrent of all hurtful Strain;
Contemn the vicious, tho' prevailing Fame,
That gains, by proſtituting Verſe, a Name:
Take the forbearing Hint; and all the reſt
Will riſe ſpontaneous in your purer Breaſt.

ON THE
DISPOSITION of MIND,
REQUISITE FOR
The right Uſe and Underſtanding of the HOLY SCRIPTURES.

TO hear the Words of Scripture, or to read,
With good Effect, requires a *threefold* Heed;
If incompleat, it only can produce
Hearings, and Readings, of no ſort of Uſe.

The firſt INTENTION; or a fix'd Deſign
To learn the Truth concerning Things divine;
If previous Diſpoſition be not good,
How ſhall a ſerious Point be underſtood?

The next ATTENTION; not the outward Part,
But the fair Liſtening of an honeſt Heart:

Sound

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Sound may, and Figure, ſtrike the Ear and Eye,
But Senſe and Meaning to the Mind apply.

The laſt RETENTION; or the keeping pure,
From hurtful Mixtures, what is clear and ſure:
In vain the Purpoſe, and the Pains have been
To gain a Good, if not ſecur'd within.

Without INTENTION Truth no more can ſtay,
Than Seed can grow upon a public Way;
The more it is affecting, plain, and grand,
The leſs will heedleſs Perſons underſtand.

Without ATTENTION 'twill have no more Fruit,
Than Seed on ſtony Ground, for want of Root;
That makes a Show with haſty Shoots awhile,
And then betrays the Barrenneſs of Soil.

Without RETENTION all is loſt at laſt,
Like Seed among the Thorns and Briars caſt:
So worldly Cares, and worldly Riches both,
May mix with Truth, and choak it in its Growth.

As Ground produces goodly Crops of Corn,
If good, and free from Footſtep, Stone, or Thorn;
That of good Hearts has Properties as plain——
To *ſeek* the Truth, *receive* it, and *retain*.

On

On the same SUBJECT,

IN A

LETTER to Mr. PONTHIEU.

WE ought to read, my worthy Friend *Ponthieu*,
All holy Scriptures, with a Scripture View:
Writ for our Learning, as their Aim and Scope
Is Patience, Comfort, and the bleſſed Hope
Of everlaſting Life, a Reader's Aim,
To underſtand them right, ſhould be the ſame.

The Proſecution of this happier Queſt
If Doubts and Difficulties ſhall moleſt;
And huge Debates, on Paſſages obſcure,
Be ſuffer'd to eclipſe the plain and ſure;
The more he reads, the more this rambling Art
Will fill his Head, but never touch his Heart;
With controverſial Circumſtances fill,
On which the Learned have employ'd their Skill,
With ſuch Succeſs, that ſcarce the plaineſt Text
Can be produc'd, but what they have perplext
In ſuch a Manner, that, while all aſſign
To Scripture Page Authority divine,
The Compliment is rather paid, for Sake
Of ſuch Conſtructions as they pleaſe to make.

Down from the Pope to the obſcureſt Sect,
Too many Proofs are ſeen of this Effect;

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Of making one ſame Scripture a Retreat
For ev'ry Party's oppoſite Conceit:
Profaner Wits, obſerving this, miſtook,
And laid the Fault upon the Bible Book;
Taking the ſame Variety of Ways,
By fancied Meanings for its ancient Phraſe,
To cry it down, as Sects were wont to uſe
To cry it up, for their peculiar Views.

As this Exceſs, from Age to Age, has grown
To ſuch a monſtrous Height within our own,
What a ſincere, impartial, honeſt Mind
In Search of Truth, does it require, to find!
What calm Attention, what unfeign'd Deſire
To hear its Voice does Truth itſelf require!
In Scripture Phraſe, what an *unceaſſing Pray'r*
Should for its ſacred Influence prepare!
Becauſe, whatever Comments we recall,
The Diſpoſition of the Mind is all.

'Tis in this Point (undoubtedly the main)
That ſacred Books do differ from prophane:
They do not aſk, ſo much, for letter'd Skill
To underſtand them, as for ſimple Will:
For as a ſingle, or clear-ſighted Eye
Admits the Light, like an unclouded Sky,
So is the Truth, by Scripture Phraſe deſign'd,
Receiv'd into a well diſpoſed Mind;
By the ſame Spirit, ready to admit
The written Word, as they poſſeſs'd who writ;

Who

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Who writ, if Chriſtians do not vainly boaſt,
By Inſpiration of The Holy Ghoſt.

In Books ſo writ this great Advantage lies,
That the firſt Author of them never dies;
But is ſtill preſent to inſtruct, and ſhow,
To them who ſeek him, what they need to know;
Still, by his choſen Servants, to unfold,
As He ſees fit, the Myſteries of old;
To re-confirm what any ſacred Pen
Has writ, by Proof within the Hearts of Men.

This is the true and ſolid Reaſon, why
No Difficulties, now objected, lie
Againſt the Volumes writ ſo long ago,
And in a Language that few People know;
Subject, as Books, to Errors and Miſtakes,
Which oft tranſcribing, or tranſlating makes;
While Manners, Cuſtoms, Uſages of Phraſe
Well known of old, but not ſo in our Days,
For many obvious Reaſons, muſt elude
The utmoſt Force of criticiſing Feud:
Still, all Editions verbally contain
The ſimple, neceſſary Truths and plain,
Of Goſpel-Doctrine; and the Spirit's Aid,
Which is the chief, is not at all decay'd.

Nor can it hurt a Reader to ſuſpend
His Judgement, where he does not comprehend

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A darker Text; however it appear,
He knows it cannot contradict a clear:
So that with all the Helps, of ev'ry Kind,
The ſhorteſt, and the ſureſt, is to mind
When read, or heard, and inwardly digeſt
The plaineſt Texts, as Rules to all the reſt;
To pray for that Good Spirit, which alone
Can make its former Inſpirations known;
The promis'd Comforter, th' unerring Guide,
Who, by Chriſt's Word, was always to abide
Within His Church, not only in the paſt,
But in all Ages, while the World ſhould laſt;
A Church diſtinguiſh'd, in the ſacred Code,
By his perpetual Guidance and Abode.

Such is the Teacher whom our Saviour choſe,
And writ no Books, as human Learning knows;
Loth as it is, of later Years, to preach,
That by this Teacher He will always teach;
Bleſs all the Means of Learning, or the Want,
To them who after His Inſtructions pant:
Of reading Helps, what holy Men expreſs'd,
When mov'd to write, are certainly the beſt;
But for the real, underſtanding Part,
The Book of Books is ev'ry Man's own Heart.

A STRIC-

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A STRICTURE

ON THE

Biſhop of Gloceſter's Doctrine of GRACE.

WRITING, or Scripture, ſacred or profane,
Can only render Hiſtory more plain
Of what was done, or ſaid, by God or Man,
Since the Creation of the World began:
Tho' ev'ry Word in ſacred Page be true,
To give *Account*; is all that it can do.

Now an Account of Things, as done, or ſaid,
Is not a *living* Letter, but a *dead;*
A Picture only, which may repreſent,
But cannot give us what is really meant:
He that has got a Map into his Hand
May uſe the *Name*, but knows it is not *Land.*

So in *the Bible* when we come to look,
(That is, by way of Eminence, *The Book*)
We muſt not fancy that it can beſtow
The Things themſelves, which we deſire to know;
It can but yield, however true and plain,
Verbal Directions how we may obtain.

Tho' a Preſcription be directly ſure,
Upon the Patient's taking it, to cure,

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No one imagines that the worded Bill
Becomes, itſelf, the Remedy for Ill;
The Med'cines taken, as the Bill directs,
Procure the ſalutiferous Effects.

Who then can place in any written Code
The Holy Ghoſt's, the Comforter's Abode?
* *Conſtant Abode——ſupreme Illumination——*
What Copy can be *This*, or what Tranſlation?
The Spirit's Dwelling, by th' atteſting Pen
Of all th' inſpir'd, is in the Hearts of Men.

Were *Books* his conſtant Reſidence indeed,
What muſt the Millions do who cannot *read?*
When they, who can, ſo vary in their Senſe,
What muſt diſtinguiſh true from falſe Pretence?
If they muſt follow where the learned guide,
What diff'rent Spirits in one Book abide?

Genius for *Paradox*, however bright,
Can not well juſtify this Overſight:
Better to own the Truth, for the Truth's Sake,
Than to perſiſt in ſuch a groſs Miſtake:
Books are but Books; th' illuminating Part
Depends on God's good Spirit, in the *Heart*.

The

* *For though, according to the Promiſe, his ordinary Influence occaſionally aſſiſts the faithful of all Ages; yet his conſtant Abode, and ſupreme Illumination, is in the ſacred Scriptures of the New Teſtament.* P. 39. *The Doctrine of Grace*, &c. by the Biſhop of Glouceſter.

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The Comforter, Chriſt ſaid, *will come unto,*
Abide with, dwell in, (not your *Books*, but) *you:*
Juſt as abſurd an Ink and Paper Throne
For God's Abode, as one of Wood or Stone:
If to adore an Image be Idolatry,
To deify a Book is *Bibliolatry.*

ON THE

Converſion of St. PAUL.

IN *Paul's* Converſion we diſcern the Caſe
Of human Talents, wanting heavenly Grace:
What Perſecutions, 'till he ſaw the Light,
Againſt the Chriſtian Church did he excite!
By his own Reaſon led into Miſtake,
Amongſt the Flock what Havock did he make!
Within himſelf when, verily, he thought,
That, all the while, he did but what he ought.

His Uſe of Reaſon cannot be deni'd,
Nor legal Zeal, nor moral Life beſide;
Blameleſs as any *Jew*, or *Greek* could claim,
Who ſhow'd Averſion to the Chriſtian Name;
His Fund of Learning ſome are pleas'd to add;
And yet, with all th' Endowments which he had,
From Place to Place, with eager Steps, he trod,
To perſecute the real Church of God.

When

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When to *Damascus*, for the like Intent,
With the High Priest's Authority he went;
Struck to the Ground, by a diviner Ray,
The *reas'ning, legal, moral* Zealot lay;
To the plain Question put by JESUS——*why*
Persecute me? had only to reply,
What shall I do?——his Reason, and his Wrath
Were both convinc'd, and he embrac'd the Faith.

His outward lost, his inward Sight renew'd,
Truth in its native Evidence he view'd;
With three Days Fast he nourish'd his Concern,
And, a new Conduct well prepar'd to learn,
Good *Ananias*, whom he came to bind,
Was sent to cure, and to baptise the Blind:
A destin'd Martyr, to his *Jewish* Zeal,
Of *Christian* Faith confers the sacred Seal.

Of nobler Use his Reason, while it stood
Without a *Conference* with *Flesh* and *Blood*,
Still, and submissive; when, within, begun
The Father's Revelation of the Son;
Whom, 'till the *Holy Spirit* rise to show,
No Pow'r of Thought can ever come to know;
The saving Mystery, obscur'd by Sin,
Itself must manifest itself, *within*.

Thus, taught of God, *Paul* saw the Truth appear
To his enlighten'd Understanding clear:

The

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The Pow'r of *Chriſt* himſelf, and nothing leſs,
Could move its Perſecutor to profeſs:
He learn'd, and told it from the real Ground,
And prov'd, to all the *Chriſtian* World around,
That true Religion had its true Foundation,
Not in Man's *Reaſon*, but God's *Revelation*.

A CONTRAST

BETWEEN

Human Reaſon and divine Illumination,

Exemplified in three different CHARACTERS.

AN humble Chriſtian, to whoſe inward Sight
God ſhows the Truth, and then inſpires to write;
Becauſe of deeper Certainties declar'd,
Than what the Mind perceives, when unprepar'd,
From them, who meaſure all on which he treats,
By the fix'd Standard of their own Conceits,
Meets with Contempt; and very few will own
The real Truths, which he has really ſhown.

A ſharp Philoſopher, who thinks to find
By his own Reaſon, his own Strength of Mind,
Sublimer Things, that lie ſo far beyond
The Scenes to which ſuch Forces correſpond;

From

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From them, who love to ſpeculate like him,
And think all Light, but that of Reaſon, dim,
Meets with Admirers; tho' he reaſons wrong,
And draws the Dupes, if plauſible, along.

Now, tho' a Searcher ſhould no more deſpiſe
The uſe of Reaſon, than he ſhould of Eyes;
Yet, if there be a ſtill ſuperior Light,
Than Faculty of Reaſon has, or Sight;
Which all Religion ſeems to pre-ſuppoſe,
That God on ſuch, as rightly ſeek, beſtows;
In higher Matters how ſhould he decide,
Who takes his Reaſon, only, for his Guide?

Such Words as Nature, Reaſon, Common Senſe,
Furniſh all Writers with one ſame Pretence;
Altho', in many an acknowledg'd Caſe,
They muſt fall ſhort, without ſuperior Grace:
So that, in Things of more momentous kind,
Nature itſelf directs us not to mind,
If ſacred Truth be heartily deſir'd,
The greateſt Reaſ'ners, but the moſt inſpir'd.

Whence comes the Value for the Scripture Page,
So juſtly due, ſo paid thro' ev'ry Age?
Not writ by Men of Learning, and of Parts,
But honeſt, humble, and enlighten'd Hearts:
Who, when they reaſon'd, reaſon'd very well;
But how enabl'd, let their Writings tell:

Not

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Not one of all, but who aſcribes the Force
Of Truth diſcover'd to an higher Source.

Take theſe three Men, ſo diff'rent in their Way,
For Inſtance, *Bolmen*, *Bolingbroke*, and *Hay*:
They all philoſophize on facred Themes,
And build on Reaſon, the two laſt, their Schemes:
The firſt affirms, that his *Principia* flow
From what God's Spirit gave him Pow'r to know;
As much a promis'd, as a certain Guide,
With *Chriſt*'s Diſciples *ever* to abide.

If *Bolingbrokian* Reaſon muſt prevail,
All *Inſpiration* is an idle Tale:
Writers by that, from *Moſes* down to *Paul*,
I ſpare to mention how he treats them all:
Now if he err'd, whence did that Error ſpring?
His *Reaſon* told him there was no ſuch Thing;
Foundreſs, in her philoſophizing Caſt,
Of all his *firſt* Philoſophy, and *laſt*.

Hay, better taught, and more ingenuous Spark,
Gropes with his Reaſon betwixt Light and Dark;
Now, gentle Glimmerings of Truth diſplays;
Now, loſt in Fancy's intricater Maze,
A motley Mixture of ſuch Things has got,
As Reaſon could diſcover, and could not:
Which all the Builders on its boaſted Plan
Prove to be juſt as manifold as Man.

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This *Behmen* knew; and, in his humble Way,
Became enlighten'd by a ſteadier Ray;
Firſt taught himſelf, by what he heard and ſaw,
Of *Grace* and *Nature* he explain'd the Law;
That ſacred Spirit, from which both aroſe,
Taught him, of both, the Secrets to diſcloſe
To them, who, uſing Eyes, and Reaſon too,
Were fit for Truth in a diviner View.

He does not write from Reaſon; nor appeals,
Of courſe, to what that Faculty reveals;
Yet, if the common Privilege be mine,
Reaſon may ſee, that Something more divine
Lies hid, in what the Books of *Behmen* teach,
Tho' it ſurpaſs its apprehenſive Reach;
May ſee, from what it really apprehends,
That all mere Reas'ners *Behmen* far tranſcends.

Fond of his Reaſon as a Man may be,
He ſhould confeſs its limited Degree;
And, by its fair Direction, ſeek to find
A ſurer Guide to Things of deeper Kind:
The moſt ſharp-ſighted ſeek for other Men,
Who may have ſeen what lies beyond their Ken;
And, in religious Matters, moſt Appeals
Are made by Men to that, which *God* reveals.

How is it poſſible to judge, aright,
Of heav'nly Things, but by an heav'nly Light?

Contemn'd

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Contemn'd by *Bolingbroke*, by *Hay* confeſs'd,
By *Behmen*, poſſibly at leaſt, poſſeſs'd:
Truly inſpir'd, as pious Minds have thought,
Jacob was known to live as he had taught;
And at his laſt departing Moment cry'd,
Now I *go hence to Paradiſe*——and di'd.

SOCRATES's REPLY,

CONCERNING

HERACLITUS's WRITINGS.

WHEN *Socrates* had read, as Authors note,
A certain Book that *Heraclitus* wrote;
Deep in its Matter, and obſcure beſide;
Ask'd his Opinion of it, he repli'd,
All that I underſtand is good and true,
And what I don't is, I believe, ſo too.

Thus anſwer'd *Socrates*, whom Greece confeſt
The wiſeſt of her Sages, and the beſt;
By Juſtice mov'd, and Candour, of a Piece
With that Philoſopher's Repute in Greece:
Worthy of Imitation, to be ſure,
When a good Writer is ſometimes obſcure.

All the haranguing, therefore, on the Theme
Of deep Obſcurity, in *Jacob Behme*,

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Is but itſelf obſcure; for he might ſee
Farther, 'tis poſſible, than you, or me:
Meanwhile, the Goodneſs of his plainer Page
Demands the Anſwer of the Grecian Sage.

The *Stuff* and *Nonſenſe*, *Labyrinth* and *Maze*,
Madneſs, *Enthuſiaſm*, and ſuch like Phraſe,
Its quick Beſtowers are oblig'd to own,
Ought not to move us, by its eager Tone,
More than they ought, in Reaſon, to be mov'd,
Should we ſo paint a Work which they approv'd.

He, whom the fair Socratical Remark
Deſcribes, was call'd σκοτεινος, or the *dark;*
Yet his wiſe Reader, from the Good in View,
Thought that his darker Paſſages were true:
He would not judge of what, as yet, lay hid,
By what he did not ſee, but what he did.

The Books of *Behme*, as none are tied to read,
To blame unread they have as little need:
As they who read them moſt, the moſt commend,
Others, at leaſt, may venture to ſuſpend;
Or think, with ref'rence to ſuch Books as theſe,
Of HERACLITUS, and of SOCRATES.

THOUGHTS

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THOUGHTS upon HUMAN REASON,

OCCASIONED BY

Reading ſome extravagant Declamations in it's Favour.

YES, I have read them——but I cannot find
Much Depth of Senſe in Writers of this Kind:
They all retail, as they proceed along,
Or ſuperficial Sentiments, or wrong:
Of Reaſon! Reaſon! they repeat the Cries,
And Reaſon's Uſe——which Nobody denies.

All Sharers in it follow, I ſuppoſe,
Each one his Reaſon, as he does his Noſe;
When he intends to reach a certain Spot,
Whether he finds the Road to it, or not:
With equal Senſe a *Poſtulatum* begs
The Uſe of Reaſon, as the Uſe of Legs.

Full well theſe rational Adepts declaim
On Points, at which their Reaſon can take Aim;
But when they talk beyond them, what Miſtakes,
Of various Kind, their various Reaſon makes!
All are for one ſame Rule; and in its Uſe
All ſingly clear, and mutually abſtruſe.

What

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What plainer Demonſtration can be had,
That their original Pretence is bad;
Who ſay——Their own, or human Reaſon's, Light
Muſt needs direct them to determine right?
What greater Proof of a ſuperior Skill
Needful to Reas'ners, reaſon how they will?

Senſe to diſcern, and Reaſon to compare,
Are Gifts that merit our improving Care;
But want an inward Light, when all is done,
As Seeds, and Plants do that of outward Sun:
Main Help neglected, taſteleſs Fruits arife;
And Wiſdom grows inſipid in the Wiſe.

Tho' all theſe Reaſon-Worſhippers profeſs
To guard againſt fanatical Exceſs,
Enthuſiaſtic *Heat*——their fav'rite Theme
Draws their Attention to the *cold* Extreme;
Their Fears of *torrid* Fervors freeze a Soul;
To ſhun the *Zone* they ſend it to the Pole.

The very Sound of rational, and plain,
Contents, where Senſe is neither of the twain,
A World of Readers; whoſe polite Concern
Is to be learned, without Pains to learn:
To pleaſe their Palates, with a modiſh Treat,
Cheap is the Coſt——and here is the *Receipt*——

" Let Reaſon, firſt, Imagination, Paſſions,
" Be clean dreſt up in pretty-worded Faſhions;

" Then

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" Then let Imagination, Paſſions, Reaſon,
" Change Places round, at each commodious Seaſon;
" 'Till Reaſon, Paſſions, and Imagination
" Have prov'd the Point, by their compleat Rotation.

ON

FAITH, REASON, and SIGHT,

CONSIDERED AS

The three diſtinct Mediums of human PERCEPTION.

THERE is a threefold correſpondent Light,
That ſhines to *Faith*, to *Reaſon*, and to *Sight:*
The firſt, *Eternal;* bringing into View
Celeſtial Objects, if the *Faith* be true;
The next, *Internal;* which the reas'ning Mind
Conſults in Truths of an ideal Kind;
The third, *External;* and perceiv'd thereby
All *outward* Objects that affect the Eye.

Each Light is good within its deſtin'd Sphere;
Nor with each other do they interfere:
Faith does not reaſon, *Reaſon* does not ſee,
Nor *Sight* extend beyond a fixt Degree:
Yet Faith in Light of a ſuperior Kind
Cannot be call'd irrational, or blind;

Becauſe

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Becauſe an higher Certainty, diſplay'd,
Includes the Force of all inferior Aid.

As Body, Soul, and Spirit make a Man,
Each has the Help of its appointed Plan;
Sight, Hearing, Smell, and Taſte, and feeling Senſe,
What the *corporeal* Nature wants, diſpenſe:
Thinking, Comparing, Judging, and the whole
Of reaſoning Faculties, aſſiſt the *Soul:*
Faith, and whatever elſe may be expreſt
By Grace celeſtial, makes the *Spirit* bleſt.

To heal Defect, or to avoid Exceſs,
The greater Light ſhould ſtill correct the leſs;
And form, within the right obedient Will,
A *ſeeing, reas'ning,* and *believing* Skill:
While Body moves as outward Senſe directs;
And Soul perceives what Reaſon's Light reflects;
And Spirit, fill'd with Luſtre from above,
Obeys by Faith, and operates by Love.

A ſober Perſon, tho' his Eyes are good,
Slights not the Truths by Reaſon underſtood;
Nor juſt Concluſions, under the Pretence
Of Contradiction to his ſeeing Senſe;
Knowing the Limits too that Reaſon hath,
He does not ſeek to quench the Light of Faith;
But rationally grants, that it may teach
What human Stretch of Reaſon cannot reach.

As

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As Sight to Reaſon, in the Things that lie
Beyond the Ken of the corporeal Eye,
Unhurt, uninjur'd, yields itſelf of courſe,
So well-taught Reaſon owns a higher Force;
By Faith enlighten'd, it enjoys a Reſt
In clearer Light to find its own ſuppreſt;
Suffering no more, for want of its Diſplay,
Than Moon and Stars in full meridian Day.

To make the reas'ning Faculty of Man
Do more, or leſs to help him, than it can,
Is equally abſurd; but worſe to ſlight,
Or want the Benefits of *Faith*, than *Sight:*
If he who ſees no outward Light be blind,
How *diſmal dark* muſt be the *faithleſs* Mind!
The one is only natural Defect,
The other wilful, obſtinate Neglect.

Pretence of Reaſon for it is Pretence
Fooliſh and fatal, in the ſaddeſt Senſe;
For Reaſon cannot alter what is true,
Or any more prevent, than Eyes can do;
Both, by the Limits which they feel, proclaim
The real Want of a celeſtial Flame:
How is it poſſible to ſee, in fine,
The Things of GOD, without a *Light divine?*

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A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

RUSTICUS, THEOPHILUS, and ACADEMICUS,

ON THE

Nature, Power, and Uſe of human Learning, in Matters of Religion.

From Mr. LAW's Way to divine Knowledge.

RUSTICUS.

YES, *Academicus*, you love to hear
The Words of *Jacob Behmen* made ſo clear;
But the Truth is, the fundamental Good,
At which he aims, you have not underſtood;
Content with ſuch good Notions as befit
Your learned Reaſon, and your ſearching Wit,
To make a Talk about, you gather ſtill
More ample Matter for your Hear-ſay Skill:
You know your ſelf, as well as I, that this
Is all your Joy in him; and hence it is
That you are ſo impatient, ev'ry Day,
For more and more of what his Pages ſay;
So vex'd, and puzzl'd, if you cannot find
Their Meaning open'd to your eager Mind;

Nor

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Nor add new Notions, and a ſtronger Force,
To heighten ſtill your Talent of Diſcourſe.

With all your Value for his Books, as yet,
This Diſpoſition makes you to forget
How oft they tell you, and how well they ſhow,
That this inordinate Deſire *to know*,
This heaping up of Notions, one by one,
For ſubtle Fancy to deſcant upon,
While *Babel*, as you think, is overthrown,
Is building up a new one of your own;
Your *Babyloniſh* Reaſon is the Pow'r,
That ſeeks Materials to erect its Tow'r:
The very Scriptures, under ſuch a Guide,
Will only nouriſh your high-ſoaring Pride;
Nor will you penetrate, with all your Art,
Of *Jacob*'s Writings the ſubſtantial Part.

The Works of *Behmen* would you underſtand?
Then, where he ſtood, ſee alſo that you ſtand;
Begin where he began; direct your Thought
To ſeek the Bleſſing only, that he ſought;
The Heart of God; that, by a right true Faith,
He might be ſav'd from Sin, and Satan's Wrath:
While thus the humble Seeker ſtood reſign'd,
The Light of God broke in upon his Mind:
But you, devoted to the Pow'r, alone,
Of ſpeculative Reaſon, all your own,
Would reach his Ladder's Top at once, nor try
The Pains of riſing, Step by Step, ſo high——

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But, on this Subject, by your Looks, I see
You'd rather hear *Theophilus* than me.

THEOPHILUS.

Why really, *Academicus*, the Main
Of all that *Ruſticus*, ſo bluntly plain,
Has here been ſaying, tho' it ſeem ſo hard,
Hints Truth enough to put you on your Guard:
Much in the ſame Miſtake your Mind has been,
That many of my learned Friends are in;
Who, tho' Admirers, to a great Degree,
Of Truths in *Jacob Behmen*, which they ſee,
Yet, of all People, have the leaſt Pretence
To real Benefit receiv'd from thence:
Train'd up in Controverſy, and Diſpute;
Accuſtom'd to maintain, or to refute,
All Propoſitions, only by the Light
Of their own Reaſon judging what is right,
They take this Guide in Truths of ev'ry Kind,
Both where it ſees, and where it muſt be blind;
So that in Regions, where a Light divine
Demonſtrates Truth, and Reaſon cannot ſhine,
The real Good is hidden from their View,
And ſome ſuch Syſtem riſes up, in Lieu,
As Birth or Education, Mode or Place,
In Courſe of Life, has led them to embrace.

Thus with the learned *Papiſt*, in his Creed,
The learned *Proteſtant* is not agreed;

Not

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Not that, to either, Truth and Light have taught
To entertain ſo oppoſite a Thought;
But Education's contrary Supplies
Have giv'n them *proteſtant*, and *popiſh* Eyes;
And Reaſon being the accuſtom'd Light
Of both the Parties, and of either Sight,
Deciſions *proteſtant*, and *popiſh* too,
Can find it Work enough, and Tools enoo,
To ſhape Opinions of a diff'rent Growth,
Whilſt Learning is an open Field to both;
And, of its Harveſt, the inur'd to reap
With greater Skill can ſhow the greater Heap.

ACADEMICUS.

So then I muſt, as I perceive by you,
Renounce my Learning, and my Reaſon too,
If I would gain the neceſſary Lights
To underſtand what *Jacob Behmen* writes:
I cannot yield, as yet, to ſuch Advice;
Nor make the Purchaſe at ſo dear a Price:
I hope the Study of the Scripture Text
Will do for me; and leave me unperplext
With his deep Matters——Little did I know
That Learning had, in you, ſo great a Foe.

THEOPHILUS.

Be not uneaſy; Learning has in me
No Foe at all, not in the leaſt Degree;

No

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No more than has the Science, or the Skill,
To build an Houſe to dwell in, or a Mill
For grinding Corn——I think an uſeful Art
Of human Things the nobleſt, for my Part:
Knowledge of Books or Languages, or aught
That any Perſon has been duly taught,
I would not aſk him to renounce, or ſay
They might not all be uſeful, in their Way:
I would not blame, within its proper Place,
The Art of throwing Silk, or making Lace;
Or any Art, confin'd to its own Sphere;
But then the Meaſure of its Uſe is there:
Some we call liberal, and ſome we call
Mechanic; now the Circle of them all
Does but ſhow forth, in its moſt perfect Plan,
The natural Abilities of Man;
The Pow'rs, and Faculties of human Mind,
Whether the Man be well, or ill inclin'd:
The moſt unjuſt, and wicked Debauchee,
Regarding neither God, nor Man, may be,
In any one, or more, of all the Train,
Of greater Skill than others can obtain.

But now, Redemption of the human Race
By *Chriſt*, with all its Myſteries of Grace,
Is, in itſelf, as it has always been,
Of quite another Nature; nor akin
To Art, or Science, which, for worldly Views,
The natural, or outward Man, can uſe:

It

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It is an inward Fitneſs to revive
That heav'nly Nature, which was once alive
In Paradiſe; that bliſsful Life within
The human Creature, which was loſt by Sin:
It breathes a Spark of Life, to re-create
The poor fall'n Man in his firſt happy State;
By which, awaken'd into new Deſires,
After his native Country he enquires;
How he may riſe above this earthly Den,
And get into his Father's Houſe again.

This is Redemption; or the Life divine
Off'ring it ſelf, on one Hand, with Deſign
That inward Man, who loſt it, to reſtore
To all the Bliſs which he was in before;
And, on the other, 'tis the Man's Deſire,
Will, Faith, and Hope, which earneſtly aſpire
After that Life; the Hunger, Thirſt, and Call
To be deliver'd, by it, from the Fall.

Now whether Man, in this awaken'd Strife,
Breathe forth his Longings after this good Life,
In Hebrew, Greek, or any Engliſh Sound,
Or none at all, but ſilent Sigh profound,
Can be of no Significancy; He,
That knows but one, or uſes all the three,
Neither to him, more diſtant, or more near,
Will this redeeming Life of God appear:
Can you conceive it more to ſhine upon
Men of more Languages, than Men of one?

He

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He who can make a Grammar for *High Dutch*,
Or *Welch*, or *Greek*, can you ſuppoſe, as ſuch,
In Faith, and Hope, and Goodneſs, will excell
A Man, that ſcarce his Mother Tongue can ſpell?
If this Suppoſal, then, be too abſurd,
No Hurt is done, no Enmity incurr'd,
To Learning, Science, Reaſon, critic Wit,
By giving them the Places which they fit;
Amongſt the Ornaments of Life below,
Which the moſt profligate as well may know,
(One of the moſt abandon'd vicious Will)
As one who, fearing God, eſcheweth Ill.

Therefore no Truths, concerning this divine
And heav'nly Life, can come within the Line
Of all this Learning; as exalted far
Above the Pow'r of Trial at its Bar;
Where both the Jury, and the Judges too,
Are born with Eyes incapable to view;
Living, and moving in this World's Demeſne,
They have their Being in another Scene;
The Life divine no abler to deſcry,
Than into Heav'n can look an Eagle's Eye.

If you, well read in ancient Books, my Friend,
To publiſh *Homer's Iliad* ſhould intend,
Or *Cæſar's Commentaries*, and make out
Some Things more plain —— you have the Skill no doubt;
As well provided for the Work, perhaps,
As one to make his Baſkets, one his Traps;

But

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But if you think that Skill in ancient Greek,
And Latin, helps you, of it self, to seek,
Find, and explain the Spirit, and the Sense
Of what *Christ* said, it is a vain Pretence,
And quite unnatural; of equal Kind
With the Endeavour of a Man born blind,
Who talks about exhibiting the Sight
Of diff'rent Colours, beautifully bright.

Doctrines, wherein Redemption is concern'd,
No more belong to Men as being learn'd,
Than Colours do to him, who never saw
The Light, that gives to all of them the Law:
From like unnatural Attempt proceeds
That huge Variety of Sects, and Creeds,
Which, from the same true Scripture, can deduce
What serves each diff'rent Error, for its Use:
Papist, or *Protestant*, *Socinian* Class,
Or *Arian*, can as easily amass
The Texts of Scripture, and by Reason's Ray,
One as another, urge the endless Fray;
Retort Absurdities, whenever prest,
Prove its own System, and confute the rest;
Just as blind Men, in their Disputes, can do
Each others Notions of red, green, or blue.

The Light of the celestial inward Man,
That died in Paradise, when Sin began,
Is *Jesus Christ*; and consequently, Men
By Him alone can rise to Life again:

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He, in the Heart of Man, muſt ſow the Seed,
That can awaken heav'nly Life indeed:
Nothing but this can poſſibly admit
Return of Life, or in the leaſt be fit,
Or capable, or ſenſible of Pow'r
From *Jeſus Chriſt*, in his redeeming Hour:
The Light, and Life, which he intends to raiſe,
Have no Dependence upon Word, and Phraſe;
Life, in it ſelf, be it of Heav'n, or Earth,
Muſt have its whole Proceſſion from a Birth:
Would it not ſound abſurdly, in your Mind,
That, if a Man be naturally blind,
Care muſt be had to teach him Grammar well,
Or in the Art of Logic to excell;
That he will beſt obtain, when this is done,
Knowledge of Light and Colours from the Sun?
Yet not one Jot is it the leſs abſurd
To think that Skill in Greek, or Hebrew Word,
Of Man's Redemption can explain the Whole,
Or let the Light of God into his Soul.

This Matter, *Academicus*, if you
Can ſet in a more proper Light——pray do.

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A

POETICAL VERSION of a LETTER

FROM THE

Earl of Eſſex to the Earl of Southampton.*

MY LORD,
Untaught by Nature, or by Art,
To give the genuine Dictates of my Heart
The Gloſs of Compliment, I never leſs,
Than now, ſhould aim at that polite Exceſs;
Now, that my wand'ring Thoughts are fix'd upon,
Not Martha's *many* Things, but Mary's *one*.

'Tis not from any ceremonious View,
But to diſcharge a real, needful Due
From Friend to Friend in Abſence, that I write
To mine, ſecluded from his wonted Sight;
By Force oblig'd to give, and to receive
A long——perhaps, a laſt departing Leave;

* A Copy of the original Letter may be ſeen in Cogan's Collection of Tracts from Lord Somer's Library, *Vol.* 4, *P.* 132. under the Title of " *A precious and moſt divine Letter, from that famous and ever to be renowned Earl of Eſſex, (Father to the now Lord General his Excellence) to the Earl of Southampton, in the latter End of Queen Elizabeth's Reign.*

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For ſmall, by ev'ry Teſt of human Ken,
The Hopes of meeting, in this World, again.

Under ſuch Circumſtances, I recall
My Friend, whoſe Honour, Perſon, Fortune, All,
So dear to me, make Bolom Wiſh to ſwell,
That he may always proſper, and do well;
Where'er he goes, whate'er he takes in Hand,
Under the Favour, Service, and Command
Of his protecting Providence, from whom
All Happineſs, if truly ſuch, muſt come.

My Friend's Abilities, and preſent State
Of natural Endowments how I rate;
To God what Glory, to himſelf what Uſe,
The beſt Exertion of them might produce,
I ſhall not here expreſs; enough to note
That, at ſuch Times as I was moſt remote
From all diſſembling, Witneſſes enoo
Can vouch my ſpeaking what I thought was true.

The Truths, which Love now prompts me to remind
Your Lordſhip of, are of the following Kind:
Firſt; that whatever Talents you poſſeſs,
They are *God*'s Gifts, whom you are bound to bleſs:
Next; that you have them, not as Things your own,
Tho' for your Uſe, yet not for yours alone;
But as an human Stewarty, or Truſt,
Of which Account is to be giv'n, and juſt:

So

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So that, in fine, if Talents are applied
To ſerve the Spirit of the World, in Pride,
And vain Delights, as he, who rules the Scenes
Of guilty Joy, the Prince of Darkneſs, means,
It is Ingratitude, Injuſtice too,
Yea, 'tis perfidious Treachery in you:
For if a Servant, of your own, ſhould dare
To uſe the Goods, committed to his Care,
To the Advantage of your greateſt Foe,
What would you think of his behaving ſo?
Yet how with *God* would you yourſelf do leſs,
Having from him whatever you poſſeſs,
And ſerving with it, in the Donor's Stead,
That Foe to him by whom the World is led?

A ſerious Thought if you can ever lend
To Admonition, from your trueſt Friend;
If the Regard due to your Country ſways;
Which you may ſerve ſo many glorious Ways;
If an all-ruling, righteous Pow'r above
Can raiſe your Dread of Juſtice, or your Love;
If you your ſelf will to your ſelf be true,
And everlaſting Happineſs purſue,
Before the Joys of any worldly Scheme,
The ſhort Deluſions of a pleaſing Dream,
Of which, whatever it may repreſent,
The Soul, ſoon wak'd, muſt bitterly repent;
If theſe Reflections, any of them, find
Due Eſtimation in your prudent Mind;

Take

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Take an Account of what is done, and paſt,
And what the Future may demand, forecaſt:
The Leagues, whatever they import, repeal,
To which good Conſcience has not ſet the Seal:
And fix your Reſolution firm, to ſerve
Him, from whoſe Will no loyal Thought can ſwerve;
That gracious God, from whom, in very Deed,
All your Abilities and Gifts proceed;
Whether of bodily, or mental Trace;
Without, within; of Nature, or of Grace.

Then He, who cannot poſſibly deny
Himſelf, or give his Faithfulneſs the Lie,
Will honour his true Servant, and impart
That real Peace of Mind, that Joy of Heart,
Of which until you are become poſſeſt,
Your Heart, your Mind, ſhall never be at Reſt;
And when you are, by having well approv'd
The one true Way, it never ſhall be mov'd.

This, I foreſee, your Lordſhip may object,
Is Melancholy's vaporous Effect;
That I am got into a Pris'ner's Stile;
Far enough from it all the jocund While
That I was free like you, and other Men;
And, Fetters gone, ſhould be the ſame again.

To which I anſwer——ſay it tho' you ſhould,
Yet cannot I diſtruſt a God ſo good;

Or

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Or Mercy failing me, ſo greatly ſhown,
Or Grace forſaking, but by Fault my own:
So deeply bound to him, my Heart ſo burns
To make his Mercy ſuitable Returns,
That not to try, of all th' Apoſtate Claſs
Worſe ſhould I be than any ever was:
I have with ſuch repeated, ſolemn Streſs,
Avow'd the Penitence which I profeſs;
From Time to Time ſo call'd on not a few,
To witneſs, and to watch, if it was true,
That of all Hypocrites, if found to lie,
That e'er were born, the holloweſt were I.

But ſhould I periſh in my Sins, and draw
Upon my ſelf my own Damnation's Law,
Will it not be your Wiſdom to embrace
God's offer'd Mercy, of a ſaving Grace?
To profit by Example, if you ſee
The fearful Caſe of miſerable Me?

A longer Time was I a Slave to Sin,
And a corrupted World, than you have been;
Had many a too, too ſlowly anſwer'd Call,
That made ſtill harder my Return from Thrall:
To come to *Chriſt* was requiſite, I knew,
But ſofter Pace, I flatter'd me, would do;
The Journey's End contented I remain'd
To ſee, and own, tho' ſtill 'twas unattain'd:
Therefore the ſame good Providence that call'd,
With a kind Violence, has pull'd and haul'd;

As

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As public Eye may, outwardly, at leaſt,
Have ſeen, and drag'd me to the Marriage Feaſt.

Kind, in this World, Affliction's heavieſt Load,
That, in another, Bliſs might be beſtow'd;
Kind the repeated Stripes, that ſhould correct
Of too great Knowledge a too ſmall Effect:
God grant your Lordſhip may, with leſs Alloy,
Feel an unfeign'd Converſion's inward Joy,
As I do now; and find the happy Way,
Without the Torments of ſo long Delay!

To the Divines (and there were none beſide
That nam'd Converſion to me) I repli'd——
Could my Ambition enter, and poſſeſs
Your narrow Hearts, your Meekneſs would be leſs;
Were my Delights, to which it gives the Riſe,
Taſted by you, you would be leſs preciſe:
But you, my Lord, have the momentous Hint,
From one that knows the very utmoſt Stint
Of all that can amuſe you, whilſt you live,
Of all Contentments which the World can give.

Think then, dear Earl, that I have ſtak'd, and buoy'd
The Ways of Pleaſure, fatally enjoy'd,
And ſet them up, as Marks at Sea, for you
To keep true Virtue's Channel in your View:
Think, tho' your Eyes ſhould long be ſhut, and faſt,
They *muſt*, they *muſt* be open'd at *the laſt*:

Truth

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Truth will compel you to confeſs, like me,
That to the wicked *Peace* can *never* be.
With my own Soul, that Heav'n may deign to aid
My Heart's Addreſs, this Covenant is made;
My Eyes ſhall never yield to Sleep, at Night,
Nor Thoughts attend the Buſineſs of the Light,
'Till I have pray'd my God, that you may take
This plain, but faithful Warning, for his Sake,
With a believing Profit——then, in you
Your Friends, your Country will be happy too;
And all your Aims ſucceed——Events ſo bleſt
Would fill with Comfort, not to be expreſt,

Your Lordſhip's Couſin, and true Friend——to tie
That worldly Cauſe can never once divide——

ESSEX.

The ITALIAN BISHOP.

An ANECDOTE.

THERE is no Kind of a fragmental Note,
That pleaſes better than an Anecdote;
Or Fact unpubliſh'd; when it comes to riſe,
And give the more agreeable Surprize:
From long Oblivion ſav'd, an uſeful Hint
Is doubly grateful, when reviv'd in Print:

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A late and ſtriking Inſtance of this Kind
Delighted many an attentive Mind;
This Anecdote, my Taſk is, to rehearſe,
As highly fit to be conſign'd to Verſe.

There liv'd a Biſhop, once upon a Time,
Where is not ſaid, but *Italy* the Clime;
An honeſt, pious Man, who underſtood
How to behave as a true Biſhop ſhould;
But thro' an Oppoſition, form'd to blaſt
His good Deſigns, by Men of diff'rent Caſt,
He had ſome tedious Struggles, and a Train
Of rude Affronts, and Inſults to ſuſtain;
And did ſuſtain; with calm unruffled Mind
He bore them all, and never once repin'd:
An intimate Acquaintance, one who knew
What Difficulties he had waded thro'
Time after Time, and very much admir'd
A Patience ſo provok'd, and ſo untir'd,
Made bold to aſk him, if he could impart,
Or teach the Secret of his happy Art;
Yes, ſaid the good old Prelate, that I can,
And 'tis a plain and practicable Plan;
For all the Secret, that I know of, lies
In making a right Uſe of my own Eyes.
Beg'd to explain himſelf, how that ſhould be——
Why, in whatever State I am, ſaid he,
I firſt look up to Heav'n; as well aware,
That to get thither is my main Affair.

I then

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I then look down upon the Earth; and think,
In a ſhort ſpace of Time, how ſmall a Chink
I ſhall poſſeſs of its extenſive Ground;
And then I caſt my ſeeing Eyes around,
Where more Diſtreſs appears, on ev'ry Side,
Amongſt Mankind, than I myſelf abide.
So that, reflecting on my own Concern,
Firſt——where true Happineſs is plac'd, I learn:
Next——let the World, to what it will, pretend,
I ſee where all its Good and Ill muſt end.
Laſt——how unjuſt it is, as well as vain,
Upon a fair Diſcernment, to complain.
Thus, looking up, and down, and round about,
Right uſe of Eyes may find my Secret out:
With Heav'n in view——his real Home——in fine,
Nothing on Earth ſhou'd make a Man repine.

ON
RESIGNATION.
To a FRIEND in TROUBLE.

DEAR Child, know this, that He, who gave thee Breath,
Almighty God, is Lord of Life and Death,
And all Things that concern them, ſuch as theſe,
Youth, Health, or Strength; Age, Weakneſs, or Diſeaſe;

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Wherefore, whatever thy Affliction be,
Take it as coming from thy God to Thee:
Whether to teach thee Patience be its End,
Or to inſtruct ſuch Perſons as attend,
That Faith and Meekneſs, tried by Suff'rings paſt,
May yield Increaſe of Happineſs at laſt:
Or whether it be ſent for ſome Defect,
Which He, who wants to bleſs thee, would correct:
Certain it is, that if thou doſt repent,
And take thy Croſs up patiently, when ſent,
Truſting in Him, who ſends it thee, to take
For *Jeſus Chriſt* his Son, thy Saviour's, Sake,
Wholly ſubmitting to his bleſſed Will,
Whoſe Viſitation ſeeks thy Profit ſtill;
All that thou doſt, or ever canſt endure,
Will make thy everlaſting Joy more ſure.

Take therefore what befalls thee in good Part,
As a Preſcription of Love's healing Art;
Whom the Lord loveth he chaſtiſeth too,
Saith Paul, and ſcourgeth with a ſaving View;
It is the Mark, by which he owns a Child,
Without it, not ſo honourably ſtil'd:
Fathers according to the Fleſh, when they
Correct them, Children rev'rence, and obey;
How much more juſtly may that Father claim,
By whom we live eternally, the ſame?
They oft chaſtiſe thro' Humour of their own,
He always for our greater Good alone;

Chaſt'ning,

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Chaſt'ning below, that we may riſe above
Holy, and happy in our Father's Love.

Theſe Things for Comfort, and Inſtruction fit,
In Holy Scripture, for our Sakes, are writ,
That with a patient, and enduring Mind,
In all Conditions we may be reſign'd;
And reverencing our Father, and our Friend,
Take what his Goodneſs ſhall be pleas'd to ſend.
What greater Good, conſidering the Whole,
Than Chriſt's own Likeneſs in a Chriſtian Soul
By patient Suff'ring? Think what Ills, before
He enter'd into Joy, our Saviour bore;
What Things he ſuffer'd, to retrieve our Loſs,
And make his Way to Glory, thro' the Croſs,
The Way for us; he wanted none to make,
But for the poor loſt human Sinner's Sake;
For them he ſuffer'd more than Words can tell,
Or Thought conceive; reflect upon it well,
Dear Child! and whether Life, or Death remains,
Depend on Him to ſanctify thy Pains;
To be Himſelf thy ſtrong Defence, and Tow'r,
To make thee know and feel his ſaving Pow'r:
Still taught by Him repeat——*Thy Will be done!*
And truſt in God thro' his beloved Son.

A POE-

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A

POETICAL VERSION of a LETTER,

FROM

JACOB BEHMEN, to a FRIEND,

On the ſame OCCASION.

DEAR Brother in our Saviour *Chriſt*—— His Grace
And Love premis'd, in your afflictive Caſe;
I have conſider'd of it, and have brought
The Whole, with Chriſtian ſympathetic Thought,
Before the Will of the moſt High, to ſee
What it would pleaſe Him to make known to me.

And thereupon, I give you, Sir, to know,
What a true Inſight he was pleas'd to ſhow,
Into the Cauſe and Cure of all your Grief,
And preſent Trial; which I ſhall, in brief,
Set down for a Memorial, and declare
For you to ponder with a ſerious Care.

Firſt then, the Cauſe, to which we muſt aſſign
Your ſtrong Temptation, is the *Love divine;*
The Goodneſs ſupernatural, above
All Utt'rance, flowing from the God of Love;

Seeking

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Seeking the creaturely and human Will,
To free it from Captivity to Ill:

And then, the Struggle with ſo great a Grace,
In human Will, refuſing to embrace;
Tho' tender'd to it with a Love ſo pure,
It ſeeks itſelf, and ſtrives againſt a Cure;
From its own Love to tranſitory Things,
More than to GOD, the real Evil ſprings.

'Tis Man's own Nature, which, in its own Life,
Or Center, ſtands in Enmity and Strife,
And anxious, ſelfiſh, doing what it liſts,
(Without God's Love) that tempts him, and reſiſts:
The Devil alſo ſhoots his fi'ry Dart,
From Grace, and Love to turn away the Heart.

This is the greateſt Trial; 'tis the Fight,
Which *Chriſt*, with his internal Love and Light,
Maintains within Man's Nature, to diſpel
God's Anger, Satan, Sin, and Death, and Hell;
The human Self, or Serpent to devour,
And raiſe an Angel from it by his Pow'r.

Now if God's Love in Chriſt did not ſubdue,
In ſome Degree, this Selfiſhneſs in you,
You would have no ſuch Combat to endure;
The Serpent then, triumphantly ſecure,
Would, unoppos'd, exert its native Right,
And no ſuch Conflict in your Soul excite.

For

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For all the huge Temptation and Diſtreſs
Riſes in Nature, tho' God ſeeks to bleſs;
The Serpent feeling its tormenting State,
(Which, of itſelf, is a mere anxious Hate)
When God's amazing Love comes in, to fill,
And change the ſelfiſh to a god-like Will.

Here *Chriſt*, the Serpent-bruiſer, ſtands in Man,
Storming the Devil's helliſh, ſelf-built Plan;
And hence the Strife within the human Soul;
Satan's to kill, and *Chriſt*'s to make it whole;
As by Experience, in ſo great Degree,
God, in his Goodneſs, cauſes you to ſee.

Now, while the Serpent's Head is bruis'd, the Heel
Of Chriſt is ſtung; and the poor Soul muſt feel
Trembling, and Sadneſs, while the Strivers cope,
And can do nothing but ſtand ſtill in Hope;
Hardly be able to lift up its Face,
For mere Concern, and pray to God for Grace.

The Serpent, turning it another Way,
Shows it the World's alluring, fine Diſplay;
Mocking its Reſolution to forego,
For a *new Nature*, the engaging Show;
And repreſents the taking its Delight
In preſent Scenes, as natural, and right.

Thus, in the Wilderneſs with *Chriſt* alone,
The Soul endures Temptation of its own;

While

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While all the Glories of this World display'd,
Pleasures, and Pomps, surround it, and persuade
Not to remain so humble, and so still,
But elevate itself in own Self-will.

The next Temptation, which befalls of Course
From Satan, and from Nature's selfish Force,
Is when the Soul has tasted of the Love,
And been illuminated from above;
Still in its Self-hood it wou'd seek to shine,
And, as its own, possess the Light divine.

That is, the soulish Nature, take it right,
As much a Serpent, if without God's Light,
As *Lucifer*, this Nature still would claim
For *own Propriety* the heav'nly Flame;
And elevate its Fire to a Degree,
Above the Light's good Pow'r, which cannot be.

This domineering Self, this Nature Fire,
Must be transmuted to a Love Desire:
Now, when this Change is to be undergone,
It looks for some own Pow'r, and finding none,
Begins to doubt of Grace, unwilling quite
To yield up its self-willing Nature's Right.

It ever quakes for Fear, and will not die
In Light divine, tho' to be blest thereby:
The Light of Grace it thinks to be Deceit,
Because it worketh gently without Heat:

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Mov'd too by outward Reaſon, which is blind,
And, of itſelf, ſees nothing of this Kind.

Who knows, it thinketh, whether it be true
That God is in Thee, and enlightens too?
Is it not Fancy? for thou doſt not ſee
Like other People, who, as well as thee,
Hope for Salvation, by the Grace of God,
Without ſuch Fear, and Trembling at his Rod.

Thus the poor Soul, accounted for a Fool,
By all the Reas'ners of a gayer School,
By all the graver People, who embrace
Mere verbal Promiſes of future Grace,
Sighs from its deep internal Ground, and pants
For ſuch enlight'ning Comfort as it wants;

And fain would have; but Nature can, alaſs!
Do Nothing, of itſelf, to bring to paſs;
And is, thro' its own Impotence, afraid
That God rejects it, and will give no Aid;
Which, with regard to the Self-will, is true;
For God rejects it, to implant a new.

The own Self-will muſt die away, and ſhine,
Riſing thro' Death, in ſaving Will divine;
And, from the Op[illegible]ion which it tries
Againſt God's Will, ſuch great Temptations riſe:
The Devil too is loth to loſe his Prey,
And ſee his Fort caſt down, if it obey.

For,

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For, if the Life of *Chriſt* within ariſe,
Self-Luſt, and falſe Imagination dies;
Wholly it cannot in this preſent Life,
But by the Fleſh maintains the daily Strife;
Dies, and yet lives; as they alone can tell,
In whom *Chriſt* fights againſt the Pow'rs of Hell.

The third Temptation is in Mind, and Will,
And Fleſh and Blood, if Satan enter ſtill;
Where the falſe Centers lie in Man, the Springs
Of Pride, and Luſt, and Love of earthly Things;
And all the Curſes wiſh'd by other Men,
Which are occaſion'd by this Devil's Den.

Theſe in the Aſtral Spirit make a Fort,
Which all the Sins concenter to ſupport;
And human Will, eſteeming for its Joy
What *Chriſt*, to ſave it, combates to deſtroy,
Will not reſign the Pride-erected Tow'r,
Nor live obedient to the Saviour's Power.

Thus I have giv'n you, loving Sir, to know
What our dear Saviour has been pleas'd to ſhow
To my Conſideration; now, on This,
Examine well what your Temptation is:
We muſt *leave all*, and *follow Him*, He ſaid,
Right Chriſt-like poor, like our redeeming Head.

Now, if Self-Luſt ſtick yet upon your Mind,
Or Love of earthly Things, of any Kind,

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Then, from thoſe Centers, in their working Force,
Such a Temptation will riſe up of Courſe:
If you will follow, when it does ariſe,
My Child-like Counſel, hear what I adviſe.

Fix your whole Thought upon the bitter Woe,
Which our dear Lord was pleas'd to undergo;
Conſider the Reproach, Contempt, and Scorn,
The worldly State ſo poor, and ſo forlorn,
Which he was ſo content to bear; and then,
His ſuff'ring, dying for us ſinful Men.

And thereunto give up your whole Deſire,
And Mind, and Will; and earneſtly aſpire
To be as like him as you can; to bear,
(And with a Patience bent to perſevere)
All that is laid upon you; and to make
His Proceſs your's, and purely for his Sake;

For Love of Him, moſt freely to embrace
Contempt, Affliction, Poverty, Diſgrace;
All that can happen, ſo you may but gain
His bleſſed Love within you, and maintain;
No longer willing with a Self-deſire,
But ſuch as *Chriſt* within you ſhall inſpire.

Dear Sir, I fear leſt ſomething ſtill amiſs,
Averſe to him, cauſe ſuch a Strife as this:
He wills you, in his Death, with Him to die
To your own Will, and to ariſe thereby

In

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In his ariſing; and that Life to live,
Which he is ſtriving in your Soul to give.

Let go all earthly Will; and be reſign'd
Wholly to Him, with all your Heart and Mind:
Be Joy, or Sorrow, Comfort, or Diſtreſs,
Receiv'd alike, for He alike can bleſs,
To gain the Victory of Chriſtian Faith
Over the World, and all Satanic Wrath.

So ſhall you conquer Death, and Hell, and Sin;
And find, at laſt, what *Chriſt* in you hath been:
By ſure Experience will be underſtood,
How all hath happen'd to you for your Good:
Of all his Children this hath been the Way;
And Chriſtian Love here dictates what I ſay.

ON

BEARING the CROSS.

A DIALOGUE.

I.

TAKE up the Croſs which thou haſt got,
For Love of CHRIST, and bear it not
As *Simon* of *Cyrene* did,
Compell'd to do as he was bid.

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II.

" Pray, am not I, who cannot free
" Myſelf, compell'd as much as he?
" I cannot ſhun it, and, of Courſe,
" Muſt bear this heavy Croſs by Force.

III.

What doſt thou get then by Diſguſt
At bearing that, which bear thou muſt?
Nothing abates the Force of Ill,
Like a *reſign'd* and *patient* Will.

IV.

" 'Tis true; but how ſhall I obtain
" Such an Abatement of my Pain?
" Compulſion tempts me to repine
" At *Simon*'s Caſe becoming mine.

V.

Look then at JESUS gone before;
Reflect on what thy SAVIOUR bore;
Bore, tho' he could have been ſet free,
Death on the Croſs, for *Love* of thee.

VI. " He

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VI.

" He did ſo——*Lord!* what ſhall I ſay?
" Do thou enable me to pray,
" If 'tis not poſſible to ſhun
" This bitter Croſs——*Thy Will be done!*

A

SOLILOQUY

ON THE

Cauſe and Conſequence of a doubting Mind.

I Muſe, I doubt, I reaſon, and debate——
Therefore, I am not in that perfect State,
In which, when its Creation firſt began,
God plac'd his own beloved Image, Man;
From whoſe high Birth, at once deſign'd for all,
This ever poring Reaſon proves a Fall.

Whilſt *Adam* ſtood in that immortal Life,
Wherein pure Truth excluded Doubt and Strife,
He knew, he ſaw, by a diviner Light,
All that was good for Knowledge, or for Sight;
But when the Serpent-Subtlety of Hell
Brought him to doubt, and reaſon——then he fell.

Fell,

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Fell, by declining from an upright Will,
And ſunk into a State of Good and Ill:
The very State of ſuch a World as this
Became a Death to his immortal Bliſs:
Bliſs, which his Reaſon gave him not, before
The Loſs enſu'd, nor after could reſtore.

From him deſcending, all the human Race
Muſt needs partake the Nature of his Caſe:
Juſt as the Trunk, the Branches, or the Fruit,
Derive their Subſtance from the parent Root:
What Life, or Death, into the Father came,
The Sons, tho' guiltleſs, could but have the ſame.

If I am one, if ever I muſt live
The bliſsful Life, which God deſign'd to give;
As Reaſon dictates, or as ſome Degree
Of higher Light enables one to ſee,
It cannot riſe from being born on Earth,
Without a ſecond, new, and heav'nly Birth.

The Goſpel Doctrine, which aſſures to Men
The joyful Truth of being *born again*,
Demands the free Conſent of ev'ry Will,
That ſeeks the Good, and to eſcape the Ill:
In all the ſav'd, right Reaſon muſt allow
Such Birth effected, tho' it knows not how.

Such was the Faith in Life's redeeming Seed,
Of poor fall'n Man the Comfort, and the Creed:

Such

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Such was the Hope before, and ſince the Flood,
In ev'ry Time and Place, of all the good:
'Till the *new Birth* of JESUS, from above,
Reveal'd below the Myſtery of Love.

His Virgin Birth, Life, Death, and Re-aſcent,
Explain what all God's Diſpenſations meant——
God give me Grace to ſhun the doubting Crime!
Since nothing follows intermediate Time,
But Life, or Death, eternally to rule
A *bleſſed* Chriſtian, or a *curſed* Fool.

A

PLAIN ACCOUNT

OF THE

Nature and Deſign of true RELIGION.

I.

WHAT is Religion?——Why it is a Cure,
Giv'n in the Goſpel, *gratis*, to the Poor,
By *Jeſus Chriſt*, the Healer of the Soul;
Which all who take are ſure to be made whole;
And they who will not, all the Art of Man
May ſtrive to cure them, but it never can.

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II.

Cure for what Malady?——For that of Sin,
From whence all other Maladies begin;
It had its Riſe in *Adam*, firſt of all,
And all his Sons, partaking of his Fall,
Want a *new Adam* to beget them free
From *Sin* and *Death*; and *Jeſus Chriſt* is *He*.

III.

How is it giv'n?——By raiſing a *new Birth*
Of heav'nly Life, ſurviving that of Earth;
Which may, at any Time, at ſome it muſt,
Return its mortal Body to the Duſt;
And then the Born of *God* in *Chriſt* again
Will riſe immortal, true angelic Men.

IV.

Why in the Goſpel?——Goſpel is, indeed,
In its true living Senſe, the *holy Seed*,
By God's great Mercy, firſt, in *Adam* ſown,
And firſt, in *Chriſt*, to full Perfection grown:
Fullneſs, from which all holy Souls derive,
And Bodies too, the Pow'r to be alive.

V.

Why GRATIS *giv'n?*——Becauſe the *Love-deſire*
Of God, in *Chriſt*, can never work for Hire:

It's

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It's Nature is to love for Loving's Sake,
To give itſelf to ev'ry Will to take;
To them it brings, amidſt the darkeſt Night,
It's *Life* and *Immortality to Light.*

VI.

Why to the Poor?——Becauſe *they* feel their Want,
Which Truſt in *Riches* is ſo loth to grant:
The Rich have *ſomething* which they call *their own;*
The Poor have *nothing*, but to *Chriſt* alone
They owe Themſelves, and pay him what they owe,
And what Religion is——They only know.

ON THE

TRUE MEANING

OF THE

Scripture Terms LIFE and DEATH,

When applied to MEN.

TRUE *Life*, according to the Scripture Plan,
Is God's own Likeneſs in his Image Man;
This was the Life that *Adam* ceas'd to live,
Or loſt by Sin; and therefore could not give:
So that his Offspring, all the born on Earth,
Want a *new* Parent of this heav'nly Birth.

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This, *Chriſt* alone, God's *Image* moſt *expreſs*,
The *ſecond* Adam, gives them to poſſeſs;
Becoming Man, reverſing human Fall,
And raiſing up the *firſt*, true Life in all;
Healing our Nature's deadly Wound within,
And quenching Wrath, or Death, or Hell, or Sin.

For all ſuch Words deſcribe one evil Thing,
Or Want of Good; that has one only Spring,
The *Love* of God, in *Chriſt*, which form'd at firſt
A *bleſſed* Adam, and redeem'd a *curſt*
By his *own* Act——Good *only* was deſign'd
For *Adam*, and, in him, for all Mankind.

He fell from Good, miſuſing his free Will,
Into this World, this Life of Good and Ill;
From whence, the willing to be ſav'd revive
Thro' Faith and Penitence, in *Chriſt* alive;
A *ſecond* Death ſucceeds, if they refuſe;
For *chuſing* Creatures muſt have what they *chuſe*.

Not bare *Exiſtence*, when we go from hence,
Is *Immortality*, in Scripture Senſe;
For thus, alike immortal, are confeſt
The good, the bad; the ruin'd, and the bleſt;
Whoſe *inbred* Tempers hint the Reaſon, why
They *live* for ever, or for ever *die*.

God's Likeneſs, Light and Spirit in the Soul,
Make, as at firſt, its bleſt immortal Whole;

'Tis

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'Tis *Death* to want them; vain is all Diſpute;
The Goſpel only reaches to the Root:
All the inſpir'd have underſtood it thus;
Immortal *Life* is that of CHRIST *in Us*.

ON THE

Ground of True and Falſe Religion.

EXPLAIN Religion by a thouſand Schemes,
Still *God* and *Self* will be the two Extremes;
In Him the one true Good of it is found;
In Self, of all Idolatry, the Ground:
Falſe Worſhip, paid at all its various Shrines,
One ſame Departure from his Love defines.

By Love to Him *bleſt* Angels kept their State;
Which the *Apoſtate* loſt by curſed Hate;
Setting up *Self* in the ALMIGHTY's Room,
It ſunk them down into its dreadful Gloom:
On Separation from his Love, the Source
Of all Felicity was loſt of Courſe.

By Love to Him, the firſt created Man
Was highly bleſt; 'till *Selfiſhneſs* began,
Tho' Serpentine Deluſion, to ariſe,
And tempt above God's Wiſdom to be wiſe;

When

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When he had chosen to prefer his own,
The naked, miserable *Self* was known.

Hence we inherit such a Life as this,
Dead, of itself, to *paradisic* Bliss:
Hence all our Hopes of a diviner Birth
Depend on *Christ*, and his Descent on Earth;
Subduing Self, as *Adam* should have done,
And loving God thro' his beloved Son.

The *Mediator* betwixt God and Men,
Who brings their Nature back to Him again,
Sav'd from all sinful Self, or deadly Wrath,
Or hellish Evil, by the Pow'r of *Faith*
Working by *Love*, of which it is the Strength;
And must attain the full true Life at Length.

Born of this holy, *Virgin* Seed divine,
To a *new* Life within this mortal Shrine,
The faithful breathe a Spirit from above,
And make of Self a Sacrifice to Love:
By *Christ* redeem'd they rise from *Adam*'s Fall,
From Earth to Heav'n, where God is all in all.

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PETER's DENIAL of his MASTER.

I.

THO' all forſake thee, Maſter, yet not I;
I'll go to Priſon with thee, or to die,
Said *Peter*——yet how ſoon did he deny!

II.

A ſtriking Proof, that, even to good Will,
The Help of Grace is neceſſary ſtill,
To ſave a Soul from falling into Ill.

III.

His Maſter told him how the Caſe would be,
But *Peter* could not ſee himſelf, not He;
'Till Grace withdrew, that he might come to ſee.

IV.

Peter, ſo valiant on a ſelfiſh Plan,
Quite frighted by a Servant Maid, began
To curſe, and ſwear, and did not know the Man.

V. 'Twas

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V.

'Twas thus that *Satan ſifted him like Wheat,*
And made him think his Courage was ſo great;
While JESUS pray'd that he might ſee the Cheat.

VI.

High-minded in himſelf, he fell——How low,
The Cock inſtructed him, foretold to crow:
His real Self then *Peter* came to know.

VII.

He that would *die* with him, tho' all forſook,
Diſſolv'd in Tears, when JESUS gave a Look;
And learn'd Humility by Love's Rebuke.

VIII.

Leſſon for us is plain from *Peter*'s Caſe,
That real Virtue is the Work of *Grace,*
And of its Height *Humility* the Baſe.

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ON THE
CAUSE, CONSEQUENCE, and CURE
OF
SPIRITUAL PRIDE.

SUPPOSE an Heater burning in the Fire
To be alive, to will, and to desire;
To reason, feel, and have, upon the whole,
What we will call an understanding Soul;
Conscious of pow'rful Heat within its Mold,
And Colour bright above the burnish'd Gold.

Suppose that *Pride* should catch this Heater's Heart,
And from the Fire persuade it to depart;
To show itself, and make it to be known,
That it can raise a Splendor of its own;
An own rich Colour, an own potent Heat,
Without Dependence on the Fire, compleat.

It leaves, in Prospect of so fine a Show,
The fiery Bosom where it learnt to glow;
Cools by Degrees, till all its golden Hue
Is vanish'd, and its Pow'r of heating too;
Its own, once hidden, Nature domineers,
And the dark, cold, self-iron Lump appears.

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Transfer this feign'd, imaginary Pride,
To that which really does, too oft, betide;
When human Souls, endu'd with Grace divine,
Become ambitious, of themſelves, to ſhine;
And, proud of Qualities which Grace beſtows,
Forſake its Boſom for ſelf-ſhining Shows.

And thence conceive the natural Effects
Of Pride, in either ſingle Men, or Sects;
That for Variety of ſelfiſh Strife
Forſake the one, true Cauſe of all true Life;
The heav'nly Spirit-fire of Love, within
Whoſe ſacred Boſom all their Gifts begin.

From which, if Reaſon, Learning, Wit, or Parts,
Tempt their Ambition to withdraw their Hearts,
There muſt enſue, whatever they may mean,
The Diſappearance of the glowing Scene;
From the moſt gifted vaniſhing of Courſe,
When diſ-united from its real Source.

As only Fire can poſſibly reſtore
The Heater's Force, to what it was before;
So that of Love alone conſumes the Droſs
Of wrathful Nature, and repairs its Loſs;
It will again unite with all Deſire,
That caſts itſelf into the holy Fire.

THE

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THE
BEGGAR and the DIVINE.

IN ſome good Books one reads of a Divine,
Whoſe memorable Caſe deſerves a Line;
Who, to ſerve God the beſt, and ſhorteſt Way,
Pray'd, for eight Years together, every Day,
That in the Midſt of Doctrines and of Rules,
However taught and practis'd by the Schools,
He would be pleas'd to bring him to a Man
Prepar'd to teach him the compendious Plan.

He was himſelf a *Doctor*, and well read
In all the Points to which Divines were bred;
Nevertheleſs, he thought, that what concern'd
The moſt illiterate, as well as learn'd,
To know and practiſe, muſt be ſomething ſtill
More independent on ſuch kind of Skill:
True Chriſtian Worſhip had, within its Root,
Some ſimpler Secret, clear of all Diſpute;
Which, by a living Proof that he might know,
He pray'd for ſome Practitioner to ſhow.

One Day, poſſeſs'd with an intenſe Concern
About the Leſſon which he ſought to learn,
He heard a Voice that ſounded in his Ears——
" Thou has been praying for a Man eight Years;

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" Go to the Porch of yonder Church, and find
" A Man prepar'd according to thy Mind."

Away he went to the appointed Ground;
When, at the Entrance of the Church, he found
A poor old Beggar, with his Feet full ſore,
And not worth Two-pence all the Cloaths he wore.
Surpris'd to ſee an Object ſo forlorn——
" My Friend," ſaid he, " I wiſh thee a good Morn——
" Thank thee," repli'd the Beggar, " but a bad
" I don't remember that I ever had——
Sure he miſtakes, the Doctor thought, the Phraſe——
" Good Fortune, Friend, befall thee all thy Days!——
" Me, ſaid the Beggar, many Days befal,
" But none of them unfortunate at all——
" God bleſs thee, anſwer plainly, I requeſt——
" Why, plainly then, I never was unbleſt——
" Never? Thou ſpeakeſt in a myſtic Strain,
" Which more at large I wiſh thee to explain.——

" With all my Heart——Thou firſt didſt condeſcend
" To wiſh me kindly a good Morning, Friend;
" And I repli'd, that I remember'd not
" A bad one ever to have been my Lot:
" For, let the Morning turn out how it will,
" I praiſe my God for ev'ry new one ſtill:
" If I am pinch'd with Hunger, or with Cold,
" It does not make me to let go my Hold;
" Still I praiſe God——Hail, Rain, or Snow, I take
" This bleſſed Cordial, which has Pow'r to make

" The

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" The fouleſt Morning, to my Thinking, fair;
" For Cold and Hunger yield to Praiſe and Pray'r.
" Men pity me as wretched, or deſpiſe;
" But whilſt I hold this noble Exerciſe,
" It chears my Heart to ſuch a due Degree,
" That ev'ry Morning is ſtill good to me.

" Thou didſt, moreover, wiſh me lucky Days,
" And I, by reaſon of continual Praiſe,
" Said that I had none elſe; for come what wou'd
" On any Day, I knew it muſt be good
" Becauſe God ſent it; Sweet or Bitter, Joy
" Or Grief, by this angelical employ,
" Of praiſing him, my Heart was at its Reſt,
" And took whatever happen'd for the beſt;
" So that my own Experience might ſay,
" It never knew of an unlucky Day.

" Then didſt thou pray——God bleſs thee——and I ſaid
" I never was unbleſt; for being led
" By the good Spirit of imparted Grace
" To praiſe his Name, and ever to embrace
" His righteous Will, regarding that alone,
" With total Reſignation of my own,
" I never could, in ſuch a State as this,
" Complain for want of Happineſs or Bliſs;
" Reſolv'd, in all Things, that the Will divine,
" The Source of all true Bleſſing, ſhould be mine."

The

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The Doctor, learning from the Beggar's Caſe
Such wond'rous Inſtance of the Pow'r of Grace,
Propos'd a Queſtion, with Intent to try
The happy Mendicant's direct Reply——
" What wouldſt thou ſay, ſaid he, ſhould God think fit
" To caſt thee down to the infernal Pit?

" He caſt me down? He ſend me into Hell?
" No——He loves me, and I love Him too well:
" But put the Caſe he ſhould, I have two Arms
" That will defend me from all helliſh Harms,
" The one, Humility, the other, Love;
" Theſe I would throw below him, and above;
" One under his *Humanity* I'd place,
" His *Deity* the other ſhould embrace;
" With both together ſo to hold him faſt,
" That he ſhould *go* wherever he would *caſt*,
" And then, whatever thou ſhalt call the Sphere,
" Hell, if thou wilt, 'tis Heav'n if he be there.

Thus was a great Divine, whom ſome have thought
To be the juſtly fam'd *Taulerus*, taught
The holy Art, for which he us'd to pray,
That to ſerve God the moſt compendious Way,
Was to hold faſt a loving, humble Mind,
Still praiſing Him, and to his Will reſign'd.

The

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FRAGMENT of an HYMN,

ON THE

GOODNESS of GOD.

O Goodneſs of God! more exceedingly great
Than Thought can conceive, or than Words can repeat;
Whatſoever we fix our Conceptions upon
It has ſome Kind of Bounds, but thy Goodneſs has none:
As it never began, ſo it never can end,
But to all thy Creation will always extend;
All Nature partakes of its proper Degree,
But the Self-blinded Will that refuſes to ſee.

Whenſoever new Forms of Creation began,
Thy Goodneſs adjuſted the beautiful Plan;
Adjuſted the Beauties of Body and Soul,
And plac'd in the Center the Good of the whole;
That ſhon, like a Sun, the Circumference round,
To produce all the Fruits of beatifi'd Ground;
To diſplay, in each poſſible Shape and Degree,
A Goodneſs eternal, eſſential to Thee.

Bleſt Orders of Angels ſurrounded thy Throne,
Before any Evil was heard of, or known;
'Till a Self-ſeeking Chief's unaccountable Pride
Thine immutable Rectitude falſely beli'd;

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And despising the Goodness that made him so bright,
Would become independent, and be his own Light;
And induc'd all his Host to so monstrous a Thing,
As to act against Nature's omnipotent King.

Then did Evil begin, or the Absence of Good,
Which from Thee could not come——from a Creature it could;
Who, made in thy Likeness, all happy and free,
Could only be good, as an Image of Thee:
When an Angel profan'd his angelical Trust,
And departed from Order, most righteous and just;
Self-depriv'd of the Light, that proceeds from thy Throne,
He fell to the Darkness, by Nature, his own.

For Nature, itself, is a Darkness express,
If a Splendor from thee does not fill it and bless;
An Abyss of the Pow'rs of all *creaturely* Life,
Which are, in themselves, but an impotent Strife,
Of Action, Re-action, and Whirling around,
'Till the Rays of thy Light pierce the jarring Profound;
'Till thy Goodness compose the dark, natural Storm,
And enkindles the Bliss of Light, Order, and Form.

Thy unchangeable Goodness, when Wrath was begun,
Soon as e'er it beheld what an Angel had done,
Exerted itself in restoring anew,
A celestial Abode, and Inhabitants too;
Made a temporal World in the desolate Place,
And thy Likeness, a Man, to produce a new Race;

That

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That the Evil brought forth might in Time be ſuppreſt,
And a new Hoſt of Creatures ſucceed to be bleſt.

When the Man, whom thy Counſel deſign'd to have ſtood,
Fell into this Mixture of Evil and Good;
And, againſt thy kind Warning, conſented to taſte
Of the Fruit, that would lay his own *Paradiſe* waſte;
Thy Mercy then ſought his Redemption from Sin,
And implanted the Hope of a *Saviour* within;
Of a Man to be born, in the Fullneſs of Time,
To ſupply his Defect, and aboliſh his Crime.

All the Hopes of good Men, ſince the Ruin began,
Were deriv'd from the Grace of this wonderful Man:
His Life, in the Promiſe, has ſecretly wrought
Its intended Effect, in their penitent Thought,
Who believ'd in thy Word, in whatever Degree
They knew, or knew not, how his Coming would be:
A true Faith in a Saviour was one, and the ſame,
Both before his bleſt Coming, as after he came.

Patriarchal, Moſaic, prophetical Views,
The Deſire of all Nations, or *Gentiles*, or *Jews*,
Who obey'd, in the midſt of their natural Fall,
The Degree of his Light, which enlighten'd them all,
Still center'd in him, the MESSIAH, the Man
Who ſhould execute fully thy merciful Plan;
And impart the true Life, which thy Goodneſs deſign'd,
By creating a Man, to deſcend to Mankind.

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When this Son of thy Love was incarnate on Earth,
And the WORD was made *Flesh* by a Virginal Birth,
Thy Angelical Hoſt uſher'd in the great Morn,
With the *Tidings* of *Joy*, that a SAVIOUR was born;
Of Joy to all People, who, round the whole Ball,
Should partake of the Goodneſs, that came to ſave all;
To erect, upon Earth, a true Kingdom of Grace,
And of Glory to come, for whoe'er would embrace.

UNIVERSAL GOOD

THE

OBJECT of the DIVINE WILL,

AND

EVIL the neceſſary Effect of the CREATURE'S Oppoſition to it.

THE God of Love, delighting to beſtow,
Sends down his Bleſſing to the World below:
A grateful Mind receives it, and above
Sends up Thankſgiving to the God of Love:
This happy Intercourſe could never fail,
Did not a falſe, perverted Will prevail.

For Love divine, as rightly underſtood,
Is an unalterable Will to Good:

Good

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Good is the Object of His bleſſed Will,
Who never can concur to real Ill;
Much leſs *decree, predeſtinate, ordain*——
Words oft employ'd to take his Name in vain.

But he permits it to be done, ſay you——
Plain then, I anſwer, that He does not *do:*
That, having will'd created Angels free,
He ſtill permits, or wills them ſo to be;
Were his Permiſſion aſk'd, before they did
An evil Action, he would ſoon forbid.

Before the Doing he forbids indeed,
But diſobedient Creatures take no heed:
If He, according to your preſent Plea,
Withdraws his Grace, and *ſo* they diſobey,
The Fault is laid on Him, not them at all;
For who can ſtand whom He ſhall thus let fall?

Our own Neglect muſt be the previous Cauſe,
When it is ſaid, the *Grace of God withdraws;*
In the ſame Senſe, as when the brighteſt Dawn,
If we will ſhut our Windows, is withdrawn;
Not that the Sun is ever the leſs bright,
But that our Choice is not to ſee the Light.

Free to receive the Grace, or to reject,
Receivers only can be God's *elect*;
Rejecters of it *reprobate* alone,
Not by divine *Decree*, but by their *own*:

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His Love to *all*, his Willing none to ſin,
Is a Decree that never could begin.

It is the Order, the eternal Law,
The true free Grace, that never can withdraw;
Obſervance of it will, of courſe, be bleſt,
And Oppoſition to it ſelf-diſtreſt;
To them, who love its gracious Author, all
Will work for Good, according to St. *Paul*.

An eaſy Key to each abſtruſer Text,
That modern Diſputants have ſo perplext;
With arbitrary Fancies on each Side,
From God's pure Love, or Man's Freewill deny'd;
Which, in the Breaſt of Saints, and Sinners too,
May both be found ſelf-evidently true.

ON THE

Diſintereſted LOVE of GOD,

THE Love of God with genuine Ray
Inflam'd the Breaſt of good *Cambray*;
And baniſh'd from the Prelate's Mind
All Thoughts of intereſted Kind:
He ſaw, and Writers of his Claſs,
(Of too neglected Worth, alas!)

Diſintereſted

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Diſintereſted Love to be
The Goſpel's very A. B. C.

When our *redeeming Lord* began
To practice it himſelf, as Man;
And, for the Joy then ſet before
His loving View, ſuch Evils bore;
Endur'd the Croſs, deſpis'd the ſhame——
Had he an intereſted Aim?
Surely the leaſt Examination
Shews, that the Joy was our Salvation.

For us he ſuffer'd, to make known
The Love that ſeeketh not its own;
Suffer'd, what nothing but ſo pure
A Love could poſſibly endure:
No leſs a Sacrifice than this
Could bring poor Sinners back to Bliſs;
Or execute the ſaving Plan
Of reuniting God and Man.

This Love was *Abra'm*'s Shield and Guard;
Was his exceeding great Reward;
This Love the patriarchal Eye,
And that of *Moſes* could deſcry;
In this diſintereſted Senſe
They ſought Reward, or Recompenſe,
City, or Country, Heav'n above,
The Seat of Purity and Love.

This

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This the high Calling, this the Prize,
The Mark of *Paul*'s ſo ſteady Eyes;
For, with the ſelf-forgetting *Paul*,
Pure Love of God in *Chriſt* was all:
The Text of the beloved *John*
Has all, that Words can ſay, in one;
For GOD IS LOVE——compendious Whole
Of all the Bleſſings of a Soul.

What Helps to this a Soul may want,
Pure Love is ready ſtill to grant;
But with a View to wean it ſtill
From ſelfiſh, mercenary Will:
Of all Reward, all Puniſhment,
This is the End, in God's Intent,
To form, in Offſprings of his own,
The Bliſs of loving His alone.

Sole Rule of all Affection due
Both to ourſelves, and others too;
Meaning of ev'ry Scripture Text,
By intereſted Love perplext:
Promiſe, or Precept, Goſpel Call,
Or legal Love, fulfils them all;
From Baſe ariſing up to Spire,
Superior both to Fear and Hire.

Love of diſintereſted Kind,
The Man who thinks it too refin'd

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May, by ambiguous Language, ſtill
Perſiſt in metaphyſic Skill;
Even the juſtly fam'd *Cambray*,
In ſuch a Caſe, could only pray,
That *Love* itſelf would only dart
Some feeling Proof into his Heart.

On the ſame SUBJECT.

I.

I Love my God, and freely too,
With the ſame Love that he imparts;
That He, to whom all Love is due,
Engraves upon pure loving Hearts.

II.

I love, but this celeſtial Fire
Ye ſtarry Pow'rs! Ye do not raiſe:
No Wages, no Reward's Deſire,
Is in the purely ſhining Blaze.

III.

Me, nor the Hopes of heav'nly Bliſs,
Or Paradiſic Scenes excite;
Nor Terrors of the dark Abyſs,
Of Death's eternal Den, affright.

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IV. No

IV.

No bought, and paid-for Love be mine,
I will have no Demands to make;
Diſintereſted, and divine
Alone, that Fear ſhall never ſhake.

V.

Thou, my *Redeemer*, from above,
Suffering to ſuch immenſe Degree,
Thy Heart has kindled mine to Love,
That burns for Nothing but for *Thee*.

VI.

Thy Scourge, thy Thorns, thy Croſs, thy Wounds,
Are ev'ry one of them a Source,
From whence the Nouriſhment abounds
Of endleſs Love's unfading Force.

VII.

Theſe ſacred Fires, with holy Breath,
Raiſe in my Mind the gen'rous Strife;
While, by the Enſigns of thy Death
Known, I adore the LORD of LIFE.

VIII. Extinguiſh

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VIII.

Extinguiſh all celeſtial Light,
The Fire of Love will not go out;
The Flames of Hell extinguiſh quite,
Love will purſue its wonted Rout.

IX.

Be there no Hope if it perſiſt——
Perſiſt it will, nor ever ceaſe;
No Puniſhment if 'tis diſmiſt——
What caus'd it not will not decreaſe.

X.

Should'ſt thou give Nothing for its Pains,
It claims not any Thing as due;
Should'ſt thou condemn me, it remains
Unchang'd by any ſelfiſh View.

XI.

Let Heav'n be darken'd if it will,
Let Hell with all its Vengeance roar;
My God alone remaining, ſtill
I'll love Him, as I did before.

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ON THE

Meaning of the Word WRATH,

As applied to GOD in SCRIPTURE.

THAT *God is Love*——is in the Scripture ſaid;
That He is *Wrath*——is no where to be read;
From which, by literal Expreſſion free,
" *Fury* (he ſaith himſelf) *is not in me:*"
If Scripture, therefore, muſt direct our Faith,
Love muſt be He, or in Him; and not Wrath.

And yet the Wrath of God, in Scripture Phraſe,
Is oft expreſs'd, and many diff'rent Ways:
His Anger, Fury, Vengeance, are the Terms,
Which the plain Letter of the Text affirms;
And plain, from two of the Apoſtle's Quire,
That *God is Love*——and *a conſuming Fire.*

If we conſult the Reaſons that appear,
To make the ſeeming Difficulty clear,
We muſt acknowledge, when we look above,
That God, as God, is overflowing Love:
And wilful Sinners, when we look below,
Make (what is call'd) the Wrath of God to flow.

Wrath, as St. *Paul* ſaith, *is the treaſur'd Part*
Of an impenitently harden'd Heart:

When

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When Love reveals its own eternal Life,
Then Wrath and Anguiſh fall on evil Strife;
Then lovely Juſtice, in itſelf all bright,
Is burning Fire to ſuch as hate the Light.

If Wrath and Juſtice be indeed the ſame,
No Wrath in God——is liable to blame;
If not; if righteous Judges may, and muſt,
Be free Themſelves from Wrath, if they be juſt,
Such Kind of Blaming may, with equal Senſe,
Lay on a Judge the Criminal's Offence.

God, in Himſelf unchangeable, in fine,
Is one, eternal Light of Love divine;
In Him there is no Darkneſs, ſaith St. *John*,
In Him no Wrath——the Meaning is all one:
'Tis our own Darkneſs, Wrath, Sin, Death, and Hell,
Not to love Him, who firſt lov'd us ſo well.

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THE

Foregoing Subject more fully illuſtrated;

IN A

Comment on the following Scripture.

GOD ſo loved the World, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whoſoever believeth in Him ſhould not periſh, but have everlaſting Life. St. John, 3, 16.

I.

GOD ſo loved the World!——by how tender a Phraſe
The Deſign of his Father our Saviour diſplays!
Love, according to Him, when the World was undone,
Was the Father's ſole Reaſon for giving his Son.
No *Wrath in the Giver* had *Chriſt* to atone,
But to ſave a poor periſhing World from *it's own*.
A Belief in the Son carries with it a Faith,
That the Motive paternal was Love, and not Wrath.

II.

Ev'ry good, perfect Gift, cometh down from above,
From the Father of Lights, thro' the Son of his Love:
As in Him there is no Variation or Change,
Neither "*Shadow of turning*", it well may ſeem ſtrange
That

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That, when Scripture assures us so plainly, that He,
His Will, Grace, or Gift, is so perfectly free,
Any Word should be strain'd to inculcate a Thought
Of a Wrath in his Mind, or a Change to be wrought.

III.

All Wrath is the Product of creaturely Sin;
In immutable Love it could never begin;
Nor, indeed, in a Creature, 'till opposite Will
To the Love of its GOD had brought forth such an Ill,
To the Love that was pleas'd to communicate Bliss
In such endless Degrees, thro' all Nature's Abyss;
Nor could Wrath have been known, had not Man left the State,
In which Nature's GOD was pleas'd Man to create.

IV.

He saw, when this World in its Purity stood,
Every Thing he had made, and "*behold! it was good;*"
And the Man, its one Ruler, before his sad Fall,
As the Image of GOD, had the Goodness of All:
When He fell, and awakned Wrath, Evil, and Curse
In himself and the World, was GOD become worse?
Who so lov'd the World still, that, when Wrath was begun,
To redeem the lost Creature, he gave his own Son——

V. Freely

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V.

Freely gave Him; not mov'd or incited thereto
By a previous *appeaſing*, or payment of Due
To his *Wrath*, or his *Vengeance*, or any ſuch Cauſe
As ſhould *ſatisfy* Him for the Breach of his Laws:
This Language the Jew *Nicoaemus* might uſe;
But our *Saviour*'s to Him had more excellent Views;
" GOD ſo *loved* the World," (are his Words,) " that He gave
" His only-begotten" in order to ſave.

VI.

Love's prior, unpurchas'd, unpaid-for Intent
Was the Cauſe, why the only-begotten was ſent,
That thro' Him we might live; and the Cauſe why He came,
Was to manifeſt Love, ever one and the ſame;
Full Conqueſt of Wrath ever ſtriving to make,
And blotting Tranſgreſſions out for *it's own ſake*;
Wanting no *Satisfaction* itſelf, but to give
Itſelf, that the World might receive it, and live——

VII.

Might believe on the Son, and receive a new Birth
From the Love, that in *Chriſt* was incarnate on Earth;
When a Virgin brought forth, without help of a Man,
The Reſtorer of GOD's true, original Plan;

The

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The one Quencher of Wrath, the Atoner of Sin,
And the "*Bringer of Juſtice and Righteouſneſs in*;"
The Renewer, in Man, of a Pow'r, and a Will
To ſatisfy Juſtice——that is, to fulfill.

VIII.

There is nothing that Juſtice and Righteouſneſs hath
More oppoſite to it, than Anger and Wrath;
As repugnant to all that is equal and right,
As Falſhood to Truth, or as Darkneſs to Light.
Of GOD, in Himſelf, what the Scripture affirms
Is Truth, Light, and Love——plain ſignificant Terms;
In his Deity, therefore, there cannot befall
Any Falſhood, or Darkneſs, or Hatred at all.

IX.

Such Defect can be found in that Creature alone,
Which againſt his good Will ſeeks to ſet up it's own;
Then, to GOD, and his Juſtice, it giveth the Lie,
And it's Darkneſs and Wrath are diſcover'd thereby:
What, before, was ſubſervient to Life, in due Place,
Then uſurps the Dominion, and Death is the Caſe;
Which the Son of GOD only could ever ſubdue,
By doing all that which Love gave Him to do.

X.

If the Anger of GOD, Fury, Wrath, waxing hot,
And the like human Phraſes that Scripture has got,

Be

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Be inſiſted upon, why not alſo the reſt,
Where GOD, in the Language of Men, is expreſt
In a Manner, which, all are oblig'd to confeſs,
No Defect in his Nature can mean to expreſs?
With a GOD, who is LOVE, ev'ry Word ſhould agree;
With a GOD, who hath ſaid, "*Fury is not in me.*"

XI

The Diſorders in Nature, for none are in GOD,
Are intitled his Vengeance, his Wrath, or his Rod,
Like his Ice, or his Froſt, his Plague, Famine, or Sword——
That the Love, which directs them, may ſtill be ador'd:
Directs them, till Juſtice, call'd his, or call'd ours,
Shall regain, to our Comfort, it's primitive Pow'rs;
The true, ſaving Juſtice, that bids us endure
What Love ſhall preſcribe, for effecting our Cure.

XII.

By a Proceſs of Love, from the Crib to the Croſs,
Did the only-begotten recover our Loſs;
And ſhew in us Men how the Father is pleas'd,
When the Wrath in our Nature by Love is appeas'd;
When the Birth of His Chriſt, being formed within,
Diſſolves the dark Death of all Selfhood and Sin;
Till the Love that ſo lov'd us, becomes, once again,
From the *Father* and *Son*, a Life-*Spirit* in Men.

THE

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THE
TRUE GROUNDS
OF
Eternal and immutable RECTITUDE.

TH' eternal Mind, ev'n *Heathens* underſtood,
Was infinitely *powerful*, *wiſe*, and *good*:
In their Conceptions, who conceiv'd aright,
Theſe three eſſential Attributes unite:
They ſaw, that, wanting any of the three,
Such an all-perfect Being could not be.

For Pow'r, from Wiſdom ſuff'ring a Divorce,
Would be a fooliſh, mad, and frantic Force:
If both were join'd, and wanted Goodneſs ſtill,
They would concur to more pernicious Ill:
However nam'd, their Action could but tend
To Weakneſs, Folly, Miſchief without End.

Yet ſome of old, and ſome of preſent Hour,
Aſcribe to God an arbitrary Pow'r;
An abſolute Decree; a mere Command,
Which Nothing cauſes, Nothing can withſtand:
Wiſdom and Goodneſs ſcarce appear in Sight;
But all is meaſur'd by reſiſtleſs Might.

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The verbal Queſtion comes to this, in fine,
Is Good, or Evil, made by *Will divine*,
Or ſuch by *Nature?* Does Command enact
What ſhall be right, and then 'tis ſo in Fact?
Or is it right, and therefore, we may draw
From thence the Reaſon of the righteous Law?

Now, tho' 'tis Proof, indiſputably plain,
That all is right, which *God* ſhall once ordain;
Yet, if a Thought ſhall intervene between
Things and Commands, 'tis evidently ſeen
That Good will be commanded: Men divide
Nature, and Laws, which really coincide.

From the divine, eternal Spirit ſprings
Order, and Rule, and Rectitude of Things;
Thro' outward Nature, his apparent Throne,
Viſibly ſeen, intelligibly known:
Proofs of a boundleſs Pow'r, a Wiſdom's Aid,
By Goodneſs us'd, eternal, and unmade.

Cudworth perceiv'd, that what Divines advance
For Sov'reignty alone is Fate, or Chance:
Fate, after Pow'r had made its forcing Laws;
And Chance, before, if made without a Cauſe:
Nothing ſtands firm, or certain, in a State
Of fatal Chance, or accidental Fate.

Endleſs Perfections, after all, conſpire,
And to adore excite, and to admire;

But

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But to plain Minds, the plaineſt Pow'r above
Is native Goodneſs, to attract our Love:
Center of all its various Power, and Skill,
Is one divine, immutable Good Will.

ON THE
NATURE and REASON
OF ALL
OUTWARD LAW.

The Sabbath was made for Man; not Man for the Sabbath.
Mark 2, 27.

FROM this true Saying one may learn to draw
The real Nature of all outward Law;
In ev'ry Inſtance, rightly underſtood,
Its Ground, and Reaſon, is the human Good:
By all its Changes, ſince the World began,
Man was not made for Law; but Law for Man.

Thou ſhalt not eat (the firſt Command of all)
Of Good and Ill, was to *prevent* his Fall:
When he became unfit to be alone,
Woman was form'd out of his Fleſh and Bone:
When both had ſinn'd, then Penitential Grief,
And ſweating Labour, was the Law Relief.

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When all the World had ſinn'd, ſave one good Sire,
Flood was the Law that ſav'd its Orb from Fire:
When *Fire* itſelf upon a *Sodom* fell,
It was the Law to ſtop a growing Hell:
So on——The Law with Riches, or with Rods,
Come as it will, is *good*, for it is God's.

Men who obſerve a Law, or who abuſe,
For ſelfiſh Pow'r, are blind as any *Jews;*
On Sabbath, conſtru'd by *rabbinic* Will,
God muſt not ſave, and Men muſt ſeek to kill;
Such Zeal for Law has *phariſaic* Faith,
Not as 'tis good, but as it worketh Wrath.

Jesus, the perfect Law-fulfiller, gave
The Victory that taught the Law to ſave;
Pluck'd out its Sting, revers'd the cruel Cry,
——We have a Law by which he ought to die——
Dying for Man, this Conqueſt he could give,
I have a Law by which he ought to live.

Whilſt in the Fleſh, how oft did he reveal
His ſaving Will, and god-like Pow'r to heal!
They whom Defect, Diſeaſe, or Fiend poſſeſt,
And pardon'd Sinners by his Word had Reſt;
He, on the *Sabbath*, choſe to heal, and teach;
And *Law*-proud *Jews* to ſlay him for its Breach.

The Sabbath, never ſo well kept before,
May juſtify one Obſervation more;

Our

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Our *Saviour* heal'd, as pious Authors ſay,
So many Sick upon the *Sabbath* Day,
To ſhew that *Reſt*, and *Quietneſs* of Soul,
Is beſt for one who wants to be made whole;

Not to indulge an Eagerneſs too great,
Of outward Hurry, or of inward Heat;
But with an humble Temper, and reſign'd,
To keep a Sabbath in a hopeful Mind;
In *Peace*, and *Patience*, meekly to endure,
'Till the *good Saviour*'s Hour is come, *to cure*.

DIVINE LOVE,

THE

Eſſential Characteriſtic of true RELIGION.

RELIGION's Meaning when I would recall,
Love is to me the plaineſt Word of all;
Plaineſt; becauſe that what I *love*, or *hate*,
Shews me directly my internal State:
By its own Conſciouſneſs is beſt defin'd,
Which way the *Heart* within me ſtands inclin'd.

On what it lets its Inclination reſt,
To that its real Worſhip is addreſs'd:
What ever Forms or Ceremonies ſpring
From Cuſtom's Force, *there* lies the real Thing:

Jew

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Jew, *Turk*, or *Chriſtian*, be the Lovers Name,
If ſame the Love, Religion is the ſame.

Of all Religions if we take a View,
There is but one that ever can be true;
One *God*, one *Chriſt*, one *Spirit*, none but He;
All elſe is *Idol*, whatſoe'er it be;
A Good that our Imaginations make,
Unleſs we love it purely for his Sake.

Nothing but groſs Idolatry alone
Can ever love it, merely, for its own:
It may be good, that is, may make appear
So much of God's *one* Goodneſs to be clear;
Thereby to raiſe a true, religious Soul
To Love of *Him*, the one eternal whole;

The one unbounded, undivided Good,
By all his Creatures partly underſtood:
If therefore Senſe of its apparent Parts
Raiſe not his Love or Worſhip in our Hearts,
Our ſelfiſh Wills or Notions we may feaſt,
And have no more Religion than a Beaſt.

For brutal Inſtinct can a Good embrace,
That leaves behind it no reflecting Trace;
But thinking Man, whatever be his Theme,
Should worſhip Goodneſs in the great Supreme;
By inward Faith, more ſure than outward Sight,
Shou'd eye the Source of all that's good, and right.

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Religion then is *Love's* celeſtial Force,
That penetrates thro' all to its true Source;
Loves all along, but with proportion'd Bent,
As Creatures further the divine Aſcent;
Not to the Skies or Stars; but to the part
That will be always uppermoſt —— the *Heart.*

There is the Seat, as holy Writings tell,
Where the moſt High Himſelf delights to dwell;
Whither attracting the deſirous Will
To its true Reſt, he ſaves it from all Ill;
Gives it to find, in his *Abyſſal* Love,
An Heav'n *within*, in other Words, *above.*

ON

Works of MERCY and COMPASSION,

CONSIDERED

As the Proofs of TRUE RELIGION.

OF true Religion, Works of Mercy ſeem
To be the plaineſt Proof, in *Chriſt's* Eſteem;
Who has himſelf declar'd what he will ſay
To all the Nations, at the Judgement Day:
Come, or *depart*, is the predicted Lot
Of brotherly Compaſſion ſhewn, or not.

Then,

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Then, they who gave poor hungry People Meat,
And Drink to quench the thirſty Suff'rer's Heat;
Who welcom'd in the Stranger at the Door,
And with a Garment cloath'd the naked Poor;
Who viſited the Sick to eaſe their Grief,
And went to Pris'ners, or beſtow'd Relief——

Theſe will be deem'd *religious* Men, to whom
Will ſound——*ye bleſſed of my Father, come,*
Inherit ye the Kingdom, and partake
Of all the Glories founded for your Sake:
Your Love to others I was pleas'd to ſee,
What you have done to them was done to me.

Then, they who gave the hungry Poor no Food;
Who with no Drink the parch'd with Thirſt bedew'd;
Who drove the helpleſs Stranger from their Fold,
And let the Naked periſh in the Cold;
Who to the Sick no friendly Viſit paid,
Nor gave to Pris'ners any needful Aid——

Theſe will be deem'd of *irreligious* Mind;
And hear the——*Go, ye Men of curſed Kind,*
To endleſs Woes, which ev'ry harden'd Heart
For its own Treaſure has prepar'd——depart:
Shewn to a Brother, of the leaſt Degree,
Your mercileſs Behaviour was to me.

Here, all ye learned, full of all Diſpute,
Of true and falſe Religion lies the Root:

The

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The Mind of *Chriſt*, when he became a Man,
With all its Tempers, forms its real Plan;
The *Sheep* from *Goats* diſtinguiſhing full well——
His Love is *Heav'n*; and Want of it is *Hell*.

VERSES

Deſigned for an INFIRMARY.

DEAR loving Sirs! behold, as ye paſs by,
The poor ſick People with a pitying Eye:
Let Pains, and Wounds, and Suff'rings of each Kind,
Raiſe up a juſt Compaſſion in your Mind:
Indulge a gen'rous Grief at ſuch a Sight,
And then beſtow your *Talent*, or your *Mite*.

Thus to beſtow is really to obtain
The ſureſt Bleſſing upon honeſt Gain:
To help th' afflicted, in ſo great a Need,
By your Supplies, is to be rich indeed:
The Good, the Pleaſure, the Reward of Wealth
Is to procure your Fellow-creatures Health.

In other Caſes, Men may form a Doubt,
Whether their Alms be properly laid out;
But in the Objects, here, before your Eyes,
No ſuch Diſtruſt can poſſibly ariſe;

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Too plain the Miſeries! which well may melt
An Heart, ſincerely wiſhing them unfelt.

The Wiſe conſider this terreſtrial Ball,
As Heav'n's deſign'd INFIRMARY for all,
Here came the GREAT PHYSICIAN of the Soul,
To *heal* Man's Nature, and to make him *whole*:
Still, by his SPIRIT, preſent with all thoſe,
Who lend an Aid to leſſen human Woes.

A godlike Work; who forwards it is ſure,
That ev'ry Step advances his own Cure:
Without Benevolence, the View to Self
Makes worldly Riches an unrighteous Pelf;
While bleſt thro' Life, the Giver, for his Love,
Dies to receive its huge Reward above.

To them who tread the certain Path to Bliſs,
That leads thro' Scenes of Charity like this,
Think what the Saviour of the World will ſay——
" *Ye bleſſed of my Father, come your Way*;
" *'Twas done to me, if done to the diſtreſt:*
" *Come, ye true Friends, and be for ever bleſt.*

AN

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AN HYMN to JESUS.

I.

COME, Saviour *Jesus!* from above,
Assist me with thy heav'nly Grace;
Withdraw my Heart from worldly Love,
And for thy Self prepare the Place.

II.

Lord! let thy sacred Presence fill,
And set my longing Spirit free;
That pants to have no other Will,
But Night and Day to think on thee.

III.

Where'er thou leadest, I'll pursu
Thro' all Retirements, or Employs;
But to the World I'll bid adieu,
And all its vain delusive Joys.

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IV.

That Way with humble Speed I'll walk,
Wherein my *Saviour's* Footſteps ſhine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I talk
Of any other Love but thine.

V.

To Thee my longing Soul aſpires;
To Thee I offer all my Vows:
Keep me from falſe and vain Deſires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouſe!

VI.

Henceforth, let no profane Delight
Divide this conſecrated Soul!
Poſſeſs it Thou, who haſt the Right,
As Lord and Maſter of the Whole.

VII.

Wealth, Honours, Pleaſures, or what elſe
This ſhort-enduring World can give,
Tempt as they will, my Heart repells,
To Thee alone reſolv'd to live.

VIII. Thee

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VIII.

Thee one may love, and thee alone,
With inward Peace, and holy Bliſs;
And when thou tak'ſt us for thy own,
Oh! what an Happineſs is this!

IX.

Nor Heav'n, nor Earth do I deſire,
Nor Myſteries to be reveal'd;
'Tis Love that ſets my Heart on Fire:
Speak thou the Word, and I am heal'd.

X.

All other Graces I reſign;
Pleas'd to receive, pleas'd to reſtore:
Grace is thy *Gift*, it ſhall be mine
The GIVER only to adore.

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AN HYMN on SIMPLICITY. From the GERMAN.

I.

JESU! teach this Heart of mine
True *Simplicity* to find;
Child-like, innocent, divine,
Free from *Guile* of ev'ry Kind:
And ſince, when amongſt us vouchſafing to live,
So pure an Example it pleas'd Thee to give;
O! let me keep ſtill the bright Pattern in View,
And be, after thy Likeneſs, right ſimple and true.

II.

When I read, or when I hear
Truths that kindle good Deſires;
How to act, and how to bear
What Heav'n-inſtructed Faith requires;
Let no ſubtle Fancies e'er lead me aſtray,
Or teach me to comment thy Doctrines away;
No Reas'nings of ſelfiſh Corruption within,
Nor Slights by which Satan deludes us to Sin.

III. Whilſt

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III.

Whilſt I pray before thy Face,
Thou! who art my higheſt Good!
O! confirm to me the Grace,
Purchas'd by thy precious Blood:
That, with a true filial Affection of Heart,
I may feel what a real Redeemer thou art;
And, thro' thy Atonement to Juſtice above,
Be receiv'd, as a Child, by the Father of Love.

IV.

Give me, with a Child-like Mind,
Simply to believe thy Word;
And to do whate'er I find
Pleaſes beſt my deareſt Lord:
Reſolving to practice thy gracious Commands;
To reſign myſelf wholly up into thy Hands:
That, regarding Thee ſimply in all my Employ,
I may cry, *Abba! Father!* with dutiful Joy.

V.

Nor within me, nor without,
Let *Hypocriſy* reſide;
But whate'er I go about,
Mere *Simplicity* be Guide:
Simplicity guide me in Word, and in Will;
Let me live——let me dye——in Simplicity ſtill:

Of

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Of an Epitaph made me let this be the Whole——
Here lies a true Child, that was ſimple of Soul.

VI.

JESU! now I fix my Heart,
Prince of Life! and Source of Bliſs!
Never from Thee to depart,
'Till thy Love ſhall grant me this:
Then, then, ſhall my Heart all its Faculties raiſe,
Both *here*, and *hereafter*, to ſing to thy Praiſe:
O! joyful! my Saviour ſays, *ſo let it be!*
AMEN, *to my Soul*,——HALLELUJAH! to *Thee*!

A

FAREWELL to the WORLD.

From the FRENCH.

I.

WORLD adieu, thou real Cheat!
Oft have thy deceitful Charms
Fill'd my Heart with fond Conceit,
Fooliſh Hopes, and falſe Alarms:
Now I ſee, as clear as Day,
How thy Follies paſs away.

II. Vain

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II.

Vain thy entertaining Sights;
  False thy Promises renew'd;
All the Pomp of thy Delights
  Does but flatter and delude;
Thee I quit for Heav'n above,
Object of the noblest Love.

III.

Farewell Honour's empty Pride!
  Thy own nice, uncertain Gust,
If the least Mischance betide,
  Lays thee lower than the Dust:
Worldly Honours end in Gall,
Rise to Day, To-morrow fall.

IV.

Foolish Vanity, farewell!
  More inconstant than the Wave;
Where thy soothing Fancies dwell,
  Purest Tempers they deprave:
He, to whom I fly from thee,
JESUS CHRIST, shall set me free.

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V.

Never ſhall my wandering Mind
Follow after fleeting Toys;
Since in GOD alone I find
Solid and ſubſtantial Joys:
Joys that, never overpaſt,
Thro' Eternity ſhall laſt.

VI.

Lord, how happy is a Heart,
After Thee while it aſpires!
True and faithful as thou art,
Thou ſhalt anſwer its Deſires:
It ſhall ſee the glorious Scene
Of thy everlaſting Reign.

An HYMN.

From the FRENCH.

I.

HOW charming! to be thus confin'd
Within this lovely Tow'r;
Where, with a calm, and quiet Mind,
I paſs the peaceful Hour:
Stronger than Chains of any Kind
Is Love's enduring Pow'r.

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II. Theſe

II.

Theſe very Ills are my Delight;
My Pleaſures riſe from Pains;
The Puniſhments, that moſt affright,
Become my wiſh'd-for Gains:
Whatever Torments they excite,
Pure-ſighing Love remains.

III.

Pain is no Object of my Fear,
Tho' Help is not in View;
Sure as I am, from Evils here,
That Bleſſings will enſue:
To ſov'reign Beauty it is clear,
That ſov'reign Love is due.

IV.

I ſuffer; but along with Smart
Is Grace and Virtue ſent:
Preſence of God, who takes my Part,
So ſweetens all Event!
He is the Patience of my Heart,
The Comfort, and Content.

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THE

SOUL'S Tendency towards it's true Centre.

I.

STONES towards the Earth descend;
Rivers to the Ocean roll;
Every Motion has some End:
What is thine, beloved Soul?

II.

Mine is, where my Saviour is;
There with him I hope to dwell:
JESU is the central Bliss;
Love the Force that doth impel.

III.

Truly, thou hast answer'd right:
Now may Heav'ns attractive Grace,
Tow'rds the Source of thy Delight,
Speed along thy quick'ning Pace!

IV. Thank

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IV.

Thank thee for thy gen'rous Care:
Heav'n, that did the Wiſh inſpire,
Through thy inſtrumental Pray'r,
Plumes the Wings of my Deſire.

V.

Now, methinks, aloft I fly:
Now, with Angels bear a Part:
Glory be to God on High!
Peace to ev'ry Chriſtian Heart!

THE
Deſponding SOUL's WISH.

I.

MY Spirit longeth for thee,
Within my troubled Breaſt;
Altho' I be unworthy
Of ſo divine a Gueſt.

II. Of

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II.

Of ſo divine a Gueſt,
Unworthy tho' I be;
Yet has my Heart no Reſt,
Unleſs it come from Thee.

III.

Unleſs it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can ſee,
No Reſt is to be found.

IV.

No Reſt is to be found,
But in thy bleſſed Love;
O! let my Wiſh be crown'd,
And ſend it from above!

The ANSWER.

I.

CHEAR up deſponding Soul;
Thy Longing, pleas'd, I ſee;
'Tis Part of that great Whole,
Wherewith I long'd for thee.

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II.

Wherewith I long'd for thee,
And left my Father's Throne;
From Death to ſet thee free,
To claim thee for my own.

III.

To claim thee for my own,
I ſuffer'd on the Croſs:
Oh! were my Love but known,
No Soul could fear its Loſs.

IV.

No Soul could fear its Loſs,
But, fill'd with Love divine,
Would *die* on its *own* Croſs,
And *riſe* for ever *mine*.

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An HYMN to JESUS.

From the Latin of St. BERNARD.

I.

JESU! the Soul that thinks on Thee,
How happy does it ſeem to be!
What Honey can ſuch Sweets impart,
As does thy Preſence to the Heart!

II.

No Sound can dwell upon the Tongue,
Nor Ears be raviſh'd with a Song,
Nor Thought by pondering be won,
Like that of God's beloved Son.

III.

JESU! the Penitent's Retreat,
The wearied Pilgrim's Mercy Seat:
If they that *ſeek* thee are careſt,
How are the *Finders* of thee bleſt!

IV.

JESU! the Source of *Life* and *Light*,
That mak'ſt the Mind ſo bleſt and bright;

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Fullneſs

Fullneſs of Joy Thou doſt inſpire
Beyond the Stretch of all Deſire.

V.

This can no Tongue that ever ſpoke,
Nor Hand expreſs by figur'd Stroke:
It is *Experience* that muſt prove
The Pow'r of JESUS, and his LOVE.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE

PRAYER, uſed in the CHURCH LITURGY,

For all Sorts and Conditions of Men.

I.

IT will bear the repeating again and again,
Will the Pray'r for all Sorts and Conditions of Men;
Not to this, or that Place, Name, or Nation confin'd,
But embracing, at once, the whole Race of Mankind;
With a Love univerſal inſtructing to call
On the one great creating Preſerver of All;
That his Way may be known upon Earth, and be found
His true ſaving Health, by the Nations all round.

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II.

He, who willeth all Men to be ſav'd, and partake
Of the Bliſs, which diſtinguiſh'd their primitive Make;
To ariſe to that Life, by a ſecond new Birth,
Which *Adam* had loſt, at his *Fall* upon Earth;
Will accept ev'ry Heart, whoſe unfeigned Intent
Is to pray for that Bleſſing, which he himſelf meant,
When he gave his own Son, for whoever ſhould will
To eſcape, by his Means, from the Regions of Ill.

III.

But tho' all the whole World, in a Senſe that is good,
To be God's Houſe, or Church, may be well underſtood;
And the Men who dwell on it, his Children, for whom
It has pleas'd him that *Chriſt* the Redeemer ſhould come;
Yet his Church muſt conſiſt, in all ſaving Reſpect,
Of them who receive him, not them who reject;
And his true, real Children, or People, are they,
Who, when call'd by the Saviour, believe and obey.

IV.

Now this excellent Pray'r, in this Senſe of the Phraſe,
For the Catholic Church more eſpecially prays;
That it may be ſo conſtantly govern'd, and led
By the *Spirit* of God, and of *Jeſus* its Head,
That all ſuch as are taught to acknowledge its Creed,
And profeſs to be *Chriſtians*, may be ſo indeed;

May

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May hold the one Faith, in a Peace without Strife,
And the Proof of its Truth, a right practical Life

V.

No partial Diſtinction is here to be ſought;
For the Good of Mankind ſtill enlivens the Thought;
Since God, by the Church, in its Catholic Senſe,
Salvation to all is ſo pleas'd to diſpenſe,
That the farther her Faith, and her Patience increaſe,
More Hearts will be won to the Goſpel of Peace;
'Till the World ſhall come under Truth's abſolute Sway,
And the Nations, converted, bring on the great Day.

VI.

Mean while, tho' Eternity be her chief Care,
The Suff'rers in Time have a ſuitable Share:
She prays to the fatherly Goodneſs of God,
For all whom Affliction has under its Rod;
That inward, or outward, the Cauſe of their Grief,
Mind, Body, Eſtate, He would grant them Relief,
Due Comfort, and Patience, and finally bleſs
With the moſt happy Ending of all their Diſtreſs.

VII.

The Compaſſion, here taught, is unlimited too,
And the Whole of Mankind the petitioning View:

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As none can foreſee, whether Chriſtian, or not,
What Afflictions may fall in this World to his Lot;
The Church, which conſiders whoſe Providence ſends,
Prays that all may obtain its beneficent Ends;
And whenever the Suff'rings, here needful, are paſt,
By Repentance and Faith, may be ſav'd at the laſt.

VIII.

The particular Mention of ſuch, as deſire
To be publickly pray'd for, as made in our Quire,
Infers to all others God's merciful Grace;
Tho' we hear not their Names, who are in the like Caſe;
It excites our Attention to Inſtances known,
Of Relations, or Neighbours, or Friends of our own;
For the Pray'r, in its Nature, extends to all thoſe,
Who are in the ſame Trouble, Friends to Us, or Foes.

IX.

All which ſhe entreats, for his Sake, to be done,
Who ſuffer'd to ſave them, *Chriſt Jeſus*, his Son;
In reſpect to the World, the Redeemer of All;
To the Church of the Faithful, moſt chiefly, ſaith *Paul*;
And to them, who ſhall ſuffer, whoever they be,
In the *Spirit* of *Chriſt*, in the higheſt Degree:
How ought ſuch a Goodneſs all Minds to prepare,
For an hearty *Amen* to this Catholic Pray'r!

X. The

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X.

The Church is indeed, in its real Intent,
An Aſſembly, where Nothing but Friendſhip is meant;
And the utter Extinction of Foeſhip, and Wrath,
By the Working of Love, in the Strength of its Faith;
This gives it its holy, and catholic Name,
And truly confirms its apoſtolic Claim;
Showing what the one Saviour's one Miſſion had been,
——*Go and teach all the World*——ev'ry Creature therein.

XI.

In the Praiſe ever due to the Goſpel of Grace,
Its Univerſality holds the firſt Place:
When an Angel proclaim'd its glad Tidings, the Morn
That the Son of the Virgin, the *Saviour* was born;
Which ſhall be to all People was ſaid to compleat
The angelical Meſſage, ſo good, and ſo great;
Full of *Glory* to *God*, in the Regions above,
And of *Goodneſs* to *Men*, is ſo boundleſs a Love.

XII.

This ſhort Supplication, or Litany, read,
When the longer with us is not wont to be ſaid,
Tho' brief in Expreſſion, as fully imports
The Will to all Bleſſings, for Men of all Sorts;

Same

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Same brotherly Love, by which Chriſtians are taught
To pray without ceaſing, or limiting Thought;
That Religion may flouriſh upon its true Plan,
Of *Glory* to God, and *Salvation* to Man.

THE
PRAYER of RUSBROCHIUS.

I.

O Merciful Lord! by the Good which Thou art,
I beſeech Thee to raiſe a true Love in my Heart
For Thee, above all Things; Thee only; and then
To extend to all Sorts, and Conditions of Men:
Religious, or ſecular; Kindred, or not;
Or near, or far off, or whatever their Lot;
That be any Man's State rich or poor, high or low,
As myſelf I may love him, Friend to me, or Foe.

II.

May pay to all Men a becoming Reſpect,
Not prone to condemn them for ſeeming Defect;
But to bear it, if true, with a Patience exempt
From the proud, ſurly Vice of a ſcornful Contempt:
If ſhown to myſelf, let me learn to endure,
And obtain, by its Aid, my own Vanity's Cure;

Nor

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Nor, however diſdain'd, in the ſpitefulleſt Shape,
By a ſinful Return ever think to eſcape.

III.

Let my pure, ſimple Aim, in whatever it be,
Thro' Praiſe, or Diſpraiſe, be my Duty to Thee:
With a fixt Reſolution, ſtill eyeing that Scope
To admit of no other Fear, be it, or Hope,
But the Fear to offend Thee, the Hope to unite,
In thy Honour and Praiſe, with all Hearts that are right,
Wiſhing all the World well; but intent to fulfill,
Be they pleas'd, or diſpleas'd, thy adorable Will.

IV.

Preſerve me, Dear Lord, from Preſumption and Pride,
That upon my own Actions would tempt to confide:
Let me have no Dependence on any but Thine,
With a right Faith and Truſt in thy Merits divine:
Still ready prepar'd, in each requiſite Hour,
Both to will, and to work, as thou giveſt the Pow'r;
But may only thy Love flame thro' all my whole Heart,
And a falſe ſelfiſh Fire not affect the leaſt Part.

V.

To this End, let thine Arrow pierce deeply within,
Letting out all the Filth, and Corruption of Sin;

All

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All that in the moſt ſecret Receſſes may lurk,
To prevent, or obſtruct, thy Intention or Work:
O! give me the Knowledge, the Feeling and Senſe,
Of thy all-bleſſing Pow'r, Wiſdom, Goodneſs immenſe!
Of the Weakneſs, the Folly, the Malice alone,
That, reſiſting thy Will, I ſhould find in my own!

VI.

Never let me forget, never, while I draw Breath,
What Thou haſt done for me, thy Paſſion, and Death!
The Wounds, and the Griefs, of thy Body, and Soul,
When aſſuming our Nature thou madeſt it whole:
Taughteſt how to engage in thy conquering Strife,
And regain the Acceſs to its true divine Life:
Let the Senſe of ſuch Love kindle all my Deſire,
To be thine my Life thro'; thine to die and expire.

VII.

To Hearts, in the Bond of thy Charity Knit,
Ev'ry Thing becomes eaſy to do, or omit;
The Labour is pleaſant, the ſharpeſt Degree
Of Suff'ring can find Conſolation in Thee:
That which Nature affords, or an Object terrene,
When it does not divert from a perfecter Scene,
Is receiv'd with all Thanks, if thou pleaſeſt to grant,
By a Mind, if thou pleaſeſt, as willing to want.

VIII. The

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VIII.

The Amuſements, on which it once ſet ſuch a Store,
Are now as inſipid, as grateful before;
With a much greater Comfort it gives up each Toy,
Than the fondeſt Poſſeſſor could ever enjoy:
If e'er I propos'd ſuch unſuitable Ends
To the Thought of religious, or ſecular Friends,
Expel the vain Images, Fancies of Good,
And in their Heart, and mine, make Thyſelf underſtood.

IX.

Extinguiſh, O Lord, let not any one take
A Complacence in me, which is not for thy Sake;
In me too root out the Reſpect, of all Kind,
Which does not ariſe from thy Love in my Mind:
No Sorrow be ſpar'd, no Affliction, no Croſs,
That may further this Love, or recover its Loſs;
This is always thy Meaning; O let it be mine
To confeſs Myſelf guilty, repent, and reſign.

X.

With a real Contempt of all Self-ſeeking Views,
To embrace, for my Choice, what thy Wiſdom ſhall chuſe;
Looking up ſtill to Thee, to receive all Event
Which it wills, or permits, with a thankful Content:
Not regarding what Men ſhall do to me, or why,
But the provident Aim of thine all-ſeeing Eye;

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Ever watchful o'er them who perſiſt, in each Place,
To rely on its Preſence——O give me thy Grace!

XI.

Tho' unworthy to aſk it, poor Sinner! I truſt
In the Merits, and Death of a Saviour ſo juſt;
Whom the Father, well pleas'd in his ſatisfi'd Will,
The Deſign to ſave Sinners ſaw rightly fulfil:
In me let thy Grace, O Redeemer within,
Re-eſtabliſh his Juſtice, and purge away Sin;
That freed from its Evils, in me, may be ſhown
The Effect of thy all-ſaving Merits alone.

XII.

May Death, and its Conſequence, ſtill in my Eyes,
So remind me to live, that it may not ſurprize:
May the horrible Torments excite a due Dread,
Which impenitent Sinners bring on their own Head:
May I never ſeek Peace, never find a Delight,
But when I purſue what is good in thy Sight:
Whatſoever I do, ſuffer, feel to befall,
Be Thou the ſole Cauſe, the one Reaſon of all!

A PRAYER,

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A PRAYER,

FROM

Mr. LAW's SPIRIT of PRAYER.

OH heav'nly Father! gracious God above!
Thou boundleſs Depth of never-ceaſing Love!
Save me from *Self*, and cauſe me to depart
From ſinful Works of a long-harden'd Heart;
From all my great Corruptions ſet me free;
Give me an Ear to hear, an Eye to ſee,
An Heart and Spirit to believe, and find
Thy Love in *Chriſt*, the Saviour of Mankind.

Made for Thyſelf, O God, and to diſplay
Thy Goodneſs in me, manifeſt, I pray,
By Grace adapted to each wanting Hour,
Thy holy Nature's Life-conferring Pow'r:
Give me the Faith, the Hunger, and the Thirſt,
After the Life breath'd forth from thee, at firſt;
Birth of thy holy JESUS in my Soul;
That I may turn, thro' Life's ſucceeding Whole,
From ev'ry outward Work, or inward Thought,
Which is not Thee, or in thy Spirit wrought.

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On ATTENTION.

SACRED Attention! true effectual Prayer!
Thou doſt the Soul for Love of Truth prepare,
Bleſt is the Man, who, from Conjecture free,
To future Knowledge ſhall aſpire by thee:
Who in thy Precepts ſeeks a ſure Repoſe,
Stays till he ſees, nor judges till he knows:
Tho' firm, not raſh; tho' eager, yet ſedate;
Intent on Truth, can its Inſtruction wait:
Aw'd by thy powerful Influence to appeal
To Heaven, which only can itſelf reveal;
The Soul in humble Silence to reſign,
And human Will unite to the divine;
Till fir'd at length by Heaven's enlivening Beams
Pure, unconſum'd the faithful Victim flames.

A PRAYER,

USED BY

FRANCIS the Firſt, when he was at War with the Emperor CHARLES the Fifth.

ALMIGHTY Lord of Hoſts, by whoſe Commands
The guardian Angels rule their deſtin'd Lands;
And watchful, at thy Word, to ſave or ſlay,
Of Peace or War adminiſter the Sway!

Digitized by Google Thou,

Thou, who, againſt the great Goliah's Rage
Didſt arm the Stripling David to engage;
When, with a Sling, a ſmall unarmed Youth
Smote a huge Giant, in Defence of Truth;
Hear us, we pray thee, if our Cauſe be true,
If ſacred Juſtice be our only View;
If Right and Duty, not the Will to War,
Have forc'd our Armies to proceed thus far,
Then turn the Hearts of all our Foes to Peace,
That War, and Bloodſhed in the Land may ceaſe:
Or, put to Flight by providential Dread,
Let them lament their Errors, not their Dead.
If ſome muſt die, protect the righteous all,
And let the guilty, few as may be, fall.
With pitying Speed the Victory decree,
To them, whoſe Cauſe is beſt approv'd by thee;
That ſheath'd on all Sides the devouring Sword,
And Peace, and Juſtice to our Land reſtor'd,
We all together, with one Heart, may ſing
Triumphant Hymns to thee, th' Eternal King.

A COM-

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A COMMENT

ON THE

FOLLOWING PASSAGE, in the general CONFESSION of SINS,

Uſed in the CHURCH-LITURGY.

——*According to thy Promiſes declared unto Mankind in Chriſt Jeſu our Lord.*

ACCORDING to thy Promiſes——hereby,
Since it is certain that God cannot lie,
The truly penitent may all be ſure
That Grace admits them to its open Door;
And they, forſaking all their former Sin,
However great, will freely be let in.

Declar'd——by all the Miniſters of Peace,
God has aſſur'd Repentance of Releaſe;
An intervening Penitence, we ſee,
Could even Change his poſitive Decree;
As in the *Ninivites;* if any Soul
Repent, the Promiſe is the ſure Parole.

Unto Mankind——not only to the Jews,
Chriſtians, or Turks, in Writings which they uſe;

Writ

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Writ on the Tablet of each conſcious Heart,
Repent —— *from all Iniquity depart* ——
Not for no Purpoſe; for the plain Intent
Is Reſtoration, if a Soul repent.

In Chriſt —— by whom true Scripture has aſſur'd
Redeeming Grace for Penitents procur'd;
The fainter Hopes, which Reaſon may ſuggeſt,
Are deeply, by the Goſpel's Aid, impreſt:
'Twas always hop'd for was the promis'd Good,
But, by his Coming, clearly underſtood.

Jeſu —— Jehovah's manifeſted Love,
In *Chriſt*, th' Anointed Saviour from above;
The Demonſtration of the ſaving Plan,
For all Mankind, is God's becoming Man:
No Truth more firmly aſcertain'd than this ——
Repent, be faithful, and reſtor'd to Bliſs.

Our Lord —— our new, and true parental Head;
Our *ſecond Adam*, in the firſt when dead;
Who took our Nature on him, that in Men
His Father's Image might ſhine forth again:
Sure of Succeſs may Penitents implore
What God, thro' Him, rejoices to reſtore.

FOR

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FOR THE

DUE IMPROVEMENT

OF A

FUNERAL SOLEMNITY.

AROUND the Grave of a departed Friend,
If due Concern has prompted to attend,
Deep, on our Minds, let the affecting Scenes
Imprint the Leſſon, which Attendance means:
For who can tell how ſoon his own *Adieu*
The ſolemn Service may, for Him, renew?

He that believes on Me (what *Chriſt* had ſaid
The Prieſt proclaims) *ſhall live tho' he were dead:*
To ev'ry Heart This is the gracious Call,
On which depends its everlaſting All;
The ever hoping, loving, working Faith,
That ſaves a Soul from Death's devouring Wrath.

The patient *Job*, by ſuch a Faith within,
Strengthning his Heart, could ſay——*This mortal Skin*
Deſtroy'd, I know that my Redeemer lives——
In Fleſh and Blood, which his Redemption gives——
Job, from the Duſt, expected to ariſe,
And ſtand before his God with ſeeing Eyes.

The

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The royal Pſalmiſt ſaw this Life of Man,
How vain, how ſhort, at its moſt lengthen'd Span;
Conſcious in Whom the Human Truſt ſhould be,
" *Truly my Hope*, he ſaid, *is ev'n in Thee*" ——
And pray'd for its recover'd Strength, *before*
He went from hence, here to be ſeen no more.

The myſtic Chapter is rehears'd, wherein
Paul ſings the Triumph over Death, and Sin;
The glorious Body, freed from earthy Leav'n,
Image and Likeneſs of the Lord from Heav'n;
For ſuch th' abounding in his Work ſhall gain;
Labour, we know, *that never is in vain.*

Hence comes the ſure and certain Hope, to riſe
In *Chriſt*; tho' Man, as born of Woman, dies:
True Life, which *Adam* di'd to, at his Fall,
And *Chriſt*, the ſinleſs *Adam*, can recall,
By a new, heav'nly Birth, from Him, revives,
And breathes, again, God's holy Breath of Lives.

A Voice from Heav'n bad hearing *John* record,
Bleſt are the dead, the dying in the Lord ——
In them, the Pray'r, which Man's Redeemer will'd
That Men ſhould pray, is perfectly fulfill'd:
This perfect Senſe the Words, that we repeat,
Require, to make the pray'd-for Good compleat.

Thanks then are due for all the faithful dead,
Departed hence, to be with *Chriſt* their Head;

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And Pray'r, unfainting, for his —— *Come, ye bleſt* ——
Come, ye true Children, enter into Reſt;
Live in my Father's Kingdom, and in mine,
In Grâce, and Love, and Fellowſhip divine.

ON
CHURCH COMMUNION,
In SEVEN PARTS;
From a LETTER of Mr. LAW's.

PART FIRST.

I.

RELIGION, Church Communion, or the Way
Of public Worſhip, that we ought to pay,
As it regards the Body, and the Mind,
Is of external, and internal Kind;
The one conſiſting in the outward Sign,
The other in the inward Truth divine.

II.

This inward Truth intended to be ſhown,
So far as outward Signs can make it known,

Is

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Is that which gives external Modes a Worth,
Juſt in Proportion as they ſhew it forth;
Juſt as they help, in any outward Part,
The real, true Religion of the Heart.

III.

Now what this is, excluſive of all Strife,
Chriſtians will own to be an inward Life,
Spirit, and Pow'r, a Birth, to ſay the Whole,
Of Chriſt himſelf, brought forth within the Soul;
By this all true Salvation is begun,
And carried on, however it be done.

IV.

Chriſtianity, that has not Chriſt within,
Can by no Means whatever ſave from Sin;
Can bear no Evidence of Him——the End,
On which the Value of all Means depend:
Chriſtian Religion ſignifies, no doubt,
Like Mind within, like Show of it without.

V.

The Will of God, the Saving of Mankind,
Was all that Chriſt had in his inward Mind;
All that produc'd his outward Action too,
In Church Communion while a perfect Jew;

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Like moſt of his Diſciples, till they came,
At *Antioch*, to have a Chriſtian Name.

VI.

If Chriſt has put an End to Rites of old,
If new recall what was but then foretold,
The one true Church, the real heav'nly Ground,
Wherein alone Salvation can be found,
Is ſtill the Same; and, to its Saviour's Praiſe,
His inward Tempers outwardly diſplays;

VII.

By hearty Love, and correſpondent Rites
Ordain'd, the Members to the Head unites,
And to each other——in all ſtated Scenes,
The Life of Chriſt is what a Chriſtian means;
Tho' Change of Circumſtance may alter thoſe,
In this he places, and enjoys Repoſe.

VIII.

Church Unity is held, and Faith's Increaſe,
By that of Spirit, in the Bond of Peace,
And Righteouſneſs of Life; without this Tie
Forms are in vain preſcrib'd to worſhip by,
Or Temples model'd; Hearts, as well as Hands,
An holy Church, and catholic demands.

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PART SECOND.

I.

IF once eſtabliſh'd the eſſential Part,
The inward Church, the Temple of the Heart,
Or Houſe of God, the Subſtance, and the Sum
Of what is pray'd for in——*Thy Kingdom come*——
To make an outward Correſpondence true,
We muſt recur to Chriſt's Example too.

II.

Now, in his outward Form of Life, we find
Goodneſs demonſtrated of ev'ry Kind;
What he was born for, that he ſhow'd throughout;
It was the Bus'neſs that he went about;
Love, Kindneſs, and Compaſſion to diſplay
Tow'rds ev'ry Object coming in his Way.

III.

But Love ſo high, Humility ſo low,
And all the Virtues which his Actions ſhow;
His doing Good, and his enduring Ill,
For Man's Salvation and God's holy Will,
Exceed all Terms——his inward, outward Plan
Was Love to God, expreſs'd by Love to Man.

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IV.

Mark of the Church, which he eſtabliſh'd, then,
Is the ſame Love, ſame Proof of it to Men;
Without, let Sects parade it how they liſt,
Nor Church, nor Unity can e'er ſubſiſt;
The Name may be uſurp'd, but Want of Pow'r
Will ſhew the Babel, high or low the Tow'r.

V.

And where the ſame Behaviour ſhall appear
In outward Form, that was in Chriſt ſo clear,
There is the very outward Church, that He
Will'd all Mankind to ſhew, and all to ſee;
Of which whoever ſhews it, from the Heart,
Is both an inward, and an outward Part.

VI.

What Excommunication can deprive
A pious Soul, that is in Chriſt alive,
Of Church Communion? or cut off a Limb
That Life, and Action both unite to Him?
For any Circumſtance of Place, or Time,
Or Mode, or Cuſtom, which infers no Crime?

VII.

If He be That which his beloved *John*
Calls him, —— *The Light enlight'ning ev'ry one*

Digitized by Google That

That comes into the World——will he exclude
One from his Church, whoſe Mind he has renew'd
To ſuch Degree, as to exert, in fact,
Like inward Temper, and like outward Act?

VIII.

Inviſible, and viſible Effect,
Of true Church Membership, in each Reſpect,
Let the one Shepherd from above behold;
The Flocks, howe'er diſpers'd, are his one Fold;
Seen by their Hearts, and their Behaviour too,
They all ſtand preſent in his gracious View.

PART THIRD.

I.

A Local Union, on the other Hand,
Tho' crouded Numbers ſhould together ſtand,
Joining in one ſame Form of Pray'r, and Praiſe,
Or Creed expreſs'd in regulated Phraſe,
Or aught beſide——tho' it aſſume the Name
Of Chriſtian Church, may want the real Claim.

II.

For if it want the Spirit, and the Sign,
That conſtitute all Worſhip, as divine,

The

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The Love within, the Teſt of it without,
In vain the Union paſſes for devout;
Heartleſs, and tokenleſs if it remain,
It ought to paſs, in Strictneſs, for profane.

III.

At firſt, an Unity of Heart and Soul,
A Diſtribution of an outward Dole,
And ev'ry Member of the Body fed,
As equally belonging to the Head,
With what it wanted, was, without Suſpenſe,
True Church Communion, in full Chriſtian Senſe.

IV.

Whether averſe the Many, or the Few,
To hold Communion in this righteous View,
Their Thought commences Hereſy, their Deed
Schiſmatical, tho' they profeſs the Creed;
Ways of diſtributing, if new, ſhould ſtill
Maintain the old communicative Will;

V.

Broken by ev'ry loveleſs, thankleſs Thought,
And not behaving as a Chriſtian ought;
By want of Meekneſs, or a Show of Pride
Tow'rds any Soul for whom our Saviour di'd;

While

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While this continues, Men may pray, and preach
In all their Forms, but none will heal the Breach.

VI.

Whatever Helps an outward Form may bring
To Church Communion, it is not the Thing;
Nor a Society, as ſuch, nor Place,
Nor any thing beſides uniting Grace:
They are but Acceſſories, at the moſt,
To true Communion of the Holy Ghoſt.

VII.

This is th' eſſential Fellowſhip, the Tie
Which all true Chriſtians are united by;
No other Union does them any Good,
But that which Chriſt cemented with his Blood,
As God and Man; that, having loſt it, Men
Might live in Unity with God again.

VIII.

What He came down to bring us from above
Was Grace and Peace, and Law-fulfilling Love;
True Spirit-Worſhip, which his Father ſought,
Was the ſole End of what He did, and taught;
That God's own Church and Kingdom might begin,
Which Moſes and the Prophets uſher'd in.

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PART FOURTH.

I.

" THE Church of Chriſt, as thus you repreſent,
" And all the World is of the ſame Extent:
" *Jews*, *Turks*, or *Pagans* may be Members too;
" This, ſome may call a dreadful myſtic Clue,
" A Combination of the Quaker Schemes
" With latitudinarian Extremes."

II.

They may; but Names, ſo ready at the Call
Of ſuch as want them, have no Force at all
To overthrow momentous Truths, and plain,
The very Points of Scripture, and the main;
Such as diſtinguiſh, in the cleareſt View,
Th' enlighten'd *Chriſtian* from the half-blind *Jew*.

III.

What did the Sheet let down to *Peter* mean,
Who call'd the *Gentiles* common, or, unclean?
Let *Peter* anſwer——*God was pleas'd to ſhow*
That I ſhould call no Man whatever ſo:
In ev'ry Nation he that ſerves him right
Is clean, accepted, in his equal Sight.

If

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IV.

If *Peter* ſaid ſo, who will queſtion *Paul?*
He, in a Manner, made this Point his all;
The real Senſe of what has here been ſaid
In myſtic *Paul* is plainly to be read;
Nothing but obſtinate Diſlike to Terms
Obſcures what all the Teſtament affirms.

V.

The *Jews* objected, to his Goſpel Clue,
A——*What Advantage therefore hath the* Jew?
Or, of what Uſe is to be circumcis'd?
So may ſome *Chriſtians* ſay——to be baptis'd?——
May form like Queſtions, like Concluſions draw,
And urge the Church, as they did, and the Law.

VI.

Th' Apoſtle's Reas'ning from the common Want
Of God's free Grace, its univerſal Grant
By Jeſus Chriſt, its Reach to all Mankind,
For whom the ſame Salvation was deſign'd,
Shows that his Church, as boundleſs as his Grace,
Extends itſelf to all the human Race.

VII.

With pious *Jews* of old *our King* impli'd
The one true King of all the Earth beſide;

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Whoſe regal Right, tho' he was pleas'd to call
Jacob his Lot, extended over all;
Tho' *Iſrael* gloried in acknowledg'd Light,
It's Virtue was not bounded by their Sight.

VIII.

So will a *Chriſtian* Piety confeſs
A Church of Chriſt, with Boundaries no leſs;
Will ſpeak, as ev'ry conſcious Witneſs ought,
To what it knows, but ſcorn the partial Thought
Of Grace, or Truth, or Righteouſneſs confin'd
To Modes and Cuſtoms of external Kind.

PART FIFTH.

I.

THE Church conſider'd only as poſſeſt
Of *England*, *Rome*, *Geneva*——and the reſt——
Notion of Church ſo popularly rife,
Such Cauſe of endleſs Enmity and Strife,
Did but ariſe in a ſucceeding Hour,
When *Chriſtians* came to have a worldly Pow'r.

The firſt Apoſtles ſpread, from Place to Place,
The Goſpel News of univerſal Grace;

Inviting

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Inviting all to enter, by Belief,
Into the Church of their redeeming Chief;
Entrance acceſſible in ev'ry Part,
And ſhut to Nothing but a faithleſs Heart.

III.

But when the Princes of the World became,
And Kings, Protectors of the Chriſtian Name,
Pow'r made ambitious Paſtors, Eaſe remiſs,
And Churches dwindl'd into *that* and *this*;
The one, divided, came to want, of courſe,
Supports quite foreign to its native Force,

IV.

Contentions roſe, all tending to create
Still new Alliances of Church and State;
Form'd, and reform'd, and turn'd, and overturn'd,
As Force prevail'd, and human Paſſion burn'd;
Old Revolutions when by new diſſolv'd,
Both Church and State accordingly revolv'd,

V.

Such is the Mixture of an human Sway,
In all external Churches at this Day;
To the ſame Changes liable, anew,
That Forms of Government are ſubject to;

While

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While the one Church, in its true Senſe, in Name
And Thing, remains unchangeably the ſame.

VI.

The private Chriſtian, bearing Chriſt in Mind,
Whoſe Kingdom was not of a worldly Kind,
Has little, or has no Concern at all,
With theſe external Changes that befall;
Let Providence permit them, or prevent,
With Truth and Spirit he remains content.

VII.

Not that he thinks that Evil, more or leſs,
Is, in its Nature, alter'd by Succeſs;
The Good is good, tho' ſuff'ring a Defeat,
The Bad but worſe, if its Succeſs be great;
He meaſures neither by th' Event that's paſt,
For what they were at firſt they are at laſt.

VIII.

But, by the Spirit of the Goſpel, free,
Whatever State of Government it be,
That God has plac'd him under, to ſubmit,
So in the Church he thinks the Freedom fit,
Whilſt, on Occaſion of the outward Part,
He can preſent what God requires——An Heart.

PART

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PART SIXTH.

I.

THE Heart is what the God of it demands,
Who dwelleth not in Temples made with Hands:
When Hands have made them, if no Hearts are found,
Diſpos'd aright to conſecrate the Ground,
Vainly is Worſhip ſaid to be divine,
While in the Breaſt its Object has no Shrine.

II.

But if it has, in that devoted Breaſt,
A right Intention, ſurely, will be bleſt;
Tho' Forms, preſcrib'd by Paſtors in the Chair,
Should be adjuſted with leſs perfect Care;
Tho', in ſome Points, the Services aſſign'd
Differ from thoſe of apoſtolic Kind.

III.

What outward Church, or Form, ſhall we ſelect,
That is not chargeable with ſome Defect?
Each is prepar'd, in all the reſt, to grant
A Superfluity, or elſe a Want,
Or both; a Diſtance from Perfection wide,
Retorted on itſelf by all beſide.

IV. What

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IV.

What ſafer Remedy than pure Intent
To ſeek the Good by any of them meant?
Which He, who mindeth only what the Heart
Brings of its own, is ready to impart;
No human Pow'r, ſhould it enjoin amiſs
A ceremonious Rite, can hinder this.

V.

Even in Sacrament, what frequent Storms
Has Superſtition rais'd about the Forms?
In Rites baptiſmal, which the true Reſult?
Immerſion? Sprinkling? Infants? or th' adult?
In the Lord's Supper, does the Celebration
Make *Trans*, or *Con*, or *Non*-ſubſtantiation?

VI.

Theſe, and a World of Controverſies more
Serve to enlarge the bibliothecal Store;
While Champions make Antiquity their Boaſt,
And all pretend to imitate it moſt;
Prone to neglect, for criticiſing Pique,
Eſſential Truths eternally antique.

VII.

Thus inward Worſhip lies in low Eſtate,
Oppreſt with endleſs Volumes of Debate

About

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About the outward; ſoon as old ones die,
All undecided, comes a new Supply.
Of needleſs Doubts to a religious Soul,
Whoſe upright Meaning diſſipates the Whole.

VIII.

Clear of all worldly, intereſted Views,
The one Deſign of Worſhip it purſues;
Turns all to Uſe that public Form allows,
By off'ring up its ever private Vows
For the Succeſs of all the Good deſign'd
By Chriſt, the common Saviour of Mankind.

PART SEVENTH.

I.

A Chriſtian, in ſo catholic a Senſe,
Can give to none, but partial Minds, Offence:
Forc'd to live under ſome divided Part,
He keeps intire the Union of the Heart;
The ſacred Tie of Love; by which alone,
Chriſt ſaid, that his Diſciples would be known.

II.

He values no Diſtinction, as profeſt
By way of Separation from the reſt;

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Oblig'd in Duty, and inclin'd by Choice,
In all the Good of any to rejoice;
From ev'ry Evil, Falſhood, or Miſtake,
To wiſh them free, for common Comfort's Sake.

III.

Freedom, to which the moſt undoubted Way
Lies in Obedience (where it always lay)
To Chriſt himſelf; who, with an inward Call,
Knocks at the Door, that is, the Heart of all;
At the Reception of this heav'nly Gueſt,
All Good comes in, all Evil quits the Breaſt.

IV.

The free Receiver, then, becomes content
With what God orders, or does not prevent:
To them that love Him, all Things, he is ſure,
Muſt work for Good; tho' how may be obſcure:
Even ſucceſsful Wickedneſs, when paſt,
Will bring, to them, ſome latent Good at laſt.

V.

Fall'n as divided Churches are, and gone
From the Perfection of the Chriſtian one,
Reſpect is due to any, that contains
The venerable, tho' but faint Remains

Of

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Of ancient Rule, which had not, in its View,
The Letter only, but the Spirit too.

VI.

When that Variety of new-found Ways
Which People ſo run after, in our Days,
Has done its utmoſt——when *Lo here, Lo there,*
Shall yield to inward Seeking, and ſincere;
What was, at firſt, may come to be again
The Praiſe of Church Aſſemblies amongſt Men.

VII.

Mean while, in that to which we now belong,
To mind in public Leſſon, Pray'r, and Song,
Teaching, and Preaching, what conduces beſt
To true Devotion in the private Breaſt,
Willing encreaſe of Good to ev'ry Soul,
Seems to be our Concern upon the Whole.

VIII.

So God, and Chriſt, and holy Angels ſtand
Dispos'd to ev'ry Church, in ev'ry Land;
The Growth of Good ſtill helping to compleat,
Whatever Tares be ſown amongſt the Wheat:
Who would not wiſh to have, and to excite,
A Diſpoſition ſo divinely right?

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A DYING SPEECH.

From Mr. LAW.

IN this unhappily divided State,
That Christian Churches have been in of late,
One must, however catholic the Heart,
Join, and conform to some divided Part:
The *Church* of *England* is the Part, that I
Have always liv'd in, and now choose to dye;
Trusting, that if I worship God with her,
In Spirit, and in Truth, I shall not err;
But as acceptable to Him be found,
As if, in Times for one pure Church renown'd,
Born, I had also liv'd, in Heart and Soul,
A faithful Member of the unbroken Whole.

As I am now, by God's good Will, to go
From this disorder'd State of Things below;
Into his Hands, as I am now to fall,
Who is the great Creator of us all;
God of all Churches that implore his Aid,
Lover of all the Souls that he hath made;
Whose Kingdom, that of universal Love,
Must have its blest Inhabitants above,
From ev'ry Class of Men, from all the good,
Howe'er descended from one human Blood;

So,

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So, in this loving Spirit, I desire,
As in the midst of all their sacred Quire,
With Rites prescrib'd, and with a Christian View,
Of all the World to take my last Adieu;
Willing in Heart and Spirit to unite
With ev'ry Church, in what is just and right,
Holy and good, and worthy, in its Kind,
Of God's Acceptance from an honest Mind:
Praying, that ev'ry Church may have its Saints,
And rise to that Perfection which it wants.

Father! *thy Kingdom come!* thy sacred Will
May all the Tribes of human Race fulfill!
Thy Name be prais'd by ev'ry living Breath,
AUTHOR of LIFE, and VANQUISHER of DEATH!

A COMMENT

ON THE

FOLLOWING SCRIPTURE.

In the Beginning was the Word.

John, 1st and 9th.

IN the Beginning was the Word——saith JOHN——
The Life, the Light, the Truth, for all are one;
One all-creating Pow'r, all-wise, all-good,
In which, at first, the whole Creation stood;

Moving,

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Moving, and acting in the Pow'r alone;
How bright, how perfect, and no Evil known!
How bleſt was Natures univerſal Plan,
And the fair Image of his Maker, MAN!

The Word, the Pow'r, is *Chriſt*; th' Eternal Son
Of God, by whom the Father's Will is done;
Each is the other's Glory; and the Love
From both the Bliſs of all the bleſt above:
Angels in Heav'n ſtand ready to obey,
And, as the Word directs them, ſo do they;
So muſt we Men, born here upon this Earth,
If ever we regain the heav'nly Birth;

Loſt by poor *Adam*, in the fatal Hour
Of luſting after Knowledge without Pow'r;
When, yielding to Temptation, tho' forbid
To eat what was not good for him, he did:
The Pow'r of Life conſenting to forego,
For what was told him, would be Death to know,
He di'd to his celeſtial State, and then
Could but convey an earthly one to Men.

From which to riſe, and in true Life to live,
What but the *Word*, wherein was Life, could give?
Ingrafted, as an holy Seed within,
And born to ſave the human Soul from Sin:
The *Word* made Man by Virgin Birth, and free
From Sin's Dominion, JESUS CHRIST is He;

Whom,

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Whom, of pure Love, the Father ſent to ſave,
And finiſh Man's Redemption from the Grave.

This ſecond *Adam*, Healer of the Breach
Made by the firſt, nor Sin, nor Death could reach;
He conquer'd both; and, in the glorious Strife,
Became the Parent of an endleſs Life
To all who ever did, or ſhall aſpire
To Life, and Spirit from this heav'nly Sire;
And cultivate the Seed which he hath ſown
In ev'ry Heart, 'till the new Man be grown.

The old, we know, muſt die away to Duſt,
And a new Image riſe amongſt the juſt;
When, at the End of temporary Scene,
Chriſt ſhall appear, eternally to reign
In all his Glory, human and divine,
When all the born of God, in Him, ſhall ſhine,
Rais'd to the Life that was at firſt poſſeſt,
And bow the Knee to JESUS, and be bleſt.

Since then the Cauſe of our eternal Life
Is CHRIST in us, what need of any Strife
In his Religion? Of *Lo Here! Lo There!*
When to all Hearts He is himſelf ſo near?
With Pow'r to ſave us from the Cauſe of Ill,
A worldly, ſelfiſh, unbelieving Will;
To bleſs whatever tends to make the Mind
Meek, loving, humble, patient, and reſign'd.

The

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The Mind to *Chriſt* ſo far as God ſhall draw
By Nature, Scripture, Reaſon, Learning, Law,
Or aught beſide, ſo far their Uſe is right,
Proclaiming Him, and not themſelves the Light:
From firſt to laſt His Goſpel is the ſame;
And of all Worſhip, that deſerves a Name,
The Word of Life by Faith to apprehend
That was in the Beginning——is the End.

A MEMORIAL ABSTRACT

OF A

Sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. H——,

On Proverbs, C. 20, V. 27.

THE human Spirit, when it burns and ſhines,
Lamp of JEHOVAH *Solomon* defines——
Now, as a Veſſel, to contain the Whole,
This Lamp denotes the Body, Oil the Soul;
(As *H*—— obſerves) which, tho' itſelf be dark,
Is capable of Light's enkindling Spark;
But, as conſider'd in it's own dark Root,
Still wants the Unction, and the Light's Recruit.

Brighter than all, that now is look'd upon,
This Lamp of God, at it's Creation ſhon;

The

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The Body, purer than the fineſt Gold,
Had no Defect in its material Mold;
The Soul's enkindl'd Oil was heav'nly bright,
Till evil Mixture darken'd its good Light;
And hid the ſupernatural Supply,
That fed the glorious Lamp of the *moſt High*.

That fatal Poiſon quench'd, in human Frame,
The Spirit flowing from the vital Flame:
Adam's free Will conſenting to ſuch Food,
Death, as its natural Effect, enſu'd:
True Life departing left him naked, blind,
And ſpiritleſs, in Body, Soul, and Mind;
Dead to his *paradiſic* Life, a Birth
From *Sin* began his *mortal* Life on Earth.

His Faith, his ſpiritual Diſcernment gone,
He fell into a poring, reas'ning one;
Into a State of Ignorance he fell,
Which brutal Inſtincts very oft excel:
What his *Self-ſeeking* Will *would* know *was* known,
The Light of this terreſtrial Orb alone;
Dark, in Compariſon, when this was done,
As Moon, or Starlight to meridian Sun.

What Help when leſſer Light ſhould vaniſh too,
And Death diſcover a ſtill *darker* View?
Had not the CHRIST of God, *ſole* Help for Sin,
Rais'd up *Salvation* as a *Seed within?*

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That ſprouting forth by *Penitence*, and *Faith*,
Could pierce thro' Death, and diſſipate its Wrath;
Till God's true Image ſhould again revive,
And riſe, *thro' Him*, to its firſt Life alive.

This *Parent Saviour*, God's anointed Son,
Begets the Life that *Adam* ſhould have done;
Reforms the Lamp; renews the holy Fire,
And ſends to Heav'n its flaming *Love-Deſire:*
'Tis *He*——*the Life that was the Light of Men*——
Who fits them to be Lamps of God again;
Reſtores the Veſſel, Oil, and Light, and all
The Spirit-Life that vaniſh'd at the *Fall.*

Reaſon has Nothing to proceed upon,
Without an *Unction* from this *Holy One*;
Without a Spirit, to diſpel the Damp
Of *Nature*'s Darkneſs, and light up the Lamp:
Nothing whatever, but the *Touch* divine,
Can make its higheſt Faculties to ſhine;
All juſt has helpleſs in their ſelfiſh Uſe,
As Lamps their own enkindling to produce.

All true Religion teaches then to trim
The Lamp, that muſt receive its Light from *Him;*
From Him, the *quick'ning* Spirit, to obtain
The Life that muſt for ever bleſt remain:
The *Life* of *Chriſt* ariſing in the Soul,
This, This alone makes human Nature whole;
Makes ev'ry Gift of Grace to reunite,
And ſhine *for ever* in JEHOVAH's Sight.

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ON THE
Union and Three-fold Distinction
OF
GOD, NATURE, and CREATURE,

PART FIRST.

ALL that comes under our Imagination
Is either *God*, or *Nature*, or *Creation:*
God is the free eternal Light, or Love,
Before, *beyond* all Nature, and *above:*
The one unchangeable, unceasing Will
To ev'ry Good, and to no Sort of Ill.

Nature, *without* him, is th' *abyssal* Dark,
Void of the Light's beatifying Spark;
Th' Attraction of Desire, by Want repell'd,
Whence circling Rage proceeds, and Wrath unquell'd.
But, by the Light's all-joyous Pow'r, th' Abyss
Becomes the Groundwork of a *threefold* Bliss.

Creation is the Gift of Light, and Life,
To Nature's Contrariety and Strife;
For without Nature, or desirous Want,
There would be nothing to receive the Grant;

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Nor could a Creature, or created Scene
Exiſt, did no ſuch *Medium* intervene.

Creature and *God* would be the ſame; the Thought,
Which Books inform us that *Spinoza* taught,
Would then be true; and we be forc'd to call
Things good, or bad, the *Parts* of the great *All:*
In whatſoever State itſelf may be,
Nature is *his*, but Nature is not *He.*

Like as the Dark, behind the ſhining Glaſs,
By hindring Rays that of themſelves would paſs,
Affords that Glimpſe of Objects to the View,
Which the tranſparent Mirror could not do;
So does the Life of Nature, in its Place,
Reflect the Glories of the Life of Grace.

Of ev'ry Creature's Happineſs, the Growth
Depends upon the *Union* of them both;
And all, that God proceeded to create,
Came forth, at firſt, in this united State;
No evil Wrath, or Darkneſs could begin
To ſhow itſelf, but by a *Creature*'s Sin.

And were not *Nature* ſeparate, alone,
Such a dark *Wrath*, it could not have been ſhown:
Its hidden Properties are Ground as good
For Life's Support, as Bones to Fleſh and Blood:

The

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The falſe, unnatural, ungodly Will,
That lays them open, is ſole Cauſe of Ill.

When it is caus'd, *renouncing*, to be ſure,
All ſuch-like Wills, contributes to the Cure;
That Nature's *wrathful* Forms may not appear,
Nor what is made ſubſervient domineer;
But God's *good* Will all *evil* ones ſubdue,
And bleſs all *Nature*, and all *Creature* too.

PART SECOND.

THIS univerſal Bleſſing to inſpire
Was God's eternal Purpoſe, or Deſire;
Deſire, which never could be unfulfill'd;
Love put it forth, and Heav'n was what it will'd;
And the Deſire had, in itſelf, the Means,
From whence the Love cou'd raiſe the heav'nly Scenes.

Hence an *eternal Nature*, to proclaim
By outward, viſible, majeſtic Frame,
The *hidden Deity*, the Pow'r divine,
By which th' innumerable Beauties ſhine;
That by Succeſſion, without End, recall
A GOD of LOVE, a preſent ALL in ALL.

From Love, thus manifeſted in the *Birth*
Of *Nature*, and the Pow'rs of Heav'n and Earth,

The

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The various *Births* of *Creatures*, at the Voice
Of *God*, came forth to ſee, and to rejoice;
To live within his Kingdom, and partake
Of ev'ry Bliſs, adapted to their Make.

For as, *before* a Creature came to ſee,
No other *Life* but that of *God* could be;
No other place but *Heav'n*, no other State;
So, when it pleas'd th' Almighty to create,
From *him* muſt come the Creature's Life *within*;
Its *outward* State from *Nature* muſt begin.

Oh! what angelic Orders! what divine,
And heavenly Creatures anſwer'd the Deſign
Of God's communicative Goodneſs, ſhown
By giving Riſe to *Offſprings* of his own!
With *Godlike* Spirits how was Nature fill'd,
And *beauteous* Forms, as its great *Author* will'd!

Thus in its full Perfection then it ſtood,
Seeking, receiving, manifeſting Good,
By Virtue of that *Union* which it had
With Him, who made no Creature to be bad;
But highly bleſt; and with a potent Will
So to continue, and to know no Ill.

Nature's *united* Properties had none——
Whence then the Change that it has undergone?
But from the Creatures ſtriving to aſpire
Above the *Light*, which their own *dark* Deſire

Quench'd

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Quench'd in themſelves, and rais'd up all the Storms
Of Nature's wrathful, ſeparated Forms.

So *Lucifer* and his proud Legions fell,
And turn'd their *heav'nly* Manſion to an *Hell*;
To that dark, formleſs *Void*, wherein the Light
Entring again with Nature to unite,
The *new* Creation of a World began,
And God's *own image* Lord of it——*A Man*.

ON THE
ORIGIN of EVIL.

I.

EVIL, if rightly underſtood,
Is but the Skeleton of Good,
Diveſted of its Fleſh and Blood.

II.

While it remains, without Divorce,
Within its hidden, ſecret Source,
It is the Good's own Strength and Force.

III. As

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III.

As Bone has the ſupporting Share,
In human Form divinely fair,
Altho' an Evil when laid bare;

IV.

As Light and Air are fed by Fire,
A ſhining Good, while all conſpire,
But (ſeparate) dark, raging Ire;

V.

As Hope and Love ariſe from Faith,
Which then admits no Ill, nor hath;
But, if alone, it would be Wrath;

VI.

Or any Inſtance thought upon,
In which the Evil can be none,
Till Unity of Good is gone;

VII.

So, by Abuſe of Thought and Skill,
The greateſt Good, to wit, *Free-will*,
Becomes the *Origin* of Ill.

VIII. Thus

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VIII.

Thus when rebellious Angels fell,
The very Heav'n, where good ones dwell,
Became th' apoſtate Spirits Hell.

IX.

Seeking, againſt eternal Right,
A Force without a Love and Light,
They found, and felt its evil Might.

X.

Thus *Adam* biting at their Bait,
Of Good and Evil when he ate,
Di'd to his firſt thrice happy State.

XI.

Fell to the Evils of this Ball,
Which, in harmonious Union all,
Were *Paradiſe* before his Fall.

XII.

And when the Life of *Chriſt* in Men
Revives its *faded* Image, then,
Will all be *Paradiſe* again.

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A

Friendly Expoſtulation with a Clergyman,

CONCERNING

A PASSAGE in his SERMON, relating to the REDEMPTION of MANKIND.

'TWAS a good Sermon; but a cloſe Review
Would bear one Paſſage to be alter'd too;
Becauſe it did not, in the leaſt, agree
With the plain Text (as it appear'd to me)
Nor with your Comment, on what God had done
To ſave Mankind, by his Redeeming Son.

You did, if I remember right, admit
That *other* Means, if He had ſo thought fit,
Might have obtain'd the ſalutary Views,
As well as thoſe which he was pleas'd to chuſe;
That it was too preſumptuous to confine,
To thoſe alone, th' Omnipotence divine;
As if a Wiſdom infinite could find
No other Method, how to ſave Mankind:
Tho' *that*, indeed, which had been fix'd upon,
Was, in effect, become the only one.

Now this, however well deſign'd, to raiſe
An awful Senſe, by its reſpectful Phraſe,

An

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An Adoration of the boundleſs Pow'rs
Of the ALMIGHTY, when compar'd with ours;
To ſink in humble Rev'rence, and profound,
All human Thoughts of fixing any Bound
To an unerring Wiſdom, which extends
Beyond what finite Reaſon comprehends;
Yet, if examin'd by ſeverer Teſt,
It is, at leaſt, incautiouſly expreſt;
And leaves the ſubtleſt of the Goſpel's Foes,
The *Deiſts*, this Objection to propoſe,
To which they have, and will have, a Recourſe,
And ſtill keep urging its unanſwer'd Force.

" If there was no Neceſſity, they ſay,
" For ſaving Men in this myſterious Way,
" What Proof can the Divines pretend to bring,
" (While they confeſs the Nature of the Thing
" Does not forbid) that the celeſtial Scenes
" Will not be open'd by ſome other Means?
" What elſe but Book Authority, at beſt,
" Aſſerts this Way, excluſive of the reſt,
" Of equal Force, if the Almighty's Will
" Had but appointed them to ſave from Ill?
" This Way, in which the Son of the moſt High
" Is, by his Father's Pleaſure, doom'd to die,
" For Satisfaction of paternal Ire;
" Which (when they make Religion to require)
" Confounds all Senſe of Juſtice, by a Scheme
" The moſt unworthy of the great Supreme:

 " As

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" As other Ways might have obtain'd the End,
" Nature, and Reason, force us to attend
" To huge Absurdities which follow this,
" And, since it was not needful, to dismiss."

This is the *Bourdon* of deistic Song;
Which rising Volumes labour to prolong;
Take this away, the rest would all remain
As flat, and trifling, as it is profane;
But this remaining, hither they repeat,
And lie secure from any full Defeat.

But when the *Need*, most *absolute*, is shown
Of Man's Redemption, by the Means alone,
The *Birth*, and *Life*, and *Death*, and *Re-ascent*,
Thro' which the one *Theandric* Saviour went,
To quench the Wrath of Nature in the Race
Of Men (not God, in whom it has no Place)
Then Scripture, Sense, and Reason coincide,
And all conspire to follow the one Guide;
Of *Possibilities* to wave the talk,
In which it is impossible to walk;
And raise the Soul to seek, and find the Good,
By this one Method, which no other could.

Then true Religion, call it by the Name
Christian, or *natural*, is still the same;
From CHRIST deriv'd, as Healer of the Soul,
Or *Nature*, made by his *Re-entrance* whole;

Who

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Who is, in ev'ry Man, th' enlightning Ray,
The Faith, and Hope, of *Love*'s redeeming Day;
The *only* Name, or Pow'r, that can assure
Nature's Religion, that is, *Nature*'s *Cure:*
But if Salvation might have been bestow'd
By *other* Means, than what the sacred Code
Declares throughout, the *Deists* will soon say,
The Means, that *might* be possible, still *may;*
And, led to think that Scripture is at Odds
With Nature, take some *other* to be God's:
Thus may a *no Necessity*, allow'd,
Tend to increase the unbelieving Croud.

As *Adam* di'd, and in him all his Race,
Not to the Life of Nature, but of Grace;
There could be no new Birth of it, or Growth,
But from a parent Union of them both;
Such as, in ev'ry possible Respect,
Jesus incarnate only could effect;
From *Him* alone, who *had* the Life, could Men
Have it *restor'd*, *renew'd*, *reviv'd* again:
But——I am trespassing too much, I fear,
And preaching, when my Province is to hear——

Millions of Ways could we suppose beside,
This, we are sure, which saving Love has tri'd,
Must be the best, must be the straightest Line
Of Action, when consider'd as divine;
This Way *alone* then must as sure be gone,
As that a Line, if straight, can be but one.

On

On the ſame SUBJECT,

Written upon another Occaſion.

MANKIND's Redemption, you are pleas'd to ſay,
By JESUS CHRIST, was not the *only* Way
That could ſucceed; indefinitely *more*
Th' *Almighty*'s Wiſdom had within its Store;
By any choſen one of which, no doubt,
The ſame Redemption had been brought about.

For who ſhall dare, you argue, in this Caſe,
To limit the Omnipotence of Grace?
As if a finite Underſtanding knew
What the *Almighty* could, or could not do:
Tho', ſince He choſe this Method, we muſt own,
That our Dependence is on This alone.

Now, Sir, acknowledging his Pow'r immenſe,
Beyond the Reach of all created Senſe;
Does it not ſeem to follow, thereupon,
That *his* true Way muſt be directly *One?*
To ſave the World he gave his *only Son*,
Therefore —— by *Him alone* it could be done.

Variety of Ways is the Effect
Of finite View, that ſees not *the direct;*

But

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But the *Almighty*, having all in View,
Muſt be ſuppos'd to ſee, and take it too;
To ſee at once, tho' *we* are in the Dark,
The one ſtraight Line to the intended Mark.

Saint *Paul*'s Aſſertion of——*no other Name*
Given under Heav'n——appears to be the ſame
With this——no other Name, or Pow'r, could ſave
But that of JESUS, which JEHOVAH gave:
More *Sons*, more *Saviours*, as conſiſtent ſeem
As more effective *Methods* to redeem.

I am the Way——ſaid CHRIST; there could not be,
By juſt Concluſion, any, then, but *He:*
I am the Truth——whence it appears anew,
That no Way elſe could poſſibly be *true:*
I am the Life——to which, as *Adam* di'd,
Nothing could bring Mankind again, beſide.

A N

Expoſtulation with a zealous Sectariſt,

Who inveighed in bitter Terms againſt the CLERGY and CHURCH INSTITUTIONS.

NO Sir; I cannot ſee to what good End
Such bitter Words againſt the Clergy tend;
Pour'd from a Zeal ſo ſharp, ſo anallay'd,
That ſuffers no Exception to be made;

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While the moſt mild Perſuaſions to repreſs
The bitter Zeal ſtill heighten its Exceſs.

Its own relentleſs Thought while it purſues,
What unreſtrain'd Expreſſions it can uſe!
Places of Worſhip, which the People call
Churches, are Synagogues of *Satan* all;
At all *liturgic* Pray'r and Praiſe it ſtorms,
As *Man*'s-*Inventions*, *Spirit-quenching Forms*;
And, from *baptiſmal* down to *burial* Rite,
Sets ev'ry Service in an odious Light:
All previous Order, with regard to Time,
Place, or Behaviour, paſſes for a Crime.

Of *Phariſaic* Pride it culls the Marks,
To repreſent the *Biſhop* and his *Clarks*;
Who are, if offer'd any gentler Plea,
The *Devil*'s *Miniſters*, both He and They;
Blind Guides, *falſe Prophets*, and a lengthen'd Train
Of all hard Words that choſen Texts contain:
Theſe are the *Forms* which, when it would object
To thoſe in Uſe, it pleaſes to ſelect;
Repeated by its Devotees, at once,
As like to Rote as any Church Reſponſe:
Nor is a Treatment of this eager Kind
To this, or that Society confin'd,
Sect, or Profeſſion——no, no Matter which,
Leaders, or *led*, all *fall into the Ditch*:
None but its own ſevere Adepts can claim
Of Truth and Spirit-Worſhippers the Name.

It

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In vain it ſeeks, by any ſacred Page,
To juſtify this unexampled Rage:
Prophets of old, who ſpake againſt th' Abuſe
Of outward Forms, were none of them ſo looſe
As to condemn, aboliſh, or forbid
The Things preſcrib'd, but what the People did;
Who minded nothing but the mere Outſide,
Neglecting wholly what it ſignifi'd;
At this Neglect the Prophets all exclaim'd;
No pious Rites has any of them blam'd;
Their true Intent was only to reduce
All outward Practice to its inward Uſe.

The World's Redeemer, coming to fulfil
All paſt Predictions of prophetic Quill,
Who more, amidſt the *Jewiſh* prieſtly Pride,
Than He, with all *Moſaic* Rites compli'd?
Say that the *Chriſtian* Prieſts are, now, as bad
As thoſe blind Leaders which the Jews then had,
Was *Zachariah*'s, *Simeon*'s, *Anna*'s Mind,
Any good Prieſt, or Man, or Woman blind,
To offer Incenſe, or to bear a Part
In Temple Service, with an upright Heart?

Can then the Faults of *Clergymen*, or *Lay*,
Deſtroy Heart-Worſhip at this preſent Day?
Will Pray'r, in vain by *Phariſees* prefer'd,
Not from repenting *Publicans* be heard?
Will the devout amongſt the Chriſtian Flock
Not be accepted, tho' the Prieſt ſhould mock?

 If

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If they do right in their appointed Spheres,
His Want of Truth and Spirit is not *Theirs*.

Our Lord's Apoſtles, with an inward View
To reconcile the *Gentile*, and the *Jew*,
To Faith in Him, made ev'ry outward Care
The moſt ſubſervient to that main Affair:
The greateſt Friend to Chriſtian Freedom, *Paul*,
Intent to ſave, was ev'ry Thing to All;
To keep, whatever Forms ſhould riſe, or ceaſe,
Union of Spirit in the Bond of Peace;
Th' Effects of haſty, raſh, condemning Zeal
He ſaw, and mourn'd, and labour'd to repeal.

Succeeding Saints, when Prieſt, or Magiſtrate
Became tyrannical in Church, or State,
Reprov'd their evil Practices, but then
Rever'd the Office, tho' they blam'd the Men:
They gave no Inſtance of untemper'd Heat,
That roots up all before it, Tares or Wheat;
As if, by humanly invented Care
Of Cultivation, Wheat itſelf was Tare:
'Tis true, all Sects are grown corrupt enough,
But Zeal, ſo indiſcriminately rough,
May well give others Reaſon to ſuſpect
Some want of Knowledge in a Novel Sect,
(If ſuch there be) that ſeems to take a Pride
In *ſatanizing* all the World beſide;
Without the leaſt Authority, yet known,
Or Species of Example, but its own.

One

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One Miſchief is, that its unguarded Terms
Hurt many ſober Truths which it affirms;
Worſhip in *Truth* and *Spirit* ſuffers too,
By being plac'd in ſuch an hoſtile View:
" *Oh! but all ſelf-will Worſhipping is wrong*"——
True; but to whom does that Defect belong?
Is the Obedience to a Rule, or Guide,
For Order's Sake, fair Proof of ſuch a Pride?
If it be none at all for Men to broach
Rude, harſh, and undiſtinguiſhing Reproach,
With Reſolution to repeat it ſtill,
Pray by what Marks are we to know *Self-Will?*

Thoughts on imputed Righteouſneſs,

OCCASIONED

By Reading the Rev. Mr. HERVEY's DIALOGUES, between THERON and ASPASIO.

A FRAGMENT.

IMPUTED Righteouſneſs!——beloved Friend,
To what Advantage can this Doctrine tend?
If, at the ſame Time, a Believer's Breaſt
Be not by *real* Righteouſneſs poſſeſt;
And if it be, why Volumes on it made
With ſuch a Streſs upon *imputed* laid?

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Amongſt the Diſputants of later Days,
This, in its Turn, became a fav'rite Phraſe,
When, much divided in religious Schemes,
Contending Parties ran into Extremes;
And now it claims th' Attention of the Age,
In *Hervey*'s elegant and lively Page:
This his *Aſpaſio* labours to impreſs,
With ev'ry Turn of Language and Addreſs;
With all the Flow of Eloquence, that ſhines
Thro' all his (full enough) embelliſh'd Lines.

Tho' now ſo much exerting to confirm
Its vaſt Importance, and revive the Term,
He was himſelf, he lets his *Theron* know,
Of diff'rent Sentiments not long ago;
And Friends of yours, it has been thought, I find,
Have brought *Aſpaſio* to his preſent Mind.
Now having read, but unconvinc'd, I own,
What various Reaſon for it he has ſhown,
Or rather Rhetoric——if it be true,
In any Senſe that has appear'd to you,
I reſt ſecure of giving no Offence,
By aſking——how you underſtand the Senſe?
By urging, in a Manner frank and free,
What Reaſons, as I read, occur to me,
Why *Righteouſneſs*, for Man to reſt upon,
Muſt be a *real*, not *imputed*, one.

To ſhun much novel Sentiment, and nice,
I take the Thing from its apparent Riſe:

It

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It ſhould ſeem then, as if *imputed Sin*
Had made *imputed Righteouſneſs* begin;
The one ſuppos'd, the other, to be ſure,
Would follow after——like Diſeaſe and Cure:
Let us examine then imputed Guilt,
And ſee on what Foundation it is built.

As our firſt Parents loſt an heav'nly State,
All their Deſcendents ſhare their hapleſs Fate;
Forewarn'd of God, when tempted, not to eat
Of the forbidden Tree's pernicious Meat;
Becauſe incorporating mortal Leaven
Would kill, of courſe, in them, the Life of Heav'n:
They diſobey'd, did *Adam*, and his Wife,
And died of Courſe to their true heav'nly Life:
That Life, thus loſt the Day they diſobey'd,
Could not by them be poſſibly convey'd;
No other Life could Children have from them,
But what could riſe from the parental Stem:
That Love of God, alone, which we adore,
The Life, ſo loſt, could poſſibly reſtore:
Their Children could not, being born to Earth,
Be born to Heaven, but by an *heav'nly Birth*:
God found a Way, explain it how we will,
To ſave the human Race from endleſs Ill;
To ſave the very diſobeying Pair;
And made their whole Poſterity his Care.

Has this great Goodneſs any thing akin
To God's *imputing* our firſt Parent's Sin

To

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To their unborn Poſterity?——What Senſe
In ſuch a ſtrange, and ſcriptureleſs Pretence?
For the Men feel——ſo far we are agreed,
The Conſequences of a ſinful Deed;
Yet where aſcrib'd, by any ſacred Pen,
But to the *Doers*, is the *Deed* to Men?
Where to be found, in all the Scripture thro',
This *Imputation*, thus advanc'd anew?

Adam and *Eve*, by *Satan*'s Wiles decoy'd,
Did what the kind Commandment ſaid——*avoid*——
To them, with Juſtice therefore, you impute
The Sin of eating the forbidden Fruit;
And ev'ry Imputation muſt in Fact,
If juſt, be built on ſome preceding Act;
Without the previous Deed ſuppos'd, the Word
Becomes unjuſt, unnatural, abſurd.

If, as you ſeem'd to think the other Day,
All *Adam*'s Race, in ſome myſterious Way,
Sinn'd when he ſinn'd; conſented to his Fall;
With Juſtice then impute it to them all:
But ſtill it follows, that they all contract
An Imputation founded upon Fact;
And *Righteouſneſs* of *Chriſt*, in Chriſtian Heirs,
Muſt be as deeply, and as truly theirs,
An heav'nly Life in order to replace,
As was the Sin that made a guilty Race:
So that imputing either Good, or Ill,
Muſt preſuppoſe a correſpondent Will;

Or

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Or elſe Imputers certainly muſt make
Thro' Ignorance, or other Cauſe, Miſtake.

Old *Eli* thus, not knowing what to think,
Imputed *Hannah*'s ſilent Pray'r to Drink;
Little ſuppoſing that it would prepare
A Succeſſor to him, her ſilent Pray'r.
There may be other Meanings of the Phraſe,
To be accounted for in human Ways;
But *God*'s imputing to the future Child
The Sin, by which his Parents were beguil'd,
Seems to eſtabliſh an unrighteous Blame,
That brings no Honour to it's Maker's Name.

God's Honour, Glory, Majeſty, and Grace,
I grant, is your Intention in the Caſe;
But wiſh revolv'd in your impartial Thought,
How far the Doctrine tends, when it is taught,
To ſuch an honeſt Purpoſe; and how far
Juſtice and Truth may ſeem to be at War,
If God impute to guiltleſs Children Crimes,
Committed only in their Parents Times.

Pious *Ἀſpaſio*, I imagine, too,
Had God's *reſiſtleſs Sov'reignty* in View;
The Charge of *Puritan*, or other Name,
He ſcorn'd aright, and making Truth his Aim,
Found it, he thought, in eminent Divines;
Of whoſe Opinion theſe are the Outlines:

They

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They think, at leaſt they ſeem to repreſent,
That God, in Honour, upon Sin's Event,
Could not forgive the Sinners that had ſtray'd,
Without a proper *Satisfaction* made
To his *offended* Juſtice; and becauſe,
Upon their Breach of the Almighty's Laws,
None elſe was adequate to what was done,
The *Vengeance* fell on his *beloved Son:*
Who gave himſelf to ſuffer in *our Stead,*
And thus to Life again reſtor'd the dead;
Becauſe, conſiſtently with Juſtice, then
God could beſtow his Mercy upon Men:
Man had contracted, in that fatal Day,
Debt ſo immenſe, that Man could never pay;
He who was *God* as well as *Man,* he could;
And made the Satisfaction thro' his Blood;
Paid all the juſt Demand——imputed thus
Our Sin to him, *his Righteouſneſs* to us——
This ſets the Doctrine, if I take aright
Their Words and Meaning, in the plaineſt Light.

Now ſince accounting for the Truth amiſs
May give Diſtaſte, in ſuch an Age as this;
And be a Stumbling-block to them who might
Receive an Explanation, that was right;
Not as a captious Foe, but hearty Friend,
May one intreat ſuch Teachers to attend,
And reconcile their Syſtem, if they can,
To God's Proceeding with his Creature Man;

To

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To that paternal, tender Love and Grace,
Which at Man's Fall immediately took Place;
That inward, holy Thing, inbreathed then,
Which would re-kindle Heav'n in him again:
Does *Wrath*, or *Vengeance*, or a *Want* appear
Of *Satisfaction*, or of *Payment* here,
In Man's Creator? For Mankind had he
A *purchas'd* Grace, which contradicts a *free*?
Is it not plain, that an *unalter'd Love*
Sent Help to poor fall'n Creatures from above,
Unbargain'd, unsollicited, unmov'd,
But by itself, as its Exertion prov'd;
No foreign Promise; no imputed Ease;
But Remedy as real as Disease;
That would, according to true Nature's Ground,
Bring on the Cure, and make the Patient sound.

That *Christ*, that *God's becoming Man* was it,
Your Friends, with highest Gratitude, admit;
Whose utmost Talents are employ'd to show
The Obligations that to him we owe;
To press the Object of our Faith and Trust,
CHRIST, ALL in ALL, the righteous, and the just;
The *true, redeeming Life*——essential this
To ev'ry Christian who aspires to Bliss;
Why not subjoin——I cite the Hero *Paul*,
And make Appeal to Christians——*in you all?*
Form'd in you, *dwelling in* you, and within
Regenerating Life, dethroning Sin;
Working, in more and more resigned Wills,
The gradual Conquest of all selfish Ills;

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'Till the true Chriſtian to true Life revive,
Dead to the *World*, to *God*, thro' him, *alive*.

What num'rous Texts from *Paul*, from ev'ry Saint,
Might furniſh out Citations, did we want?
And could not ſee, that Righteouſneſs, or Sin,
Ariſe not from *without*, but from *within?*
That *Imputation*, where they are not found,
Can reach no farther than an empty Sound;
No farther than imputed Health can reach
The Cure of Sickneſs, tho' a Man ſhould preach
With all the Eloquence of Zeal, and tell
How Health imputed makes a ſick Man well:
Indeed, if Sickneſs be imputed too,
Imputed Remedy, no Doubt, may do;
Words may pour forth their entertaining Store,
But Things are juſt——as Things were juſt before.

In ſo important a Concern, as that
Which good *Aſpaſio*'s Care is pointed at,
A ſmall Miſtake, which at the Bottom lies,
May ſap the Building that ſhall thence ariſe:
Who would not wiſh that Architect, ſo ſkill'd,
On great Miſtake might not perſiſt to build;
But ſtrictly ſearch, and for ſufficient While,
If the Foundation could ſupport the Pile?

This *Imputation*, which he builds upon,
Has been the Source of more Miſtakes than one:
Hence roſe, to paſs the intermediate Train
Of growing Errors, and obſerve the main,

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That worſe than *pagan* Principle of Fate,
Predeſtination's partial Love and Hate;
By which, nor ti'd, like fanci'd *Jove*, to look
In ſtronger Deſtiny's decreeing Book,
The *God* of *Chriſtians* is ſuppos'd to will
That *ſome* ſhould come to *Good*, and *ſome* to *Ill*;
And for no Reaſon, but to ſhow, in fine,
Th' Extent of *Goodneſs*, and of *Wrath divine*.

Whoſe Doctrine this? I quote no leſs a Man
Than the renowned *Calvin* for the Plan;
Who having labour'd, with Diſtinctions vain,
Mere Imputation, only, to maintain,
Maintains, when ſpeaking on another Head,
This horrid Thought, to which the former led:
" Predeſtination here I call," (ſays he
Defining) " God's eternal, fix'd Decree;
" Which, having ſettl'd in his Will, he paſt,
" What ev'ry Man ſhould come to at the laſt;
And leſt the Terms ſhould be conceiv'd to bear
A Meaning leſs, than he propos'd, ſevere,
" For all Mankind (he adds to Definition)
" Are not created on the ſame Condition;
Pari Conditione——is the Phraſe;
If you can turn it any other Ways;
" But Life to ſome, eternal, is reſtrain'd,
" To ſome, Damnation endleſs pre-ordain'd.

Calvin has puſh'd the Principle, I gueſs,
To what your Friends would own to be Exceſs;

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And probably *Aſpaſio*, leſs inclin'd
To run directly into *Calvin*'s Mind,
Would give *imputing* a more mod'rate Senſe,
That no *Damnation* might ariſe from thence:
But how will mollifying Terms confute
The fam'd Reformer's Notion of *impute?*
If it confer ſuch *arbitrary* Good,
The dire Reverſe is quickly underſtood;
So underſtood, that open Eyes may ſee
'Tis *Calvin*'s Fiction, and not *God*'s Decree:
Not his, whoſe forming Love, and ruling Aid,
Ceaſeleſs extends to all that he hath made;
Who gave the Gift which he was pleas'd to give,
That *none* might periſh, but that *all* might live,
His *only Son*, in whom the Light, that guides
The born into the World to Life, reſides:
A real Life, that by a real Birth
Raiſes a Life beyond the Life of Earth,
In all his Children——But no more to you,
Better than me, who know it to be true;
And if *Aſpaſio*'s really humbl'd Soul
Be by a touch of Garment Hem made whole,
He might, as I ſhould apprehend, be ſure
That *Imputation* could not cauſe the Cure:
When the poor Woman, in the Goſpel, found
Touch of the *Saviour*'s Cloaths to make her ſound,
We know the Virtue did from him proceed,
That, mix'd with Faith, reſtor'd her, as we read:
Gone out of him obliges to infer,
That 'twas by Faith *attracted into* her.

ON

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ON THE

Nature of FREE GRACE,

AND THE

Claim to Merit for the Performance of good WORKS.

GRACE to be ſure is, in the laſt Degree,
The *Gift* of God, divinely pure and free;
Not bought, or paid for, merited, or claim'd,
By any Works of ours that can be nam'd.

What Claim, or Merit, or withall to pay,
Could Creatures have before creating Day?
Gift of Exiſtence is the gracious one,
Which all the reſt muſt needs depend upon.

All boaſting then of Merit, all Pretence
Of Claim from God, in a deſerving Senſe,
Is in one Word excluded by St. *Paul*——
Whate'er thou haſt, thou haſt receiv'd it all.

But ſure the *Uſe* of any gracious Pow'rs,
Freely beſtow'd, may properly be ours;
Right Application being ours to chuſe,
Or, if we will be ſo abſurd, refuſe.

In this Reſpect what need to controvert
The ſober Senſe of *Merit*, or *Deſert*?

Works,

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Works, it is ſaid, will have, and is it hard
To ſay deſerve, or merit their Reward?

Grace is the real ſaving Gift; but then,
Good Works are profitable unto Men;
God wants them not; but, if our Neighbours do,
Flowing from Grace, they prove it to be true.

When human Words aſcribe to human Spirit
Worthy, Unworthy, Merit, or Demerit,
Why ſhould Diſputes forbid the Terms a place,
Which are not meant to derogate from Grace?

All comes from God, who gave us firſt to live,
And all ſucceeding Grace; 'tis ours to give
To *God alone* the *Glory*; and to *Man*,
Impow'r'd by Him, to do what *Good* we can.

A SOLILOQUY,

On reading a Diſpute about FAITH and WORKS.

WHAT an exceſſive Fondneſs for Debate
Does this dividing *Faith* from *Works* create!
Some ſay, Salvation is by Faith *alone*——
Or elſe, the Goſpel will be overthrown:
Others, for that ſame Reaſon, place the Whole
In *Works*, which bring Salvation to a Soul.

Goſpel

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Goſpel of *Chriſt*, conſiſtently appli'd,
Unites together what they both divide:
It is itſelf, indeed, the very Faith
That works by Love, and ſaves a Soul from Wrath:
A new Diſpute ſhould ſome third Party pave,
Nor Faith, nor Works, but *Love* alone would ſave.

The *Solifidian* takes a Text from *Paul*,
And Works are good for Nothing, Faith is all;
Doctrine, which his Antagoniſt diſclaims,
And ſhows how Works muſt juſtify, from *James*;
A Third, in either, ſoon might find a Place,
Where Love is plainly the exalted Grace.

There is no End of jarring Syſtem found,
In thus contending not for Senſe, but Sound;
For Sound, by which th' *inſeparable* Three
Are ſo diſtinguiſh'd, as to diſagree;
Altho' Salvation, in its real Spring,
Faith, *Work*, or *Love*, be one and the ſame Thing.

One Pow'r of *God*, or Life of *Chriſt* within,
Or *Holy Spirit* waſhing away Sin;
Not by Repentance *only*; or Belief
Only, that ſlights a penitential Grief,
And its meet Fruits, and juſtifies alone
A full conceiv'd Aſſurance of its own;

Nor by Works *only*; nor, tho' *Paul* above
Both Faith and Works have lifted it, can Love
Have,

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Have, or desire to have, th' exclusive Claim,
In Mens Salvation, to this *only* Fame;
By *All* together Souls are sav'd from Ill,
When e'er they yield an unresisting Will.

God has a never-ceasing Will to save,
And Men, by Grace, may savingly behave:
This would produce less Fondness for a Sect,
And more Concern about the main Effect;
Then Faith *alone* might save them from the Fall,
As one good Word, in Use, that stood for all.

By native Union, all the blessed Pow'rs
Of Grace, that makes Salvation to be ours,
One in another, spring up in the Breast,
No Soul is sav'd by one without the rest:
Since then they *all* subsist in any *one*,
Division ceases,——and *Dispute* is gone.

THOUGHTS
ON
PREDESTINATION and REPROBATION.
A FRAGMENT.

FLATTER me not with your *Predestination*,
Nor sink my Spirits with your *Reprobation*:
From all your high Disputes I stand aloof,
Your *Pre's* and *Re's*, your *Destin*, and your *Proof*,

Digitized by Google And

And formal, *Calviniſtical* Pretence,
That contradicts all Goſpel, and good Senſe.

When God declares, ſo often, that he wills
All ſort of Bleſſings, and no ſort of Ills;
That his ſevereſt Purpoſe never meant
A *Sinner's Death*, but *that he ſhould repent:*
For the *whole* World, when his beloved Son
Is ſaid to do whatever he has done;
To become Man, to ſuffer, and to die,
That *all* might live, as well as you, and I;
Shall rigid *Calvin*, after this, or you,
Pretend to tell me that it is not true?
But that eternal, abſolute Decree
Has damn'd beforehand either you, or me,
Or any Body elſe? That God deſign'd,
When he created, not to ſave *Mankind*,
But only *ſome?* The reſt, this Man maintain'd,
Were to *decreed* Damnation pre-ordain'd:
No, Sir; not all your metaphyſic Skill
Can prove the Doctrine, twiſt it as you will.

I cite the Man for Doctrine, ſo accurſt,
In Book the *third*, and Chapter *twenty-firſt*,
Section the *fifth*——an horrid, impious Lore,
That one would hope was never taught before;
How it came after to prevail away,
Let them, who mince the damning Matter, ſay;
And others judge, if any *Chriſtian* Fruit
Be like to ſpring from ſuch a *pagan* Root.

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Pagan——ſaid I——I muſt retract the Word,
For the poor Pagans were not ſo abſurd;
Their *Jupiter*, of Gods and Men the King,
Whenever he ordain'd an hurtful Thing,
Did it, becauſe he was oblig'd to look,
And act, as *Fate* had bid him, in a Book:
For Gods and Goddeſſes were ſubject, then,
To dire *Neceſſity*, as well as Men;
Compell'd to cruſh an Hero, or a Town,
As *Deſtiny* had ſet the Matter down.

But, in your Scheme, 'tis *God* that orders Ill,
With ſov'reign Pow'r, and with reſiſtleſs Will;
He, in whoſe bleſſed Name is underſtood
The one eternal Will to ev'ry Good,
Is repreſented, tho' unti'd by *Fate*,
With a Decree of damning to create
Such, as you term the *Veſſels* of his *Wrath*,
To *ſhow his Pow'r*, according to your Faith:
Juſt as if God, like ſome tyrannic Man,
Would plague the World, to ſhow them that he can:
While others, (they, for Inſtance, of your Sect)
Are *Mercy*'s *Veſſels*, precious and elect;
Who think, God help them! to ſecure their Bliſs
By ſuch a partial, fond Conceit as this.

Talk not to me of *Popery* and *Rome*,
Nor yet foretel its *Babyloniſh* Doom;
Nor canonize *reforming* Saints of old,
Becauſe *they* held the Doctrine that *you* hold;

For

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For if they did, altho' of *Saint-like* Stem,
In this plain Point we muſt *reform* from them:
While freed from *Rome*, we are not ti'd, I hope,
To what is wrong in a *Geneva* Pope;
Nor what is right ſhould Sirname ſuperſede
Of *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Bellarmine*, or *Bede*.
Rome has been guilty of Exceſs, 'tis true,
And ſo have ſome of the *Reformers* too;
If in their Zeal againſt the *Roman* Seat,
Plucking up Tares, they pluck'd up alſo Wheat;
Muſt we to Children, for what they have ſaid,
Give this *Predeſtination* Stone for Bread?

Sir, it is worſe, is your Predeſtination,
Ten thouſand Times than Tranſubſtantiation:
Hard is the Point, that Papiſts have compil'd,
With Senſe and Reaſon to be reconcil'd;
But yet it leaves to our Conception, ſtill,
Goodneſs in God, and Holineſs of Will;
A juſt, impartial Government of all;
A ſaving Love; a correſpondent Call
To ev'ry Man, and, in the fitteſt Hour
For him to hear, all offer'd Grace and Pow'r;
Which he may want, and have, if he will crave
From him, who willeth Nothing but to ſave.

Whereas, this *Reprobation* Doctrine, here,
Not only Senſe and Reaſon would caſhier,
But take, by its Pretext of ſov'reign Sway,
All Goodneſs from the Deity away;

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Both Heav'n and Hell confounding with its Cant,
Virtue and Vice, the Sinner and the Saint;
Leaving (by irreſiſtible Decree,
And Purpoſe abſolute, what Man ſhall be,)
Nothing, in Sinners, to deteſt ſo much,
As God's Contrivance how to make them ſuch.

That ever *Chriſtians*, bleſt with Revelation,
Should think of his *decreeing* Men's Damnation!
The GOD of LOVE! the FOUNTAIN of ALL GOOD!
Who made, ſays *Paul*, *all Nations of one Blood*
To dwell on Earth; appointing Time, and Place——
And for what End this *pre-ordaining* Grace?
That they might *ſeek*, and *feel* after, and *find*
The Life in God, which God for Man deſign'd.

We are his Offſpring——for, in that Decree,
The *pagan* Poet and St. *Paul* agree:
We are his Offſpring——Now, Sir, put the Caſe
Of ſome great Man, and his deſcending Race;
Conceive this common Parent of them all,
As willing ſome to *ſtand*, and ſome to *fall*:
Maſter, ſuppoſe, of all their future Lot,
Decreeing ſome to Happineſs, ſome not;
In ſome to bring his Kindneſs into View;
To ſhew in others what his Wrath can do;
To lead the choſen Children by the Hand,
And leave the reſt to fall——who *cannot* ſtand.

I might proceed, but that the ſmalleſt Sketch
Shows an abſurd, and arbitrary Wretch,

Treating

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Treating his Offspring ſo, as to forbid
To think, that ever *God Almighty* did;
To think that Creatures, who are ſaid to be
His Offspring, ſhould be hurt by his Decree;
Which had they always minded, *Good* alone,
And not a Spark of *Evil*, had been known:
For his Decree, Appointment, Order, Will,
Predeſtinating Goodneſs, Pow'r, and Skill,
Is, of itſelf, the unbeginning Good,
The pouring forth of an un-ending Flood
Of ever-flowing Bliſs, which only rolls
To fill his Veſſels, his created Souls.

Happy Himſelf, the true divine Deſire,
The Love that flames thro' that eternal Fire,
Which generates in him th' eternal Light,
Source of all Bleſſing to created Sight,
Longs with an holy Earneſtneſs to ſpread
The boundleſs Glories of its Fountain Head;
To raiſe the Poſſibilities of Life,
Which reſt, in *him*, into a joyful Strife;
Into a feeling Senſe of *him*, from whom
The various Gifts of various Bleſſings come.

To *bleſs* is his immutable Decree,
Such as could never have begun to be:
Decree (if you will uſe the word decreed)
Did from his *Love* eternally proceed,
To manifeſt the hidden Pow'rs, that reign
Through outward Nature's univerſal Scene;

To

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To raiſe up Creatures from its vaſt Abyſs,
Form'd to enjoy communicated Bliſs;
Form'd, in their ſev'ral Orders, to extend
Of God's great Goodneſs Wonders without End.

Who does not ſee that *Ill*, of any Kind,
Could *never* come from an *all-perfect* Mind?
That its Perception never could begin,
But from a Creature's voluntary Sin,
Made in its Maker's Image, and impreſt
With a free Pow'r of being ever bleſt;
From ev'ry Evil, in itſelf, ſo free,
That none could riſe but by its *own* Decree?
By a Volition, oppoſite to all
That God could will, did Evil firſt befall,
And ſtill befalls; for all the Source of Ill
Is Oppoſition to his bleſſed Will;
And Union with it plainly underſtood
To be the Source of ev'ry real Good.

To certain Truths, which you can ſcarce deny,
You bring St. *Paul*'s Expreſſions in Reply;
Some few obſcurer Sayings prone to chuſe,
Where he was talking to the *Roman Jews*;
You never heed the num'rous Texts, and plain,
That will not ſuit with your *decreeing* Strain,
Confirming God's unalter'd Will to bleſs,
In Words as clear as Language can expreſs:
Who willeth all Men to be ſav'd——is one
Too plain for Comment to be made upon;

So

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So that, if *ſome* be not the ſame as *all*,
You muſt directly contradict St. *Paul*,
Whene'er you puſh to its direct Extreme,
Your wild, abſurd *Predeſtination* Scheme.

Paul's open, generous, enlight'ned Soul,
Preach'd to Mankind a *Saviour* of the *Whole*,
Not *Part* of human Race; the blinded *Jew*
Might boaſt himſelf in this conceited View;
Boaſt of his Father *Abraham*, and vent
The carnal Claims of Family Deſcent:
But the whole Family of Heav'n and Earth,
Paul knew, if bleſt, muſt have *another* Birth;
That *Jew* and *Gentile* was, in ev'ry Place,
Alike the Object of a ſaving Grace:
Paul never tied Salvation to a Sect;
All who love God, with him, are God's *Elect*.

This plain, good Maxim he himſelf premis'd
To thoſe fam'd Chapters, which were ſo diſguis'd
By ſtudied Comments of a later Day;
When Words were preſt to ſerve a partial Fray;
And Scripture turn'd into a Magazine
Of Arms, for ſober, or for frantic Spleen.

All who love God——how certain is the Key!
Whate'er diſputed Paſſages convey;
In *Paul*'s Epiſtles if ſome Things are read,
Hard to be underſtood, as *Peter* ſaid,

Muſt

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Muſt this be urg'd to prove in Men's Condition
Their *Pre-election*, and their *Præterition*,
Or *Predamnation?* for that monſtrous Word,
Of all abſurd Decree the moſt abſurd,
Is into formal Definition wrought
By your Divines—unſtartl'd at the Thought
Of ſov'reign Power decreeing to become
The Author of Salvation but to *ſome;*
To ſome, reſembling others, they admit,
Who are rejected—why? *He ſo thought fit:*
Hath not the Potter Pow'r to make his Clay
Juſt what he pleaſes?—well, and tell me pray,
What Kind of Potter muſt we think a Man,
Who does not make the beſt of it he can?
Who, making *ſome* fine Veſſels of his Clay,
To ſhow his Pow'r, throws all *the reſt* away,
Which, in itſelf, was equally as fine?
What an Idea this of Pow'r divine!
Happy for us, if under God's Commands
We were as Clay is in the Potter's Hands;
Pliant, and yielding readily to take
The proper Form, which he is pleas'd to make!
Happy for us that he has Pow'r! becauſe
An equal *Goodneſs* executes its Laws;
Rejecting none, but ſuch as *will* behave
So, as that no Omnipotence can ſave.

Who can conceive the *infinitely Good*
To ſhow leſs Kindneſs than he really could?

To

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To pre-concert Damnation, and confine,
Himſelf, his own Beneficence divine?
An *Impotency* this, in evil Hour,
Aſcrib'd to God's beatifying Pow'r,
By bitter Logic, and the four Miſtake,
Which overweening Zeal is apt to make;
Deſcribing Sov'reignty as incompleat,
That does not ſhow itſelf leſs *good* than *great*:
Tho' true in earthly Monarchs it may be,
That *Majeſty* and *Love* can ſcarce agree,
In his Almighty Will, who rules above,
The Pow'r is *Grace*, the Majeſty is *Love*;
What beſt deſcribes the Giver of all Bliſs,
Glorious in all his Attributes, is this;
The ſov'reign Lord all Creatures bow before,
But they, who *love* him moſt, the moſt *adore*.

From this one Worſhip if a Creature's Heart,
Fixt on aught elſe, determines to depart,
There needs no *pre-determining* the Caſe;
Idolatry enſues, and Fall from Grace;
Without, and *contrary* to God's Intent,
Its own Self-ruin is the ſure Event:
The Love forſaken, which alone could bleſs,
It needs muſt feel Wrath, Anger, and Diſtreſs;
The *Senſibilities* that muſt ariſe,
If *Nature* wants what *ſacred Love* ſupplies.

(Cætera deſunt)

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The POTTER and his CLAY,

An Hymn aſcribed to Dr. WATTS.

The HYMN.

I.

BEHOLD the Potter and the Clay,
He forms his Veſſels as he pleaſe;
Such is our God, and ſuch are we,
The Subjects of his high Decrees.

II.

Does not the Workman's Pow'r extend
O'er all the Maſs——which Part to chuſe,
And mould it for a nobler End,
And which to leave for viler Uſe?

III.

May not the ſov'reign Lord on high
Diſpenſe his Favours as he will?
Chuſe ſome to Life, while others die,
And yet be juſt and gracious ſtill?

IV.

What if, to make his Terror known,
He lets his Patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile Rebels to go on,
And ſeal their own Deſtruction ſure?

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V. What

THE CONTRAST.

I.

BEHOLD the Potter and the Clay,
He forms his Veſſels to his Mind;
So did creating *Love* diſplay
Itſelf in forming human Kind.

II.

Th' Almighty Workman's Pow'r, and Skill
Could have no *vile* but *noble* Ends;
His one immutable *good Will*
To *all*, that he hath made, extends.

III.

This gracious ſov'reign Lord on high,
By his eternal Word and Voice,
Choſe *all* to live, and *none* to die,
Nor will he *ever* change his Choice.

IV.

Not by *his* Will, but by their *own*,
Vile Rebels break his righteous Laws;
And make the Terror to be known,
Of which they are *themſelves* the Cauſe.

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V.

What if he means to ſhew his Grace,
And his electing Love employs,
To mark out ſome of mortal Race,
And form them fit for heav'nly Joys,

VI.

Shall Man reply againſt the Lord?
And call his Maker's Ways unjuſt,
The Thunder of whoſe dreadful Word
Can cruſh a thouſand Worlds to duſt?

VII.

But, O my Soul! if Truth ſo bright
Should dazzle and confound thy Sight,
Yet ſtill his written Will obey,
And wait the great deciſive Day.

VIII.

Then ſhall he make his Juſtice known,
And the whole World before his Throne,
With Joy, or Terror, ſhall confeſs
The Glory of his Righteouſneſs.

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V.

His *all-electing* Love employs
All means the human Race to bleſs,
That Mortals may his heav'nly Joys,
By *re-electing* him, poſſeſs.

VI.

Shall Man reply that God *decreed*
Fall'n *Adam*'s Race *not* to be bleſt?
That for a *few* his Son ſhould bleed,
And *Satan* ſhould have *all the reſt?*

VII.

Do thou poor ſinful Soul of mine,
By Faith and Penitence, embrace
Of doubtleſs, *boundleſs Love* divine,
The *free*, the *univerſal* Grace.

VIII.

Let God, within thy pliant Soul,
Renew the Image of his Son,
The Likeneſs *marr'd* will then be *whole*,
And ſhow what he, *in Chriſt*, has done.

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An ARGUMENT,

FOR

DAVID's Belief of a Future State,

INFERRED FROM

BATHSHEBA's laſt Words to him, upon his Death-Bed.

IF *David* knew not of a future Life,
How underſtood he *Bathſheba* his Wife?
Who, when he lay upon his Death-bed, came
To plead for *Solomon*'s ſucceeding Claim;
And, having proſper'd in her own Endeavour,
Said——*Let my Lord, King David, live for ever.*

What real Wiſh was *Bathſheba*'s Intent,
If Life hereafter was not what ſhe meant?
Say that——*for ever*——to a King in Health,
Meant a long Life, Proſperity, and Wealth;
To one, that lay a dying, you muſt own,
'Twould be a mere Burleſque upon his Throne.

If ſhe had pray'd for *David*'s mild Releaſe,
Or——Let my Lord, the King, depart in Peace——
(Tho', even then, 'twere difficult to ſtint
Her utmoſt Thought to ſo minute a Hint)

The

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The ſhort-liv'd Comment might have ſome Pretence,
But——*Live for ever*——has no Sort of Senſe,

Unleſs we grant her Meaning to extend
To *future Life*, that never has an End:
Piety will, and Reaſon muſt, confeſs,
That her Intention could be nothing leſs:
King Live *for ever*——and——*God ſave the King*——
Old, or new Phraſe, *Salvation* is the Thing.

No poor Salvation to be quickly paſt,
And with a deadly *Exit* at the laſt;
To which, when *David* was ſo near, what Share
Could he enjoy of *Live for ever's* Pray'r?
Had he not known what *Bathſheba* deſign'd,
A Life to come, of everlaſting Kind.

Tho' num'rous Proofs might, readily, be brought
That this was always holy *David's* Thought;
Yet ſince by learned, and long-winded Ways,
Men ſeek to break the Force of ancient Phraſe,
I ſingle out this plain, familiar one——
Now give as plain an Anſwer thereupon.

ON

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ON THE

FALL of MAN:

OCCASIONED BY THE

Following Repreſentation of that Event.

——" *Neither can it ſeem ſtrange, that God ſhould lay* " *Streſs on ſuch outward Actions, in their own Nature nei-* " *ther good nor evil, when we conſider, that in all his Diſ-* " *penſations to Mankind he has done the ſame. What was it* " *he made the Teſt of Adam's Obedience in Paradiſe, but the* " *eating of a Fruit? An Action in itſelf perfectly indifferent,* " *and from which, if God had not forbidden it, it would have* " *been Superſtition to have abſtained.*" P. 28 of a Perſua-ſive to Conformity, addreſſed to the Quakers by John Rogers, D. D.

OF Man's Obedience, while in *Eden* bleſt,
What a mere Trifle is here made the Teſt!
An outward Action, in itſelf, defin'd
To be of *perfectly indifferent* Kind;
Which, but for God's forbidding Threat ſevere,
It had been *Superſtition* to forbear.

A ſtrange Account; that neither does, nor can,
Make any Part of true Religion's Plan;

But

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But muſt expoſe it to the Ridicule
Of Scoffers, judging by this crooked Rule:
Its Friends, defending Truth, as they ſuppoſe,
Lay themſelves open to acuter Foes.

To ſay that Action, neither good nor bad,
From which no Harm in Nature could be had,
Was chang'd, by poſitive, commanding Will,
Or Threat forbidding, to a deadly Ill,
Charges, by Conſequence the moſt direct,
On God himſelf that Ill, and its Effect.

Language had ſurely come to a poor Paſs,
Before an Author, of diſtinguiſh'd Claſs
For ſhining Talents, could endure to make,
In ſuch a Matter, ſuch a groſs Miſtake;
Could thus derive Death's Origin, and Root,
From *Adam*'s eating of an *harmleſs* Fruit.

From Adam's eating?——Did not God forbid
The Taſte of it to Adam?——yes, he did——
And was it harmleſs, muſt we underſtand,
To diſobey God's poſitive Command?——
No, by no Means; but then the *Harm*, we ſee,
Came not from God's *Command*, but from the *Tree*.

If He command, the Action muſt be good;
If He forbid, ſome Ill is underſtood:
The Tree, the Fruit, had dreadful Ills conceal'd,
Not *made* by his Forbidding, but *reveal'd;*

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That our firſt Parents, by a true Belief,
Might know enough to ſhun the fatal Grief.

The dire Experience of a World of Woe,
Forbidding Mercy will'd them not to know;
Told them what Ill was in the *falſe Deſire*,
Which their free Wills were tempted to admire;
That, of ſuch Fruit, the Eating was —— *To die* ——
Its *harmleſs* Nature was the *Tempter*'s Lie.

To urge it *now*, and to impute the Harm
Of Death, and Evil, to the kind Alarm
Of God's Command, ſo juſtly underſtood
To will his Creatures Nothing elſe but Good,
Is, for a *Babel Fiction*, to reſign
RIGHT REASON, SCRIPTURE, and the LOVE DIVINE.

A LETTER to a FRIEND,

UPON THE

Meaning of St. PAUL's Expreſſion of "*ſpeaking with Tongues*" 1 Corinth. 14.

IF you remember, Rev'rend Sir, the Talk
That paſt betwixt us in the Garden Walk,
The *Gift* of *Tongues* was mention'd; when I thought
That Notion wrong, which learned Men had taught,
And that this Gift was not at all concern'd
With that of ſpeaking Languages unlearn'd.

St.

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St. *Paul*, I ſaid, in his *Corinthian* Charge,
Had treated on the Subject more at large;
From whoſe Account one plainly might deduce
The genuine Gift, its Nature, and its Uſe;
And make appear, from Paſſages enoo,
The vulgar Notion not to be the true:
But that to ſpeak in Tongues, or ſpeak in Tongue,
Was meant of Hymns which the *Corinthians* ſung:
This is the Gift which the Apoſtle paints,
And lays its Practice under due Reſtraints.

You know the Chapter——Firſt then let us ſee
How Tongues do there with Languages agree;
Then how with Hymns; and let which better ſuits
Th' Apoſtle's Context regulate Diſputes.

Firſt; *he that ſpeaketh in a Tongue* (*unknown*,
Tranſlators add, for Reaſons of their own)
Speaketh to God, and ſpeaketh *not to Men*——
Peculiar Tokens of an Hymn——again,
For *no Man underſtandeth him*——from hence
'Tis plain, that Languages was not the Senſe:
Would he riſe up, who had them at Command,
To ſpeak in one, that none could underſtand?
What can be more unlikely to ſuppoſe?
Yet thus the learned Commentators gloſe;
As their Miſtake about the Gift imply'd
The Chriſtians guilty of this aukward Pride:
Such Fact they make no Scruple to advance,
As would appear abſurd in a Romance:

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One in his ſofter, one his harſher Terms,
The ſame miraculous Diſgrace affirms:
All, from the Difficulty, try ſome Shape,
Whilſt there is no eſcaping, to eſcape.

Whereas, to Hymns all Phraſes correſpond;
Of them *Corinthian* Converts were too fond;
And *Paul*, who will'd them really to rejoice,
But more with Heart affected, than with Voice,
Authority, with Reaſon mix'd, employs,
Not to repreſs, but regulate their Joys:
The Benefit of Hymns he underſtood;
But, moſt intent upon the Church's Good,
The Gift *prophetic* more expedient found,
(That is, to preach the Goſpel, or expound)
Than to ſing Hymns——*the Prophet ſpeaks*, ſays *Paul*,
To Men; inſtructs, exhorts, and comforts all.

Speaking in Tongue, or Hymning, to proceed,
May edify the Singer's Self indeed;
But *Prophecy the Church;* a private Soul
Should always yield the Pref'rence to the Whole:
Conſiſtent all, if Hymning he explains;
If Languages unknown, what Senſe remains?
Would *Paul* affirm, that ſpeaking might do good,
In foreign Languages, not underſtood,
To a Man's Self? Would he ſo gently treat
Such a ſuppos'd enormous Self-conceit?
Would he vouchſafe to pay, the Chapter thro',
Reſpect to Tongues, if taken in this View?

Would

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Would he allow, nay chuſe it? — for that next
Is ſaid of Tongues in the ſucceeding Text.

I will you all to ſpeak with Tongues——to ſing
Makes this a plain, intelligible Thing;
The other Meaning, which they ſpread about,
No Commentators have, or can make out:
That he ſhould will them all to ſing was juſt,
And properly to uſe the Gift, or Truſt;
For his Intention was not to reduce
Singing itſelf, but its improper Uſe:
It was the good Apoſtle's great Concern,
To preach the Goſpel ſo that moſt might learn:
This was the Gift, in which he rather will'd
Such as had been converted to be ſkill'd.
Speaking in Tongue was good; but this, he knew,
Was the more uſeful Talent of the two:
Greater its Owner, but with an *Except*,
That ſhows the Juſtice for an Hymner kept;
The Matter ſung, who, if he could expreſs
To edify the Hearers, was not leſs;
Interpretation render'd them alike;
But does not this abſurd Suppoſal ſtrike,
That in plain Speaking, on ſome Chriſtian Head,
One ſhould interpret what himſelf had ſaid?
Firſt uſe a Language to the Church unknown,
Then, in another, for his Fault atone?
What Reaſon, poſſible, can be aſſign'd,
Why the known Tongue ſhould be at firſt declin'd?

This

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This Difficulty, and ſo all the reſt,
The Nature of an Hymn explains the beſt.

Now ſhould I come amongſt you, ſays the Saint,
Speaking with Tongues (ſhould only come to chant)
What ſhall it profit you, except I preach?
Some Revelation, Knowledge, Doctrine teach?
And here the vulgar Meaning of the Word,
For Apoſtolic Uſe, is too abſurd;
He ſcarce would *if* the ſpeaking in a Tongue,
Unknown to Chriſtians, whom he came among;
Nor would a Queſtion find with him a Place,
About their Profit, in ſo groſs a Caſe:
He, plainly, hints a Coming, not deſign'd
To pleaſe their Ear, but to inſtruct their Mind:
The real Profit which he pointed at;
And Hymns themſelves were uſeleſs without that.

That ſuch a Speaking, as is mentioned here,
Was muſical, is evidently clear
From the Alluſion, which he then propounds,
To *Pipe,* and *Harp,* and inſtrumental Sounds;
Which none can urge, with Reaſon, to belong
So properly to Language, as to Song;
Tho' it may ſerve for both, in ſome reſpect,
Yet here one ſees to which it muſt direct:
If Pipe, or Harp, be indiſtinctly heard,
No Tune, or Meaning can be thence infer'd;
If an uncertain Sound the Trumpet yield,
How ſhall a Man make ready for the Field?

Thus

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Thus of dead Inſtruments; of them that live,
So ye, th' Apoſtle adds, except ye give
Words, by the Tongue, that Men can apprehend,
Ye ſpeak, but, as to Hearers, to no End;
And (what with hymning Poſture ſeems to ſquare)
Will be like Men who ſpeak into the Air.

So ye, to ſhew how Tune and Song agree,
Except ye utter with the Tongue, ſays he,
Words that are eaſy to be underſtood
(Which in a foreign Tongue they never could)
How ſhall the Thing be known to any one
That ye have ſpoken (that is, ſung) *upon?*
And, what with hymning Poſture ſeems to ſquare,
He adds, *for ye ſhall ſpeak into the Air.*

Except ye utter with the Tongue——unknown——
Tranſlators here thought fit to let alone;
Unknown, and eaſy too to underſtand,
That could not be——*unknown* they muſt diſband.
It was enough to ſhew them their Miſtake,
To ſee what Incoherence it would make;
Yet they not minding, juſt as they think fit,
Sometimes inſert it, and ſometimes omit:
But if the Epithet, at firſt, be right,
Why is it kept ſo often out of Sight?
Do not Omiſſions carry, all along,
Tacit Confeſſion of it's being wrong?
Tacit Confeſſion, which is open Proof
How little can be ſaid in its Behoof.

They

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They who ſhall ſpeak in Tongue, and they who hear,
Unleſs the Meaning of the Voice be clear,
(The Senſe not being within mutual Reach,)
Will be, ſays Paul, *Barbarians each to each,*
Or Foreigners——and therefore, is his Drift,
With all your Fondneſs for the ſpeaking Gift,
Have the whole Church's Benefit in View;
Let him, who ſpeaks in Tongue, interpret too.

Can ſuch Conceſſion, ſuch Allowance made,
Suit with that inſupportable Parade,
And Show of Gift, which Commentators vent,
Giving a Meaning that could ſcarce be meant?
While Zeal for Hymns, a natural Effect
In Novices, tho' wanting to be check'd,
Accounts for checking, for allowing Phraſe,
For ev'ry Motive that St. Paul diſplays;
His placid Reas'ning, and his mild Rebuke;
For which no Inſolence of Gift could look:
No Inſolence, I ſay, of ſuch a Kind
As Commentators, raſhly, have aſſign'd
To the firſt Chriſtians; which the latter now,
Suppoſe it offer'd, never would allow.

For if I pray in Tongue, St. Paul purſues,
My Spirit prayeth; but no Fruit accrues
To them, who do not underſtand my Pray'rs——
And what the Remedy which he prepares?
Why, it is this——*I will ſo* (ſing or) *pray,*
That all may underſtand what I ſhall ſay:

Plain

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Plain the two Phraſes in the Verſe proclaim,
That praying here, and ſinging is the ſame:
That ſome Corinthians ſo diſplay'd their Art,
That none but they themſelves could bear a Part:
Hence to interpret Hymns his Words ordain,
Or elſe to ſing intelligibly plain;

Praying, or praiſing——for, ſays he again,
How ſhall unlearned Perſons ſay Amen
To thy Thankſgiving, if, when thou ſhalt bleſs,
They underſtand not what thy Words expreſs?
Thou verily haſt given Thanks, and well;
But this, unedifi'd, they cannot tell;
The common Benefit is ſtill his Aim,
True, real Glory of the Chriſtian Name.

In Languages unknown, was Pray'r and Praiſe
Perform'd by Chriſtians, in th' Apoſtles Days?
Was that a Time, or was the Church a Place,
For gifted Oſtentation to diſgrace?

(Cætera deſunt.)

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Familiar EPISTLES to a Friend,

Upon a SERMON entitled,

The Office and Operations of the Holy Spirit.

By the Rev. Mr. WARBURTON.

LETTER I.

A Strange Diſcourſe, in all impartial Views,
This that you lent me, Doctor, to peruſe:
Had you not aſk'd——a Subject of this Sort
Might, of itſelf, a few Remarks extort,
To ſhow how much a very learned Man
Has been miſtaken in his preaching Plan.

Preaching (a Talent of the Goſpel Kind,
By——*preaching Peace through* JESUS CHRIST——defin'd)
Should, one would think, in order to encreaſe
The Goſpel Good, confine itſelf to Peace;
Exert it's milder Influence, and draw
The liſt'ning Crowds to Love's uniting Law:
For ſhould the greateſt Orator extend
The Pow'rs of Sound to any other End;
Regard to healing Sentiments poſtpone,
And battle all that differ from his own;
Tho' he could boaſt of Conqueſt, yet how far
From *Peace*, through *Jeſus*, through *himſelf* is *War!*

How

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How widely wanders, from the true Deſign
Of preaching *Chriſt*, the bellicoſe Divine!

If amongſt them, who all profeſs Belief
In the ſame Goſpel, ſuch a warlike Chief
Should, in the Pulpit, labour to erect
His glaring Trophies, over ev'ry Sect
That does not juſt fall in with his Conceit,
And raiſe new Flouriſh upon each Defeat;
As if, by dint of his haranguing Strain,
So many Foes had happily been ſlain;
Tho' it were ſure that what he ſaid was right,
Is he more likely, think you, to invite,
To win th' erroneous over to his Mind,
By Eloquence of ſuch an hoſtile Kind,
Or to diſgrace, by Arts ſo ſtrongly weak,
The very Truths that he may chance to ſpeak?

Like Thoughts to theſe would, naturally, riſe
Out of your own occaſional Surprize,
When, purchaſing the Book, you dipt into't,
And ſaw the Preacher's Manner of Diſpute;
How Man by Man, and Sect by Sect diſplay'd,
He paſs'd along from Preaching to Parade;
Confuting all that came within his Way,
Tho' too far off to hear what he ſhould ſay:
Reaſon, methinks, why Candour would not chuſe,
Where no Defence could follow, to accuſe;
Where gen'rous Triumph no Attacks can yield
To the unqueſtion'd Maſter of the Field:

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Where Names, tho' injur'd without Reaſon why,
Abſent, or preſent, can make no Reply
To the moſt falſe, or diſingenuous Hint,
Till Time, perchance, produces it in Print:
When, we may take for granted, it is clad
In it's beſt Faſhion, tho' it be but bad.

This one Diſcourſe is printed, we are told,
The Main of ſev'ral Sermons to unfold:
For one grand Subject all of them were meant——
The *Holy Spirit*, whom the Father ſent;
Th' indwelling Comforter, th' inſtructing Guide;
Who was, *Chriſt* ſaid, for ever to abide
With, and *in* his Diſciples here below,
And teach them all that they ſhould want to know.

A glorious Theme! a comfortable one!
For Preachers to exert themſelves upon;
Firſt taught themſelves, and fitted to impart
God's Truth, and Comfort, to an honeſt Heart:
Some ſuch, at leaſt, imagine to have been
Amongſt the Flock that came to *Lincoln's Inn*;
With a ſincere Deſire to hear, and learn
That, which became a *Chriſtian's* chief Concern:
Pleas'd with the Preacher's Text, with Hopes that he
Might prove an Inſtrument, in ſome Degree,
Of their Perception of an holy Aid,
Fruit of that Promiſe which the Saviour made;
Might help them, more and more, to underſtand
How near true Help and Comfort is at Hand;

How

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How ſoon the Spirit moves upon the Mind,
When it is rightly humbled and reſign'd:
With what a Love to ev'ry Fellow-ſoul
One Member of the Church regards the Whole;
Looks upon all Mankind as Friends, or ſhares
To heartieſt Enemies his heartier Pray'rs.

I might go on; but you, I know, will grant,
Such is the Temper that we really want:
And ſuch, if Preachers ever preach indeed,
If Paſtors of a Flock will really feed,
They will endeavour ſolely to excite,
And move divided *Chriſtians* to unite;
If not in outward Forms, that but ſupply
A loftier *Babel* without inward Tye,
Yet in a common Friendlineſs of Will,
That wiſhes well to ev'ry Creature ſtill;
That makes the Centre of Religion's Plan
A god-like Love embracing ev'ry Man.

LETTER II.

NO Office ſeems more ſacred, and auguſt,
Than that of Preachers who *fulfill* their *Truſt*;
Working with God, and helping Men to find
The Prince of Life, the Saviour of Mankind:
Who came himſelf a Preacher, from on high,
Of Peace to all; the diſtant, and the nigh.

So

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So ſaid the Saint, whoſe preaching was the ſame,
To *Jew*, to *Greek*——Salvation thro' his Name——
Who taught, thro' him, to preach immortal Life,
Avoiding Queſtions that engender Strife;
Patient, and meek, and gentle unto all,
Inſtructing ev'n Oppoſers without Gall;
If peradventure God might give them Grace
The Truth, when kindly offer'd, to embrace,

If theſe Conditions Preaching may demand,
What muſt we think of the Diſcourſe in Hand?
Which, when we read, is apter to ſuggeſt
A diff'rent Temper in the Preacher's Breaſt;
A Text perverted from its native Scope;
A Diſappointment of all *bearing* Hope.
Here is a long Diſpute, in his firſt Head,
About what *Doctor Middleton* had ſaid;
That " when the Gift of Tongues was firſt beſtow'd,
" 'Twas but an inſtantaneous Sign, that ſhow'd
" The Goſpel's choſen Miniſter; and then,
" That Purpoſe ſignifi'd, it ceas'd again:
" So was its Type, the fiery Tongue, a Flaſh
" Of Light'ning quickly vaniſh'd"——and ſuch Traſh——
To which a Miniſter, who knew the Preſs,
Ill choſe the Time, when preaching, to digreſs;
To take a Text affording, thro' the Whole,
Such grounds of Comfort to a chriſtian Soul,
And then neglect; to preach a poor Debate,
That could but ſhine at pamphleteering Rate;

That

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That, from the Pulpit, muſt diſguſt the Pew
Of ſager Bench, and ſober Students too.

You may, hereafter, if you chuſe it, ſee
How they miſtook, both *Middleton* and *he*,
The Gift of Tongues; how little, quite throughout,
They knew, tho' learned, what they were about:
In preſent Lines, I ſhall but juſt relate
One Inſtance of the, no uncommon, Fate
Of learned Men, who, in deep Points exact,
Forget, ſometimes, the moſt apparent Fact.

Th' Apoſtles, gifted by the Holy Ghoſt,
Began to ſpeak with Tongues, at Pentecoſt;
" But did not——ſo the Preacher ſays——begin
To ſpeak, before the Multitude came in."
He urges roundly how, in this Reſpect,
" The learned *Middleton* did not reflect,
" That in a private Room they all were ſet,
" And Tongues not ſpoken, till the People met.

Now if you read the Pentecoſtal Facts,
As you will find them written in the *Acts*,
From *his* Reflection tho' the Point lay hid,
The Text affirms, expreſsly, that they *did*.
No Learning wanted to determine this;
'Tis what a reading Child could never miſs:
This very Gift, it is exceeding clear,
Was that which brought the Multitude to hear:
Speaking with Tongues foregoing Words proclaim;
The next——*when this was noiſ'd abroad*——they came.

Scarce

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Scarce to be thought that, ſtudying the Caſe,
With formal Purpoſe to explain a Place,
A Man ſo learned, and acute, could make,
Could preach, could publiſh, ſuch a flat Miſtake:
But 'tis the Fate of great, and eager Wits,
To truſt their Memory too much, by Fits.

To prove that *Middleton*'s Diſpute was wrong
Takes up the Pages, for a Sermon long:
Soon after this you'll ſee another ſtart,
To fill his firſt Diviſion's ſecond Part:
For having touch'd upon the Names of all
The Gifts enumerated by Saint *Paul*,
Then, in what Senſe the Scripture was inſpir'd,
Higher, or lower, comes to be enquir'd:
The high he calls *organical*; the low
Partial; and *true*; as he proceeds to ſhow.

This is the Summary of what is ſaid,
Touching the Holy Ghoſt, in his firſt Head;
As *Guide to Truth*, and aiding to excite,
To clear, to give the *Underſtanding* Light.
What makes it *Sermon* is the *Text* prefixt,
Tho' ſcarce a Word of it is intermixt;
Conſiſtently enough, for it has none
Which ſuit the Topics that he dwells upon:
Topics, without a Dignity to grace
Text, Office, Audience, Perſon, Time, or Place.

But, were this all, and did not what he ſpake
Lead, by Degrees, to ſerious Miſtake,

Taking

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Taking a Text, for Form Sake, to prepare
The Church to hear ſome *Shop-renown'd* Affair,
(Too oft the Turn of the polite Divine)
Would hardly merit your Regard, or mine;
But, Sir, it is not only miſappli'd,
This glorious Text, but in effect deni'd;
Or miſconceiv'd; and therefore cutting ſhort,
At preſent, Errors of leſs fatal Sort,
Let us purſue this Subject, in the next,
And from the *Sermon* vindicate the *Text*.

LETTER III.

YOU wonder'd much, why any Man of Parts
Would uſe, in Preaching, low, invective Arts;
By which the vain Diſputings, that infeſt
The chriſtian World, have ſeldom been ſuppreſt;
But often heighten'd, and that uſe deſtroy'd,
For which fine Talents ought to be employ'd.

If one can judge from reading this *Divine*,
Whoſe Parts, and Talents, would be really fine,
If juſter Notions of the *heav'nly* Grace
Taught but the *earthly* not to quit their Place,
If one can judge, I ſay, from ſtated Laws,
In his Diſcourſes, what ſhould be the Cauſe
Of ſuch Perverſion of a lively Wit,
In erudite Poſſeſſors, this is it.

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They think that, *now*, Religion's ſole Defence
Is Learning, Hiſtory, and critic Senſe;
That with Apoſtles, as a needful Guide,
The *Holy Spirit* did indeed abide;
But, having dictated to them a Rule
Of Faith, and Manners, for the *Chriſtian* School,
Immediate Revelation ceas'd, and Men
Muſt now be taught by apoſtolic Pen:
Canon of Scripture is compleat; and they
May read, and know, what Doctrine to obey:
To look for *Inſpiration* is abſurd;
The Spirit's Aid is in the *written Word:*
They who pretend to his immediate Call,
From Pope to Quaker, are *Fanatics* all.

Thus, having prov'd, at large, to Chriſtians met,
What no one Chriſtian ever *doubted* yet,
That the New Teſtament was really writ
By Inſpiration, which they all *admit*,
He then ſubjoins that—— " this inſpir'd Record
" Fulfill'd the Promiſe of our bleſſed Lord;"
(Fulfill'd it " *eminently*," is the Phraſe)
" For tho' the Faithful, in ſucceeding Days,
" Occaſionally find, in ev'ry Place,
" The Spirit's *ordinary* Help, and Grace,
" His Light ſupreme, his conſtant, fixt Abode,
" Is in the Scriptures of this ſacred Code.

This was the Senſe, not eaſy to explore,
When, reck'ning up the Spirit's Fruits before,

" Scripture,"

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" Scripture," ſaid he (which this Account explains)
" Does not *record* them only, but *contains;*
" CONTAINS," in Capitals——as if he took
The Scripture to be ſomething *more* than *Book;*
Something *alive*, wherein the Spirit dwelt,
That did not only *tell* his Fruits, but *felt*.
" The ſure Depoſit of the Spirit's Fruits
" In holy Scripture," (he elſewhere computes)
" Fulfill'd the Saviour's Promiſe, in a Senſe
" Very ſublime"——So it ſhould ſeem, from hence,
That *eminently*, and *ſublimely*, thus
The Holy Spirit ſhould abide *with Us*.

If I miſtake him, or miſ-repreſent,
You'll ſhew me where, for 'tis not with Intent:
I want, if poſſible, to underſtand
A Sentence coming from ſo fam'd a Hand:
Tho' plain the Words, 'tis difficult to ſolve
What chriſtian Senſe he meant them to involve:
In ev'ry Way that Words, and Senſe agree,
'Tis perfect *Bibliolatry* to me:
No *Image Worſhip* can be more abſurd,
Than idolizing thus the written Word;
Which, they who wrote intended to excite
Attention to our Lord's predicted Light;
To that ſame Spirit, leading human Thought,
By which themſelves, and all the good were taught;
Preaching that Word, which a diviner Art,
Which God himſelf had *written* on the *Heart*.

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How can the beſt of Books (for 'tis confeſt
That, of all Books, the Bible is the beſt)
Do any more than give us an Account
Of what was ſaid, for Inſtance, on the Mount?
Of what was done, for Inſtance, on the Croſs,
In order to retrieve the human Loſs?
What more than tell us of the Spirit's Aid,
Far as his Fruits by Words can be diſplay'd?
But Words are only the *recording* Part,
The *Things* contain'd muſt needs be in the *Heart*;
Spirit of God no more in *Books* demands
To dwell, Himſelf, than *Temples made with Hands*.

Fruits of the Spirit, as St. *Paul* defin'd,
Are Love, *Joy*, *Peace*——the Bleſſings of the *Mind*;
The *Proofs* of *his abiding*——who can brook
A meek, a gentle, good, long-ſuff'ring Book?
Or let true Faith, and Temperance, be ſunk
To Faith in Writings, that are never drunk?
In fine, whatever Pen, and Ink, preſents,
Can but contain *hiſtorical* Contents;
Nor can the Fruits of Spirit be in *Print*,
In any Senſe, but as *recorded* in't.

Plain as this is, and ſtrange, as you may think,
The learned Worſhip paid to Pen and Ink,
It is the main Hypotheſis, you'll find,
On which are built Diſcourſes of this Kind;

Which

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Which yet can give us, for a Scripture Clue,
What contradicts its very Letter too:
As this has done——be ſhown as we go on——
By theſe important Verſes of St. *John*.

LETTER IV.

THE Goſpel's ſimpler Language being writ,
Not for the Sake of Learning, or of Wit,
But to inſtruct the pious, and the meek;
When its Intent mere Critics come to ſeek,
We find, on plain intelligible Text,
The *variorum* Comments moſt perplext.

Such is the Text before us; and ſo plain
The Saviour's Promiſe, which the Words contain,
That Men, for modern Erudition's Sake,
Muſt read, and *ſtudy* to *acquire* Miſtake;
Muſt firſt obſerve the Notions that prevail,
Amongſt the famous in their Church's Pale;
Firm in the Prejudice, that all is right
Which Books, or Perſons, moſt in Vogue, recite;
Then ſeek, to find, how Scripture coincides
With each Deciſion of their knowing Guides.

Without ſome ſuch Preparatives as theſe,
How could the forc'd Interpretation pleaſe,

That

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That makes a ſacred Promiſe, to beſtow
Perpetual Aid, exhauſted long ago?
In one ſhort Age?——for God's abiding Guide
Withdrew, it ſeems, when the Apoſtles di'd;
And left poor Millions, ever ſince, to ſeek
How diſſonant Divines had conſtru'd Greek.

In graver Writers one has often read
What in Excuſe of Bookworkſhip is ſaid;
" It is not *Ink*, and *Letter*, that we own
" To be divine, but *Scripture Senſe* alone;
" We have the *Rule* which the Apoſtles made,
" And no Occaſion for *immediate* Aid."——
Suppoſe, for once, the groſs Deluſion true;
What muſt a plain, and honeſt Chriſtian do?
The Spirit's Aid how far muſt he extend,
To bring his Saviour's Promiſe to an End?
This he perceives Diſcourſe to dwell upon;
And yet——*for ever to abide*——has none.
He, for the Sake of Safety, would be glad
To have that Spirit which Apoſtles had;
Not one of them has writ, but ſays, *he may:*
That 'tis the Bliſs for which he ought to pray:
That God will grant it him, his Saviour ſaid,
Sooner than Parents give their Children Bread.
If *reading* Scripture can improve a Soul,
This is the Sum, and Subſtance of the whole;
And gives it Value of ſuch high Degree:
For tho' as ſacred as a *Book* can be,

'Tis

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'Tis only ſo, becauſe it beſt revives
Thought of that Good which animated *Lives*;
Becauſe its Authors were inſpir'd to write,
And ſaw the Truth in it's own heav'nly Light;
Becauſe it ſends us to that *promis'd* Source
Of Light, and Truth, which govern'd their Diſcourſe,
The *Holy Spirit*'s ever preſent Aid,
With us, and *in us*——ſo the Saviour pray'd——
That, when he left the World, the *Holy Ghoſt*
Might dwell with Chriſtians, as an *inward Hoſt*:
That Teaching, Truth, and Comfort in the Breaſt,
Might be ſecur'd by this abiding Gueſt.

"*Yes; with Apoſtles*"——ſunk, by ſuch a Thought,
Th' ineſtimable Treaſure down to Nought;
An Hiſtory of Sunſhine may, as ſoon,
Make a blind Man to ſee the ſhining Noon,
As Writings *only*, without inward Light,
Can bring the World's Redemption into Sight:
Jeſus——the *Chriſt*——the very Book has ſhown,
Without the Holy Spirit none can own:
In *Words* they may, but, what is plainly meant,
They cannot give a real, *Heart Conſent*.
What Friend to Scripture, then Sir, can diſplace
This inward Witneſs of redeeming Grace?
And reſt the *Goſpel* on ſuch outward View,
As any *Turk* may reſt his *Coran* too?
Nay, he can own a written Word, or Work
That *Chriſtians* do, and yet continue *Turk*.

Why

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Why do the Chriſtian Diſputants ſo fill
The World with Books, of a polemic Skill,
When 'tis the ſacred, and acknowledg'd *one*
That all their jarring Syſtems build upon?
But that the *Spirit* does not rule their Wit,
By which at firſt the *ſacred one* was writ:
Of whoſe Support great Scholars ſtand in need,
As much as they who never learnt to read:
Unhappy they! but for that living Guide,
Whom God himſelf has promis'd to provide!
A Guide, to quote the bleſſed Text again,
For ever to abide with Chriſtian Men.

Fond of its Books, poor Learning is afraid;
And higher Guidance labours to evade:
Books have the Spirit in *ſupreme* Diſplay!
Men but in lower, *ordinary* Way!
This ſtrange Account of Men and Books is true,
It ſeems, *according to the Promiſe* too!

Such wild Conceits all Men have too much Wit
Or learned, or unlearned, to admit;
But when ſome *Intereſt*, or *Cuſtom* rules,
And chains obſequious Wills to diff'rent Schools,
The wiſeſt, then Sir, will relinquiſh Thought,
And ſpeak, like Parrots, *juſt* as they are *taught*.
What this ſhould be, what ſpends in vain the Fire
Of briſker Tempers——let us next enquire.

LETTER

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LETTER V.

WHEN Chriſtians firſt receiv'd the joyful News——
Meſſiah come——unmixt with worldly Views;
When the whole Church with heav'nly Grace was bleſt,
And (from the Spirit Comforter) poſſeſt
One Heart, one Mind, one View to common Good;
Then was the real Goſpel underſtood.

Then was the Time——to cite what you will find
The Preacher noting——" when the World combin'd
" Its Pow'rs againſt it, but could *not* deſtroy;
" When holy Martyrs, with enraptur'd Joy,
" Encounter'd Death; enabled to ſuſtain
" Its utmoſt Terror, and its utmoſt Pain:
" At ſuch a Juncture, Heav'n's uncommon Aid
" Shon forth, to help Humanity diſplay'd.

" But now"——his Reaſon for abated Grace,
Diff'rence of primitive and preſent Caſe——
" Now——Eaſe, and Honour" (mind the Maxim Friend)
" On the Profeſſion of the Faith attend:
" At firſt, eſtabliſh'd by diviner Means,
" On human Teſtimony, now, it leans;
" Supports itſelf, as other Facts muſt do,
" That reſt on human Teſtimony too;
" Sufficient Strength is the Conviction there,
" To make the preſent Chriſtian perſevere.

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'Here lies the Secret——that may ſoon unfold
Why modern Chriſtians fall ſo ſhort of old;
Why they appear to have ſuch diff'rent Looks,
The Men of *Spirit*, and the Men of *Books*:
When Racks and Gibbets, Torment and Diſtreſs
Attended them who ventur'd to confeſs,
They had, indeed, a fixt, and firm Belief,
To die for one who ſuffer'd like a Thief;
Stretch'd on the Wheel, or burning in the Flame,
To preach a crucifi'd Redeemer's Name;
Courage like this compendious Proof ſuppli'd
Of Heav'ns true Kingdom, into which they di'd:
Thus was the Wiſdom of the World ſtruck dumb,
And all the Pow'rs of Darkneſs overcome;
Goſpel prevail'd, by its internal Light,
And gave the Subject for the Pen to write.

But when the World, with a more fatal Plan,
To flatter, what it could not force, began;
When *Eaſe*, and *Honour*, as the Preacher ſaith,
Attended the Profeſſion of the Faith;
Then wrought its Miſchief, in the too ſecure,
The ſecret Poiſon, ſlower, but more ſure:
Commodious Maxims then began to ſpread,
And ſet up Learning in the Spirit's Stead:
The Life diminiſh'd, as the Books encreas'd,
'Till Men found out that Miracles were ceas'd;
That, with reſpect to Succours more ſublime,
The Goſpel Promiſe was but for a Time;

That

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That Inſpiration, amongſt Men of Senſe,
Was all a mere fanatical Pretence:
And diverſe like Diſcoveries, that grant
To *Eaſe*, and *Honour*, juſt what Faith they want.

Faith to profeſs that wond'rous Things of old
Did really happen, as the Books have told;
But, with a Caution, never to allow
The Poſſibility of happ'ning now:
For, as the World went on, it might affect
An honourable Eaſe, in ſome reſpect,
To own celeſtial Comfort ſtill inſpir'd,
And ſuff'ring Courage, as at firſt, requir'd;
Quite proper then; but equally unfit,
When once the ſacred Canon had been writ:
For upon that (is gravely here aver'd)
Part of the *Spirit's* Office was transferr'd;
Books once compos'd, th' illuminating Part
He ceas'd himſelf; and left to human Art
To find, within his *ſcriptural* Abode,
Th' enlight'ning Grace that Preſence once beſtow'd.

Theſe Suppoſitions, if a Man ſuppoſe,
You ſee th' immediate Conſequence that flows;
That Men, and Churches afterwards attack'd,
Are pre-demoliſh'd, by aſſerted Fact;
Which, once advanc'd, may, with the greateſt Eaſe,
Condemn whatever Chriſtians he ſhall pleaſe:
Owing to his Forbearance, in ſome Shape,
If aught th' extenſive Havock ſhall eſcape.

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With ſuch a Fund of Learning, and a Skill
To make it ſerve what Argument he will;
With choice of Words, for any choſen Theme,
With an Alertneſs rulingly ſupreme;
What, Sir, can ſingle Perſons, or a Sect,
When he is pleas'd to preach at 'em, expect?

Juſt what they meet with, in the preſent Caſe——
All the dogmatic Cenſure, and Diſgrace,
That a commanding Genius can exert,
When it becomes religiouſly alert;
With narrow Proofs, and Conſequences wide,
Sets all Opponents of its Rote aſide;
The PAPISTS firſt, and then th' inferior Fry
FANATICS; vanquiſh'd with a——*who but I?*
Theſe are the modiſh Epithets that ſtrike
At true Religion, and at falſe alike;
Of theſe Reproaches Infidels are full;
Their Uſe in others verging down to dull:
How one, who is no Infidel, applies
The hackney'd Terms——may next ſalute your Eyes.

LETTER VI.

BY Reformation from the *Church* of *Rome*
We mean, from Faults and Errors, I preſume;
Againſt her Truths to proſecute a War
Is proteſtant Averſion puſh'd too far:

In

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In them, ſhould *Eaſe*, and *Honour not* attend
The fair Profeſſion, one ſhould be her Friend.

She thinks that *Chriſt* has given to his Bride,
His holy Church, an ever preſent Guide;
By whoſe divine Aſſiſtance ſhe has thought,
That Miracles ſometimes were really wrought;
That, by the Virtue which his Gifts inſpire,
Great Saints and Martyrs have adorn'd her Quire.
Now ſay the worſt, that ever can be ſaid,
Of that Corruption which might overſpread
This Church in gen'ral——caſt at her the Stone,
They who poſſeſs Perfection in their own;
Yet, were inſtructive Volumes to enlarge
On bright Exceptions to the gen'ral Charge,
They that love Truth, wherever it is found,
Would joy to ſee it, ev'n in *romiſh* Ground;
Where, if Corruption grew to ſuch a Size,
The more illuſtrious muſt Examples riſe
Of Life, and Manners——theſe, you will agree,
Are true Reformers, whereſoe'er they be.

Of all the Churches, juſtly loth to claim
Excluſive Title to a ſacred Name,
What one, I aſk, has ever yet deni'd
The Inſpiration of the promis'd Guide?
Our own——to which the Deff'rence that is due
Forbids no juſt Reſpect for others too——
Believes, aſſerts, that what Reform ſhe made
Was not without the *Holy Spirit*'s Aid:

If

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If to expect his Gifs, however great,
Be popiſh, and fanatical, Deceit,
She, in her Offices of ev'ry Kind,
Has alſo been fanatically blind.
What Form, of her compoſing, can we trace
Without a Pray'r for his unſtinted Grace?
Taught, by the ſacred Volumes, to infer
A Saviour's Promiſe reaching down to her,
Greatly ſhe values the recording Books;
But, for fulfilling, in herſelf ſhe looks.

That ſhe may always think aright, and act,
By God's good Spirit, is her pray'd for Fact;
Without his Grace confeſſing, as ſhe ought,
Her Inability of Act, or Thought:
Nor does ſhe fear fanatical Pretence,
When aſking Aid in a ſublimer Senſe;
Where ſhe records, amongſt the martyr'd Hoſt,
A Stephen —filled with the Holy Ghoſt —
She prays for that ſame Plenitude of Aid,
By which the Martyr for his Murd'rers pray'd;
That ſhe, like him, in what ſhe undergoes,
May love, and bleſs her perſecuting Foes.

Did but one Spark of ſo ſupreme a Grace
Burn in the Breaſt, when Preaching is the Caſe,
How would a Prieſt, unperſecuted, dare
To treat, when mounted on a ſacred Chair,
A Church of *Chriſt*, or any ſingle Soul,
By Will enliſted on the *Chriſtian* Roll,

With

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With ſuch a prompt, and contumelious Ire,
As Love, nor Bleſſing ever could inſpire?

Altho' untouch'd with the celeſtial Flame,
How could an *Engliſh* Prieſt miſtake his Aim?
So far forget the Maxims that appear,
Throughout his Church's Liturgy, ſo clear?
Wherein the Spirit's ever conſtant Aid,
Without a feign'd Diſtinction, is diſplay'd;
Without a raſh attempting to explain,
By Limitations fooliſh and profane,
When, and to Whom, to what Degree, and End,
God's Graces, Gifts, and Pow'rs were to extend;
So far withdrawn —— that Chriſtians muſt allow
Of nothing *extra-ordinary*, now:
The vain Diſtinction, which the World has found,
To fix an unintelligible Bound
To Goſpel Promiſe; equally ſublime,
Nor limited by any other Time
Than that, when Want of Faith, when earthly Will,
Shall hinder Heav'ns Intentions to fulfill.

If, not confining any promis'd Pow'rs,
The *Romiſh* Church be faulty, what is ours?
Does our own Church, in her ordaining Day,
Does any conſecrating Biſhop ſay,
When on the future Prieſt his Hand is laid,
Receive the Spirit's *ordinary Aid?*
Do awful Words —— *Receive the Holy Ghoſt* ——
Imply that He abides in *Books* the moſt?

Books——

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Books——which the Spirit who firſt rul'd the Hand,
They ſay themſelves, muſt teach to underſtand.

His Inſpiration, without Limits too,
All Churches own, whatever Preachers do:
Not even Miracles, tho' ſet aſide
In private Books, has any Church deni'd:
How weak the Proofs, which this Diſcourſe has brought,
To juſtify the faſhionable Thought,
That Goſpel Promiſes, of any Kind,
By Spirit, or by Scripture, are confin'd
To apoſtolic, or to later Times,
May be the Subject of ſucceeding Rhimes.

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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

CONSISTING OF

Thoughts on various Subjects, Fragments, Epigrams, &c.

WITH peaceful Mind thy Race of Duty run;
God Nothing does, or ſuffers to be done,
But what thou wouldſt Thyſelf, if thou couldſt ſee
Through all Events of Things, as well as He.

NATURAL Knowledge is a Moonſhine Light,
And dreaming Sages ſtill keep ſleeping by't;
But heav'nly Wiſdom, like the riſing Sun,
Awakens Nature, and good Works are done.

LET thy Repentance be without Delay——
If thou defer it to another Day,
Thou muſt repent for a Day more of Sin,
While a Day leſs remains to do it in.

TO be religious ſomething it will coſt;
Some Riches, Honours, Pleaſures will be loſt;
But if thou counteſt the Sum total o'er,
Not to be ſo will coſt a great deal more.

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HE, that does Good with an unwilling Mind,
Does that to which he is not well inclin'd:
'Twill be Reward ſufficient for the Fact,
If God ſhall pardon his obedient Act.

IF outward Comforts, without real Thought
Of any inward Holineſs, are ſought,
God diſappoints us oft, and *kindly* too ——
To make us holy is his conſtant View.

THINK, and be *careful* what thou art within;
For there is Sin in the Deſire of Sin:
Think, and be *thankful*, in a diff'rent Caſe;
For there is Grace in the Deſire of Grace.

PRAY'R does not aſk, or want the Skill and Art
Of forming Words, but a devoted Heart:
If thou art really in a Mind to pray,
God knows thy Heart, and all that it would ſay.

CONTENT is better, all the Wiſe will grant,
Than any earthly Good that thou canſt want;
And Diſcontent, with which the Fooliſh fill
Their Minds, is worſe than any earthly Ill.

TWO

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TWO Heav'ns a right contented Man ſurround,
One here, and one hereafter to be found:
One, in his *own* meek Boſom, here on Earth,
And one, in *Abraham's*, at his future Birth.

NO Faith towards God can e'er ſubſiſt with Wrath
Tow'rds Man, nor Charity with want of Faith;
From the ſame Root hath each of them it's Growth;
You have not either, if you have not both.

FAITH is the burning Ardor of Deſire;
Hope is the Light ariſing from it's Fire;
Love is the Spirit that, proceeding thence,
Compleats all Virtue in a Chriſtian Senſe.

NOR Steel, nor Flint alone produces Fire;
No Spark ariſes till they both conſpire:
Nor Faith alone, nor Work without is right;
Salvation riſes, when they both unite.

ZEAL without Meekneſs, like a Ship at Sea,
To riſing Storms may ſoon become a Prey;
And Meekneſs without Zeal is like the ſame,
When a dead Calm ſtops every ſailing Aim.

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IF Gold be offer'd Thee, Thou dost not say,
To-morrow I will take it, not To-day:
Salvation offer'd, why art Thou so cool,
To let Thyself become To-morrow's Fool?

AN heated Fancy, or Imagination,
May be mistaken for an Inspiration——
True; but is this Conclusion fair to make,
That Inspiration must be all Mistake?
A Pebble Stone is not a Diamond——true;
But must a Diamond be a Pebble too?

HYPOCRITES in Religion form a Plan
That makes them hateful both to God and Man;
By seeming Zeal they lose the World's Esteem,
And God's, because they are not what they seem.

AN *humble* Man, tho' all the World assault
To pull him down, yet God will still exalt;
Nor can a *proud*, by all the World's Renown,
Be lifted up, for God will pull him down.

HE is no Fool, who charitably gives
What he can only look at whilst he lives;
Sure as he is to find, when hence he goes,
A Recompence which he can never lose.

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IF giving to poor People be to lend
Thy Money to the Lord, who is their Friend,
The higheſt Int'reſt upon Int'reſt ſure
Is to let out thy Money to the Poor.

WHEN Grief or Joy ſhall preſs upon thee hard,
Be then eſpecially upon thy Guard;
Then is moſt Danger of not acting right:
A calmer State will give a ſurer Light.

IF we mind nothing but the Body's Pride,
We loſe the Body and the Soul beſide;
If we have nothing but the Earth in View,
We loſe the Earth, and heav'nly Riches too.

HE is a Sinner, you are pleas'd to ſay,
Then love him for the Sake of Chriſt, I pray.
If on his gracious Words you place your Truſt,
——" I came to call the Sinners, not the Juſt"——
Second his Call; which if you will not do,
You'll be the greater Sinner of the two.

PRAY'R and Thankſgiving is the vital Breath,
That keeps the Spirit of a Man from Death;
For Pray'r attracts into the living Soul
The Life, that fills the univerſal Whole;

And

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And giving Thanks is breathing forth again
The Praiſe of him, who is the Life of Men.

TO own a God, who does not ſpeak to Men,
Is firſt to own and then diſown again;
Of all Idolatry the total Sum
Is having Gods that are both deaf and dumb.

LOVE does the Good which God commands to do;
Fear ſhuns the Ill which he prohibits too:
They both deſcribe, tho' by a diff'rent Name,
A Diſpoſition of the Mind the ſame.

WHAT is more tender than a Mother's Love
To the ſweet Infant fondling in her Arms?
What Arguments need her Compaſſion move
To hear it's Cries, and help it in it's Harms?
Now, if the tend'reſt Mother were poſſeſt
Of all the Love, within her ſingle Breaſt,
Of all the Mothers, ſince the World began,
'Tis nothing to the Love of God to Man.

WHY ſhould I be ſo eager to eſpy
The Mote that ſwims upon my Brother's Eye?
And ſtill forget, as if I had not known,
The dark'ning Beam that overſpreads my own?

O! let

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O! let me play the Hypocrite no more!
But ſtrive to cure my own obſtructed Sight!
Then ſhall I ſee, much clearer than before,
To ſet my undiſcerning Brother right.

On the EPICUREAN, STOIC, and CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

THREE diff'rent Schemes Philoſophers aſſign;
A Chance, a Fate, a Providence divine:
Which to embrace of theſe three ſev'ral Views,
Methinks, it is not difficult to chuſe.

For firſt; what Wiſdom, or what Senſe, to cry
Things happen as they do——we know not why?
Or how are we advanc'd one Jot, to know,
When Things once are——that they muſt needs be ſo?

To ſee ſuch Order, and yet own no Laws;
Feel ſuch Effects, and yet confeſs no Cauſe;
What can be more extravagant and odd?
He only reaſons, who believes a God.

ATHEISM the only Ground of DISCONTENT.

IF Reaſon does each private Perſon bind,
To ſeek the public Welfare of Mankind;
If this be Juſtice, and the ſacred Law,
That guards the Good, and keeps the Bad in Awe;

If

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If this great Law but op'rates, to fulfill
One vaſt Almighty Being's righteous Will;
And if he only, as we all maintain,
Does all Things rule, and all Events ordain;
Then Reaſon binds each private Man t'aſſent,
That none but Atheiſts can be diſcontent.

GOD the only true TEACHER.

THE Lord is my Light; by his Teaching I learn,
With a right Underſtanding his Works to diſcern:
While I dwell in his Preſence 'tis then that I live,
And enjoy a Content which he only can give:
In all other Things I have labour'd to find
That Truth which might fill an intelligent Mind;
But I labour'd in vain, for it is He alone
That can give me Inſtruction, and make himſelf known.

An EPIGRAM, on the Bleſſedneſs of DIVINE LOVE.

FAITH, Hope, and Love, were queſtion'd what they thought
Of future Glory, which Religion taught:
Now Faith *believ'd* it, firmly, to be true;
And Hope *expected* ſo to find it too;
Love anſwer'd, ſmiling with a conſcious Glow,
Believe? Expect? I *know* it to be ſo.

A Contraſt

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A CONTRAST between two eminent DIVINES.

TWO diff'rent Painters, Artiſts in their Way,
Have drawn Religion in her full Diſplay;
To both ſhe ſat——One gaz'd at her all o'er;
The other fix'd upon her Features more:
Hervey has figur'd her with ev'ry Grace
That Dreſs could give —— but *Law* has hit her Face.

On PREACHING—An Epigram.

THE ſpecious Sermons of a learned Man
Are little elſe but *Flaſhes in the Pan;*
The mere Haranguing upon (what they call)
Morality is *Powder* without *Ball;*
But He, who preaches with a Chriſtian Grace,
Fires at our Vices, and the *Shot* takes Place.

FINIS.

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